

December 1912

Price 1¹/₂

THE QUIVER

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



I don't mind telling you



I TAKE

BEECHAM'S PILLS.



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MAGNESIA

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MELLIN'S

Rosy cheeks and plump chubby limbs mean proper feeding.

Cow's milk alone is not the proper food for a Baby.

What cows' milk lacks as a proper food for Babies

MELLIN'S FOOD supplies.

MELLIN'S FOOD is the ideal nutriment
for the hand rearing of healthy
vigorous infants.

FOOD

FREE sample and interest-
ing 96-page book, "The care
of Infants," on receipt of 2d.
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MELLIN'S FOOD, Ltd.,
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A Post Card
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Art Catalogue of

tasteful and inexpensive Gold Jewellery in rich profusion of
design, and including all the latest high-class Novelties. Beau-
tiful 18-carat Gold Engagement and Dress Rings, skilfully set with
Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, Pearls, and other precious
stones, all of guaranteed quality, superior design, and neat finish.

Write for our Jewellery Catalogue Post Free.

Elegant Gold Brooches, Pendants, Bracelets, Necklets, Lockets,
Ladies' and Gent's Watches, and an enormous variety of lovely
Gold Jewellery at keenly competitive prices, and carriage paid
to all approved orders for easy monthly payments

or Cash Discount. All Graves Jewellery is
genuine, and bears the Government
Hall-mark of quality. WRITE NOW.

J. G. GRAVES LTD.
SHEFFIELD.

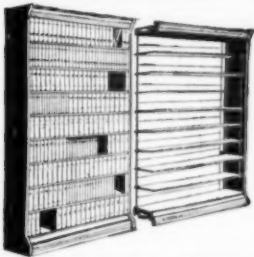


DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA

is the Best Remedy for
**ACIDITY of the STOMACH,
HEARTBURN, HEADACHE,
GOUT and INDIGESTION.**

Safest and most Effective Aperient
for Regular Use.





A Bookcase is a Necessity
in every house.

It will keep your books together, and keep them clean. In addition, it is a handsome piece of furniture, and gives a look of completeness to your sitting-room or study.

Libraco Portable Shelving
combines the three essentials of modern bookcase construction.

It may readily be extended at any time, without the extra cost incurred in the duplication of uprights where separate bookcases have to be ordered every time extra accommodation is required.

All the shelves are adjustable, thus saving considerable space that is wasted where fixed shelves or glass door units are used. The price is incontestably far and away the lowest for any unit shelving on the market.

SEND POST CARD FOR BOOKLET 21.

Libraco, Limited,
62 Cannon Street, London, E.C.

Twentieth-Century Successes.

A Commercial Causerie.

By JOHN TREGWOLD.



Entrance to Boots' new establishment in Regent Street.

TO-DAY, no less than in the middle decades of the nineteenth century, commerce has its triumphs. Now, as then, names and reputations are being built upon foundations that withstand rivalry and court opposition; and huge businesses, which are destined to remain famous through many forthcoming generations, are still in the process of making.

Regal House, the latest development of Boots, Cash Chemists, affords a striking example of the advancement

and progress that are still being achieved in our midst. Thirty years ago there were, I believe, two shops in England bearing the name of Boots, Cash Chemist. One of these was in Goose Gate, and the other in Pelham Street, Nottingham; and great was the excitement when the Pelham Street shop—then the smartest and most up-to-date establishment of its kind—was opened. There are to-day 550 such shops in Great Britain alone, all firmly governed by the one decisive hand and brain; and, as the indefatigable builder of this immense business himself says, the possibilities of future developments are illimitable.

The Regal House, opened for ordinary business in the first week of November must, however, be regarded as Boots' Establishment de Luxe—its business drawing-room, if you will, where West End shoppers, tired of gazing into the windows of costumiers, florists, and furriers, may find ease and refreshment, as well as a luxurious display of all that is most desirable in the way of Christmas purchases.

There are 30,000 feet of floor-space in the Regent Street premises, and the salons afford every opportunity for shopping in quiet and comfort.

The first, second, third, and fourth floors are connected with the ground-floor by elevator and staircase, and there is easy access to every department.

The ground-floor colouring strikes a refined yet cheerful note of subdued rose, with woodwork in ivory enamel, while the spacious library and the art and photographic departments, which open out from it, are panelled and fitted with polished teak, the brown colouring of the wood according luxuriously with the magnificent display of books, prints, and photogravures.

There is a decided feeling abroad in the land that "you are safe in dealing with Boots." It is a matter of no moment whether one's proposed purchase is in connection with medicines, chemicals, or toilet requisites, or whether one branches out into the many fancy departments which have been added, as outside fringes, to the original "Cash Chemist" business nucleus:—the issue is practically the same—you are safe in dealing with Boots.

This feeling is profitable and comfortable alike to both buyer and seller; for the fact must be clearly accentuated that a firm which, in the teeth of twentieth-century rivalry and competition, can build up a national reputation for safety and reliability deserves all it has got and all it will get of public confidence and support.

The reason for the Boots' reputation is not far to seek. One has only to consider the enormous purchases which must be made in order to stock more than 500 large, up-to-date establishments before one understands why it is that Boots can rule the market and absolutely force a recognition of their exclusiveness in style, their dependability in quality, and their all-round "safe" standing in the appreciation of the British public.



View of Interior of Ground-floor Salon of the new premises in Regent Street.

It may be regarded as a certainty that Regal House, which opens its doors at this most auspicious of all seasons, when Christmas shopping is "in the air," will add yet other laurels to those already won by this most enterprising firm.

A GOOD MEMORY

How to Double—or Treble—Your
Brain's Money-Earning Power

Mr. H. A. PATIENCE, of 47 Angell Road,
Brixton, S.W., writes:—

"The Pelman Course not only trains the mind and memory,
but also gives one a brighter and more cheerful aspect of life,
it develops in its students confidence and courage, and thereby
renders them more efficient to fight the battle of life."

See what

SIR WM. ROBERTSON
NICOLL, Editor of the
"British Weekly".
The EDITOR of the "DAILY
NEWS".
The EDITOR of "LONDON
OPINION".
The late MR. W. T. STEAD,
Editor of the "Review of
Reviews".
The EDITOR of the "SCOTS-
MAN".

SIR GEORGE LAURENCE
GOMME, F.S.A. (Clerk of
the London County Council),
MR. MARCONI (Inventor of
Marconi Wireless Telegraphy).
The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL,
of the London City Temple.
MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, LL.D.,
LIEUT.-GEN. BADI N.
POWELL (Chief Scout-
Master), And
MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

have to say of the wonderful

PELMAN MIND AND MEMORY TRAINING COURSE

as presented by permission of

HIS MAJESTY THE KING

TO

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

- I. Organise your mental powers for success—the Pelman Course of Mind and Memory Training will do this for you.
- II. Co-ordinate the faculties of your mind—the most wonderful and valuable part of your being.
- III. You will Double (at least) or Treble the Earning Power of your Brain by developing and working your mental faculties on the wonderful Pelman Plan.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS

How to **DOUBLE—TREBLE—your Brain's**
Money-Earning Power.

So extraordinary has been the demand for the PELMAN COURSE OF MIND AND MEMORY TRAINING that it is now being taught in all civilised languages all over the world.

No ambitious man or woman can afford to miss this opportunity of learning how he or she may at least Double or Treble his Earning or other MENTAL POWERS.

Write (or call) at once for a most inspiring Budget of Information about your Mind and Memory and their wonderfully multiplied powers when developed and trained. Ask for

FREE "MIND AND MEMORY." Illustrated BOOK
and crammed with information.

PELMAN SCHOOL OF THE MIND,

50 Wenham House, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.
Branch Schools—Bristol; 9 Churchgate Street; Melbourne: 47
Queen Street; Durlin; Club Arcade; Munich: 3 Analenstr.

ROYAL HAIR SPECIALIST'S STARTLING DISCOVERY

Consumption of the Hair—Is it allied to Consumption of the Lungs?

ALARMING REPORTS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

What is Consumption of the Hair?
Is it allied to and the forerunner of consumption of the lungs?

These are the questions which are being asked to-day in all parts of the country following the publication of the discoveries made by Mr. Edwards, the leading Court Hair Specialist and inventor of Harlene Hair-Drill.

"Medical opinion," says Mr. Edwards, "agrees that the dreadful scourge of consumption is due to impurities in the atmosphere we breathe, but up to the present no means have been found to eradicate those impurities, and thus strike a blow against the advance of consumption at the outset."

It was the very marked similarity in the various stages of consumption of the lungs and the progress of Hair Consumption which first drew Mr. Edwards's attention to the subject and caused him to give the matter a thorough scientific investigation.

This is the terrible discovery he made. He found hundreds—thousands—of people in all parts of the country who were making the truly terrible mistake of thinking that ordinary washing would remove the accumulations of scurf on the scalp.

He discovered that this accumulation of scurf not only remained in the scalp, but that it fermented there and set up an intolerable irritation. It poisoned the very atmosphere in which these people lived, and was the direct cause of this terrible scourge of Consumption of the Hair.

This discovery was so appalling that Mr. Edwards experienced a natural hesitancy in announcing it to the world. He realised how horrified these ladies and gentlemen would be to learn that they had been consenting to such a terrible condition.

A NATIONAL DANGER.

But he also realised that delicacy of feeling must stand aside for the advance of science, and that, in the interests of health and the welfare of the race, a great effort must be made to eradicate this terrible disease of Consumption of the Hair—closely allied as it is to that dread disease from which it takes its name.

For a moment just think what this means.

You—who are so dainty and particular in matters of hygiene—are actually inviting this terrible scourge by allowing this awful accumulation to remain on the scalp, poisoning the atmosphere in which you live, and also murdering your hair.

The health of your hair is a pretty sure indication of the health of your whole system. It is the index or pointer of your body's health.

A NATIONAL DUTY.

This is the duty of all right-minded men and women to-day—to stamp out this great scourge of Consumption of the Hair; to entirely eradicate it by the means which Mr. Edwards has invented—the famous Harlene Hair-Drill.

By practising Harlene Hair-Drill for two minutes daily you can free yourself from the clutches of Hair Consumption and positively produce a rich, permanent growth of natural gleaming hair.

Harlene Hair-Drill cures all the following hair and scalp disorders:—

- Total Baldness (even of years' standing).
- Partial or Patchy Baldness.

- Thinning of Hair over the temples.
- Thin, weak, straggling Hair.
- Hair which falls out whenever brushed or combed.
- Hair which splits at the ends.
- Dull, dead-looking, lustre-lacking Hair.
- Dry, brittle Hair.
- Greasy, inelastic Hair.
- Deposits of Scurf and Dandruff.
- Discoloured Hair.
- Irritation of the Scalp.

Start your Hair-Drill to-day.

And not only you yourself, but get your friends and your family to join the crusade against Hair Consumption. For your health's sake, for the sake of the race and the nation, it is your bounden duty to stamp out this terrible disease. Every day's delay is dangerous.

MR. EDWARDS'S NEW CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Edwards has already spent a vast amount of money in distributing free treatment for run-down hair.

But, in the interests of science and humanity, he has decided to distribute another million free Harlene Hair-Drill Outfits to encourage ladies and gentlemen to co-operate with him in his new campaign against Consumption of the Hair.

One of these outfits is for you. Write for it to-day.

GENEROUS FREE GIFT TO EVERY READER.

Below there is printed a coupon.

Fill it up and send it, with 3d. in stamps to pay postage of return outfit, to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

In return you will be sent the following free Hair - Growing Toilet Gift. It contains:—

1. A trial-bottle of that delightful hair-foam and tonic-dressing, Harlene-for-the-Hair.
2. A packet of Cremex for the Scalp, a delightful Shampoo Powder for home use, which thoroughly cleanses the Scalp from Scurf, and prepares the Hair for the Hair-Drill Treatment.

3. Mr. Edwards's private book of Hair-Drill Rules, which shows you how, by practising them for 2 minutes a day, you can put a stop to the falling or fading of your hair, and restore the latter to luxuriant, healthy, and lustrous abundance.

All chemists and stores sell Harlene-for-the-Hair in 1s., 2s., 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles; Cremex in 1s. boxes of seven shampoos, single shampoos 2d.; or you can obtain them, post free, from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

But first write for the seven days' Free Course of Harlene Hair-Drill. Fill up this coupon.

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO ONE WEEK'S HARLENE HAIR-DRILL OUTFIT FREE.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—I am desirous of joining the National Crusade against Consumption of the Hair. Please send me by return of post a presentation toilet outfit for practising Harlene Hair-Drill. I enclose 3d. in stamps to pay carriage of above to any address in the world. Foreign stamps accepted.

NAME

ADDRESS

THE QUIVER, December, 1912.



Here the microscope reveals the true cause of hair poverty and baldness. The two micro-photographic reproductions show plainly the condition of the hair roots in the case of neglected hair and hair which has been drilled with Harlene. Harlene Hair-Drill is the only method acknowledged by scientists for removing this scurf accumulation and nourishing the hair roots. Start YOUR Hair-Drill To-day.

GIFTS WHICH PLEASE THE MOST.

Buying from the **H. WHITE MANUFACTURING CO.** means that you obtain Watches and Gem Jewellery of the Highest Class at a real saving of 25 per cent. as compared with the usual retail prices. Due to the fact that the Company possess the greatest facilities for economical production, and buy in the best markets—two immensely important advantages from which their clients derive the greatest benefit; whilst the Company's great turnover permits them to sell their Wonderful Specialities with much less profit than the ordinary retail firms, with their limited sales, are obliged to make.



may rely upon their
colonial clients
orders and with the
utmost fidelity, and that their in-
structions will be carried out by the
Jewellery, British Empire, U.S.
Elsewhere, &c.

The "COUNTY" 12-ct. Lever.

Upon receipt of P.O. Cash, or Draft The H. White Manufg. Co. will mail to you at their own risk, anywhere, their Wonderful "County" Watch. In strong Solid 12-ct. Gold Case, English Government Stamped, Half or Full Hunting, polished plain for monogram or finely engraved & extra. Chronometer balance—adjusted for variations in temperatures. Splendid 18-ct. cases, £28 ss. A Superb Presentation Watch. Splendid Sterling Silver Cases, £2 10s.



No. 1131—Superb Siam Ruby, heaviest 18-ct., £23 3s.

No. 1144—Real Diamonds and Rubies, 18-ct., £5 5s.

No. 1153—Fine Diamonds and Rubies or Sapphires, Solid 18-ct., £8.



No. 1168—Fine Diamonds, 18-ct., £10 10s. Special Value.

No. 1178—Splendid Diamonds, 18-ct., £15. Special Value.

No. 1181—Gent's Solid 18-ct. Signet, 30—. Engraved any Initials.

No. 1193—Three Splendid Diamonds, 18-ct., £10 10s. Others from £3 10s. to £28.

No. 1203—Very fine Diamonds, 18-ct., £20. Magnificent Value.



(Reduced Sketches)

No. 1218—Solid Gold Watch, with sound, well finished movement, and Solid Gold Expanding Bracelet, £2 15s. Exceptional Value.

No. 1228—Gent's Snake Ring, Splendid Diamonds, 18-ct., £5 10s.

Any article sent at the Company's risk anywhere on receipt of remittance.

No. 1238—Thoroughly reliable Lever, Fully Jewelled, carefully timed, strong Solid Gold Case (Government Stamped). Substantial, beautifully finished Solid Gold Expanding Bracelet, £3 15s. Greatest Value.



No. 1248.

Fashionable Curb Bracelet, with Padlock and Safety Chain. Solid Gold. Government Stamped, £2 5s.



No. 1258 R.



No. 1258—Exquisite Gold Brooch, set with real Pearls and fine Amethyst, £1 1s.

No. 1268—Beautiful Sterling Silver "Royal" Toilet Service, Govt. Stamped. Substantial make, best finish, £3 15s., complete. Two Hair Brushes, Mirror and Comb, £2 15s. Brush, Mirror and Comb, £2. Brush and Comb, £1 1s. Complete in best cases. Latest Design. Splendid Value.

A VALUABLE BOOK FREE

From receipt of a postcard mentioning "THE QUIVER," the Company will mail their Book of Watches, Rings, Bracelets, Pins, etc. It is mailed free anywhere, is full of interesting information, and may save you pounds!

H. WHITE Manfg. Co., 104, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

Important to Visitors for NEXT TO LEWIS'S.

"Direct from Scotch Maker to Wearer"

We are sincerely convinced that Scotch-made, hand-built brogues of Scotch-tanned and hand-dressed leather—for men, for women, for big boys and girls, for bairns—are the best in the world.

And hundreds of satisfied wearers of our "Perth" brogue boots and shoes share this conviction—and endorse our opinion. They know because of the wearing qualities they get from them, the "dependability"; we know because of the work, the care, the skill and the quality of the material that goes to the making of our perfect "Perth" footwear.

Winter is here—are you ready? Cold, sleet, snow and slush are seasonable—are you prepared?

We pay
postage on all
orders
over 5/- in U.K.

Norwell's 'Perth' Boots

Don't forget
to
send size when
ordering.



Boys' Brogue Shoes, with the pith in them. A boy shod in these handsome brogue shoes need fear no weather. Ideal school wear with kilt or shorts.

Sizes 7 to 10 ... 8/-
" 11 to 1 ... 9/-
" 2 to 5 ... 10/-

Brown 6d. per pair extra.

Money returned
if not completely
satisfied.



Money returned
if not completely
satisfied.



The School Girl Brogue Shoe, black or brown. This shoe is made throughout of solid leather, strongly put together. Reliable, easy, and comfortable.

Sizes 7 to 10 ... 7/-
" 11 to 1 ... 8/-
Larger sizes ... 9/-



Brogues for Men. This is the shoe "par excellence" for the golfing man, being made from the finest selected materials, hand-sewn and put together by expert shoe-makers.

Our Best At ... 21/-
No. A3 ... 16/6

Both shoes absolutely dependable.

The "Perth" College Brogue Boot, in black or brown waterproof calfskin. Smart and tastefully made, flexible soled. The ideal footwear for the wearer of "tailor-mades" and for school maids.

Our price ... 18/6 and grade ... 12/6

Send for our Catalogue of Family Footwear, post free.



Trust
the
man
behind
the
boot.

**D. NORWELL & SON,
PERTH, SCOTLAND.**



The "Perth" Gramplan Buckle Brogue Shoe. A characteristic shoe, splendidly made, flexible soled, bone dry, stylish for city, waterproof when g-d-fing.

Our Price ... 15/6

I know what you like!



Crawford's Assorted Shortbread

Established in the year 1813 we have been makers of Shortbread for nearly One Hundred Years, and last year the sales were the highest in our history.

These are eloquent facts. We could not put the case more strongly. An experience of almost a century! A reputation going back to the stirring times of Napoleon!! Sales last year greater than any preceding year!!!

Crawford's Assorted Shortbread has been the pioneer in places where Shortbread was before unknown. In many of these places Shortbread now sells largely. The reason is not far to seek. The inviting appearance, the variety of shape, the delicate flavour, the quality, the purity, the satisfaction when tasted—these are the inherent recommendations of Crawford's Assorted Shortbread. It is a delightful addition to the table at all manner of social functions. Nothing more acceptable can be sent to friends abroad.

Crawford's Assorted Shortbread is sold by high-class Grocers and Bakers everywhere. It may be purchased loose by the pound; in small special tins; in "Family Drums," containing $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; and in large drums containing 5 lbs. To ensure satisfaction always ask for Crawford's.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD & SONS, Limited,
EDINBURGH,
LIVERPOOL & LONDON

FREE The New Style Tatcho Hair-Health Brush

EVERY USER OF TATCHO, MR. GEO. R. SIMS' TRUSTY, HONEST HAIR-GROWER, MAY OBTAIN THIS VALUABLE NEW STYLE TATCHO HAIR-HEALTH BRUSH ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE. SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF "THE QUIVER."

Have you yet obtained your new style Tatcho Hair-Health Brush? It is yours free for the asking if you comply with the two following simple conditions:—

1. That you promise to accept the brush solely for your own personal use.
2. That you are a user of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Tatcho, the Trusty, Honest Hair-Grower.

The conditions are obvious. The first one is made because unscrupulous people might be tempted to make a financial gain by selling the brush to a third party.

The Company would, if they could, give one of these valuable brushes to everyone who reads this announcement. In the hands of a multi-millionaire the task would not be an impossible one. But it is impossible.

The brushes are being presented freely, in strict rotation, as applications are received.

There is no Hair-brush like the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush. It was not until the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush was invented that a problem of serious import to all who pride themselves upon their hair was completely solved.

The hair is full of impurities. For proof of this examine an ordinary Hair-brush that has been used. That Hair-brush is rarely, if ever, cleaned after each brushing operation. For health's sake it should be.

But you go on brushing your hair with brushes encumbered with germs and many hair diseases lurking within, and you wonder why you have hair trouble. Make up your mind never again to use an old-fashioned Hair-brush. It is fatal to hair-health. Use the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush. It is the only Hair-brush that is perfect in its power to brush the hair with proper care—the only one that is self-cleaning—the only one that can adjust its pressure on the hair and scalp.

Thousands know the power of Tatcho, the Trusty, Honest Hair-Grower, but many will ask, Why give a brush away in conjunction with Tatcho? Frankly, the Company have proved that the free distribution of

these brushes must inevitably largely augment the sale of Tatcho, the brush being a continual reminder of happy results achieved.

Every head of hair needs attention. The Tatcho Hair-Health Brush gives the primary attention. Tatcho does the rest. To neglect the hair—to deprive it of any hair food, is to seek hair trouble, and brings many after regrets. What Tatcho did for Mr Geo. R. Sims, what it has done, and is doing, for so many thousands of Mr. Sims' readers, it can do for you. It is for you to say if its aid shall be called in.

Now as to the terms of the free supply of the brush. An applicant may have one brush only. To obtain your one you will have to be a user of Tatcho. If you are already a user, send in either three of the wrappers which had contained a 1/- size bottle, or one wrapper which had contained a 2/9 size bottle (the bottles may have been purchased from your own Chemist or Stores in any part of the World), and a Tatcho Hair-Health Brush is at your disposition free. If it is desired that the package be sent to you by post, enclose with the wrappers five stamps for package and postage, and the brush will forthwith be mailed to your address, carefully packed in plain wrapper.

Alternatively, if you are not already a user, send 2/9 for your first supply of Tatcho, with 5d. for Carriage and Packing—

3/2 in all—addressed to the Chief Chemist, Tatcho Laboratories, 5 Great Queen Street, London, W.C., mentioning THE QUIVER. By return the two greatest aids to hair-health and hair-health will be despatched to you—namely, Tatcho and its valuable ally, the Tatcho Hair-Health Brush.

If personal application be made at the Tatcho Laboratories, there is no charge for packing or carriage.

Every application received will be treated in strict rotation. No favours will be extended to anyone. As the letters come in so will the brushes go out. It is well to send your order to-day, if you are anxious to get the Brush.



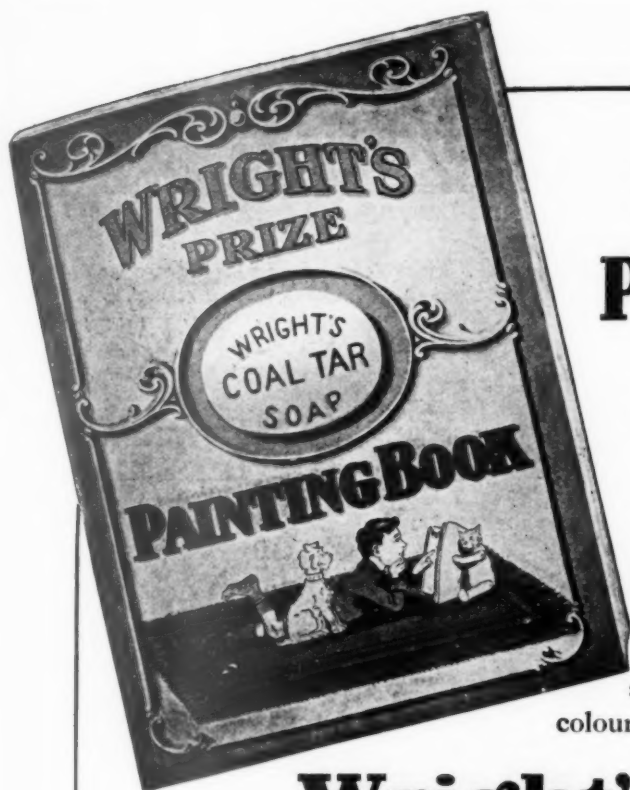
MR. GEO. R. SIMS.

FREE
To Users of
TATCHO
Mr. Geo. R. Sims'
Genuine, Good,
True Hair-
Grower.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims, who has earned the gratitude of hundreds of thousands of people by his discovery of Tatcho, the Trusty, Honest, Hair-Grower, assisted by its valuable ally, the new style Tatcho Hair-Health Brush.

Tatcho is sold by Chemists and Stores, 1/-, 2/9, and 4/6, the two latter being double strength.

TATCHO LABORATORIES, 5 GREAT QUEEN STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON.



2,000
PRIZES
and
Certificates
of
Merit

are offered for
colouring the pictures in

Wright's

Coal Tar Soap

NEW PAINTING BOOK

It is beautifully printed in Colours, with outline
pictures to correspond, and will be sent

FREE

on receipt of a penny stamp for postage.

Full particulars of the Competition are contained in the book.

Address :—"Painting," WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP,
44/50 Southwark Street, London, S.E.

PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES

(Broncho-Laryngeal.)

FOR
THROAT
CHEST
VOICE



FOR
ASTHMA
COUGH
CATARRH

Invaluable to SINGERS, SPEAKERS, TEACHERS.

THE OLD PROVERB

tells us that prevention is better than cure; but we often forget it. The art of taking care is more preached than practised in this busy, hurrying, worrying age of ours. But the path of wisdom lies that way. There is that tiresome, irritating throat cough that always comes on at the most inopportune times, and is both annoying to ourselves and those about us, and if not checked it comes to stay. The constant coughing sets up inflammation of the throat and strains the delicate muscles. To remove this irritation and give relief, a course of Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles will be found most efficacious; with their use the cough disappears, and the disagreeable throat symptoms pass away, the respiratory organs are healed and toned and strengthened. Fear of the night air debars you from many a pleasure. Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles are a perfect protection against the evil consequence of damp and chilly air. Carry a box in your pocket and keep one in your mouth. Never go to bed without having them within reach! They are a perfect boon for Bronchial Asthma, Catarrh, Throat Irritation, and all Broncho-Laryngeal Affections, and there is nothing to equal them for those who have much speaking.

They are healing, and at the same time act as a powerful antiseptic, destroying the Influenza and other germs that are so ready to settle in the intricate passages of the throat. May be given to young or old without fear. Always helpful; and do not interfere with medical treatment. The danger of breathing dust is mitigated by using Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt :—

"Uses Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles with great success for chest, throat, and voice. She recommends them to her friends, and will not travel without them."

Miss Ellen Terry :—

"Considers Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles better than any other Lozenge or Pastille for the voice."

W. Foggitt, Esq., J.P., Thirsk :—

"I am using Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles with great benefit. My bronchial cough which was very urgent has well-nigh disappeared—nothing does me so much good."

The Bishop of Southwark :—

"Would be much obliged if you would send him a box of Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles, which the Bishop of Newcastle has recommended."

His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan wrote :—

"I have always found Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles efficacious."

Rev. W. Legge :—

"I never found anything so good as Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles for Cold and Influenza. They gave me immediate relief."

SIGNOR CARUSO writes :—"For 'Pinelyptus' many thanks."

**Sold only in Boxes by Leading Chemists and Stores, 1s. and 2s. 6d.
Beware of Imitations. Insist on having "PINELYPTUS."**

*"The kind that
fills itself."*



**The Very
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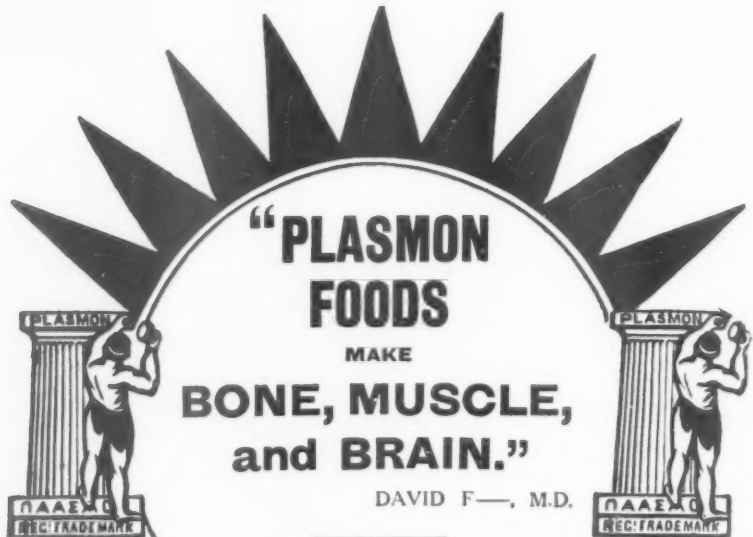
An ONOTO is a gift that is sure to please. It is the fountain pen that fills itself, cleans itself, never leaks, and never scratches. It is a model of simplicity.

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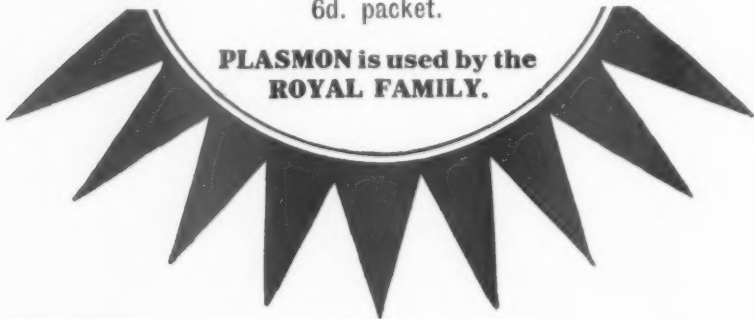


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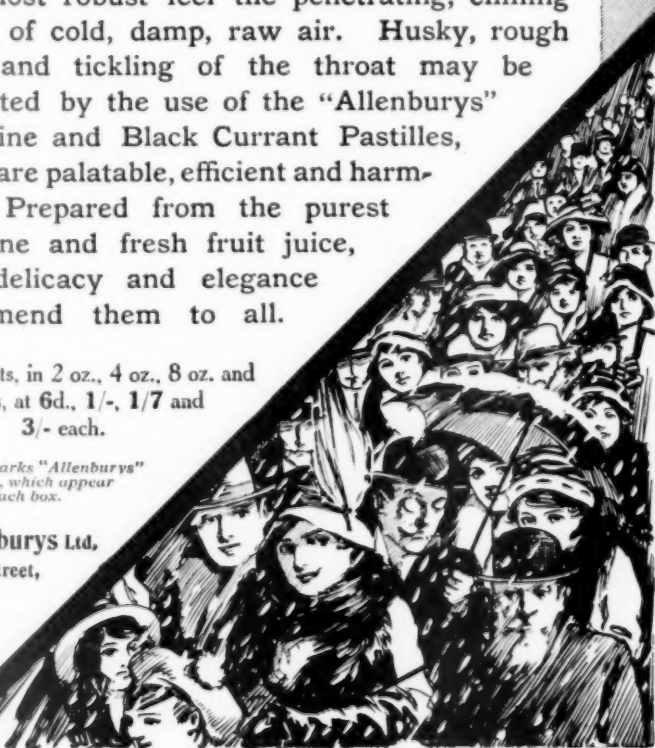
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CHRISTMAS CAKES AND PUDDINGS.

To the housewife Xmas is always a time of anxiety. The preparation of those dainties without which Xmas would lose half its savour means much worry and time. But she is fully recompensed by the congratulations that are hers when the pudding proves a success on the all-eventful day, and the cakes are rapidly consumed by appreciative friends. You can banish all anxiety and be perfectly certain that this year's Xmas cakes and puddings will be the "best you ever made" by using Cakeoma. Its use is so simple that half the time is saved, and the results are sure to be perfect because Cakeoma is made of only the finest and purest ingredients, mixed together in just the right proportion to make beautifully light and delicious cakes and puddings. Try the following recipes. By following the simple directions success is assured.

RICH CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

1 packet of Cakeoma. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. finely chopped Suet. A little Salt. The grated rind of a Lemon.
A grated Nutmeg. 1 or 2 teaspoonfuls Pudding Spice. 1 lb. Raisins. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Currants.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Candied Peel cut into strips. 4 Eggs. A wineglassful of Brandy or Rum.

METHOD.—Put all the dry ingredients, chopped Suet and Fruit together into a bowl and mix them well; then add the Eggs (previously well beaten) and the spirit, and thoroughly but lightly mix all together. Divide the pudding into two basins, tie them up and put them into boiling water and keep them boiling for 5 hours. When required for use boil for a further $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and serve with Sweet Sauce.

RICH CHRISTMAS CAKE.

1 packet Cakeoma. 6 oz. Butter. 6 Eggs. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Sultanas. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Candied Peel. 2 lb. Currants.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Blanched Sweet Almonds. A wineglassful of Rum.

(Makes about 5 lbs. of Cake.)

METHOD.—Rub the Cakeoma and Butter well together until it is quite fine. Beat up the Eggs with the Rum, and add them to the first ingredients and lightly mix; then add the fruit, etc., and again mix lightly but thoroughly all together. Bake in a moderate oven.

CHRISTMAS CAKES.

1 packet Cakeoma. 3 or 4 ozs. Lard or Dripping. 1 lb. Currants. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Candied Peel*.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ a grated Nutmeg*. A pinch Mixed Spice. $\frac{1}{2}$ glass Milk. * Optional.

(Makes about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.)

METHOD.—Mix the dry ingredients together and rub the lard or dripping, etc., in with them; then add the milk and mix lightly. Finally add the fruit and finish mixing. Bake in a moderate oven.

Cakeoma is sold by Grocers and Stores everywhere, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per packet of about 1 lb. Recipe book of Christmas and other Cakes and Puddings, &c., free on receipt of post card to Latham & Co., Ltd., Liverpool.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN PIANOS

An idea prevails among certain people that a Brinsmead Piano, produced by a firm world-famous for its manufactures, is only within reach of those whose income is large. A glance at the New Brinsmead Catalogue will expose this fallacy.

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Write to Dept. 23 for the New Brinsmead Catalogue, containing full particulars and illustrations of all the latest Brinsmead Models. It will be sent post free, together with the name and address of the local agent.

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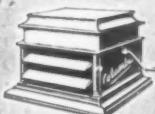
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The prices of COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONES range from £3 to £30, and choice may be made from either Horn or Hornless Models. A descriptive catalogue fully explains each instrument. Remember COLUMBIA—"the Instruments that NEVER Break Down!"

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Starvation treatments, and particularly the weakening "Banting" process, had been for some time waning, and the great modern treatment was being promulgated by F. Cecil Russell. That treatment was lucidly explained in the now famous book, entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," a standard work which has since been reprinted nearly a score of times, and still holds the premier position in the literature relating to obesity.

The combination of harmless vegetable products forming the preparation upon which Mr. Russell based his treatment and successfully vindicated his principles received the approval of the greatest authorities, and, as a proof of his good faith and the genuineness and complete harmlessness of the treatment, Mr. Russell incorporated in "Corpulency and the Cure" the essential recipe of his famous preparation. The confidence inspired by his public-spirited policy has never been shaken: the Russell treatment retains its well-won supremacy.

There is, therefore, no secret element about the Russell treatment. Stout persons who regain the normal weight and proportions by following it can be under no apprehension as to what has caused their happy recovery from excessive weight. It is, then, no exaggeration to affirm that the Russell treatment

is the only one put before the public in an absolutely open manner, for anyone may obtain a copy of "Corpulency and the Cure" and learn all there is to be learnt concerning the treatment of obesity according to the scientific truths discovered and given to the world by the author.

The aim of the gentle and harmless Russell treatment is to eradicate the cause of obesity and thereby afford permanent relief from that distressing and unprepossessing physical condition. To claim that this can be effected without medicines is absolutely misleading. There are, of course, drastic drugs in the guise of medicines that are positively dangerous. But the agreeable and eminently tonic preparation of which Mr. Russell has made known the component vegetable substances is most beneficent and effective. The reducing effect of it is experienced within twenty-four hours, the decrease varying between $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 2 lb.

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A copy of "Corpulency and the Cure," a book containing 256 pages of plain facts and admirably written articles, etc., is at the disposition of any interested person who will send two penny stamps (for postage of book under private cover) to F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

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CHEESE
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Foremost comes CASSELL'S ANNUAL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. This Annual, although only in its fourth year of issue, has proved a phenomenal success. It is packed with all that a child loves, and contains about 200 Colour Pictures by such artists as John Hassall and Lucie Attwell, while the writers include Katharine Newlin, Agnes Crozier Herbertson, Olaf Baker, and other noted writers.

The Christmas Volume of LITTLE FOLKS contains excellent stories by the best writers for children, besides two splendid serials by Ralph Simmonds and Katharine Newlin. There are over sixty Colour Pictures by John Hassall, Harold Copping, etc., together with hundreds of Black-and-White Illustrations.

BO-PEEP is vastly improved this year. Instead of only six Colour Plates as formerly, it now contains over thirty pictures by notable artists all printed in full colours. It forms not only an amusing but a most instructive volume for the little ones.

TINY TOTS is intended for still younger children. This year it is printed on better paper, and is nearly twice as thick as last year. The stories are a veritable treasure, full of fun and jollity, and this wonderful volume will be hailed with delight by the lucky little recipients.

SONS OF THE SEA is by Captain Shaw, a favourite writer for boys. His book tells of the adventures that befall two boy apprentices during their first voyage aboard a modern sailing ship. It is an excellent yarn.

In ALL ABOUT SHIPS we have a book which may well be called an "encyclopedia of the sea." The book gives interesting accounts of the early history of ships, and of the development of modern warships, liners, and other steam vessels and sailing ships of all kinds. A most interesting collection of illustrations depicting old and modern vessels and nautical appliances is a feature of this most instructive of boys' books.

Mr. Eric Wood in THE BOY'S BOOK OF ADVENTURE has got together such a collection of adventure stories as will satisfy the most exacting of schoolboy critics. The book is a big budget of adventures in all parts of the world—on the earth and under the earth, on the sea and in its depths.

For girls, one book stands out from amongst all others—SISTER-IN-CHIEF, by Dorothy A. Beckett Terrell, winner of the £250 prize offered by the Editor of the GIRL'S REALM. This story has passed through the severest ordeal to which a prize story can be subjected, and we learn that it emerged with flying colours.

The two best Juvenile Annuals for older boys and girls have ever been CHUMS and the GIRL'S REALM. CHUMS this year contains any amount of yarns of adventure and fun packed within its 900-odd pages.

The GIRL'S REALM contains well-chosen and numerous short stories and two fine serials, together with articles on practically every subject in which the girl of to-day is interested.

THE BRITISH BOY'S ANNUAL is on a par with any similar issue at the same price. The authors include such names as Ralph Simmonds, Fleet-Surgeon T. T. Jeans, R.N., Olaf Baker, S. Walkey, and Percy T. Westerman, and as it is essentially a volume for the British Boy, there are appropriate articles on War Stamps of the Empire, Enterprises of the Empire, Ships of the Empire, etc. Among the artists who have contributed to the volume are Albert Morrow, John Hassall, Gordon Browne, &c.



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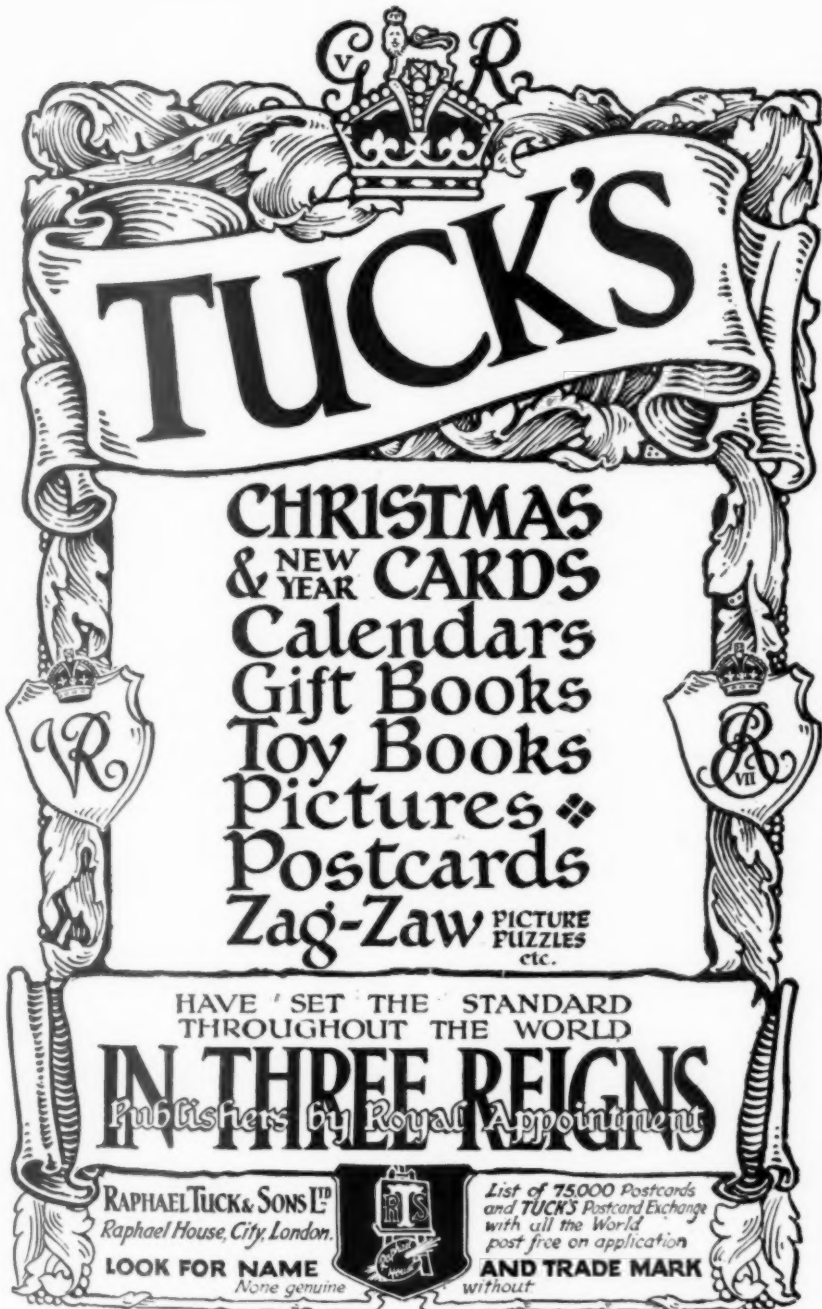
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means briefly nits in children's heads. It is difficult to pronounce, but easy to catch. Children who go daily to school come in contact with other girls and boys, and the little insects attach themselves to the hair of the head rapidly.

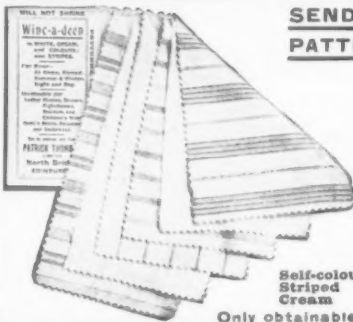
The complaint, though objectionable, is not very serious to begin with, but delay is cruel to the child on account of the awful irritation.

All mothers should guard against the possibility of this complaint by occasionally applying to the head a little of Rankin's Head Ointment, or, if a child has already nits in the hair, a thorough dressing with this ointment

will instantly kill them and remove the trouble. All chemists supply Rankin's Head Ointment, or, if any difficulty, it may be had by return from Rankin & Co., Kilmarnock, N.B.

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is Scotch Wincey—genuine old-fashioned Scotch Wincey. The Wincey of your great-grandmother's days—but better. You can boil it when you wash it. You can almost scorch it when you dry it (it's not a bit like flannelette that way). The colours are fast and fadeless. It is supple in the finish and drapes like the softest of French voile.

It is good for underwear, children's wear, or slumber wear. It is good for gentlemen's shirts or pyjamas; but, above all and beyond all, Winc-a-deen wears, and wears, and wears.

Self-coloured Winc-a-deen
Striped
Cream

41 inches wide
30
30 to 40 "

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Prices from 1/- the yard

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It saves the butter bill.**

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Embrocation (for human use), Mason's, 1/11 bottle 10½d.; 2/9 bottle 2/1
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Ferguson's Glycerine Balm. Soft, cooling, and altogether delightful. Ferguson's Glycerine Balm is a wonderful skin comfort. 1/- bottle 10½d.; 2/6 bottle 2/-
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Liver Pills, Little, equal to any on the market, 1/- bottle 4½d.
Milk of Cucumber, Mason's, for the face, neck, and hands, 1/- bottle 8d.; 2/- bottle 1/3



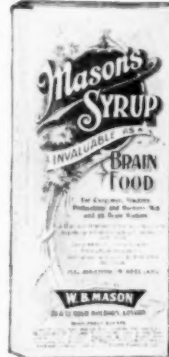
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Mason's Syrup. Provides those strength-building Hypophosphites which the brain and nerves need to restore them to vigour and buoyancy. Energy, strength of will, alertness, mental power, all come naturally to the regular user of Mason's Syrup. 2/9 bottle 2/-; 4/6 bottle 3/9
Raub's Blood Tonic, 1/11 bottle 1/-; three for 2/9
Raub's Eczema Ointment, 1/1½ size 1/-; three for 2/9
Raub's Medicated Skin Soap, per tablet 6½d.; three in box 1/6
Red Rose Throat Gargle, very effective, 1/- per bottle
Rose and Lily Skin Cream, the original, 6d. jar 5½d.; 1/- jar 10½d. Prepared by the L. & P. P. Co. A splendid emollient for the skin, neither sticky nor greasy.
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Seltzogene Powders, per box, 3-pt. 1/4; 5 pt. 1/9; 8-pt. 3/-. Twelve charges in each box, not ten as usually sold by the trade.
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Continued on following page

THE QUIVER

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A few Medicines we know and can honestly recommend.

Anti-Obesity Tablets

are effective, but harmless. These tablets have reduced many over-stout figures to graceful beauty. 4/6 boxes 1/6

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A blood-maker of splendid efficiency. For dull, listless, anemic girls this remedy is superb. 1/1½ size 1/-; 2/9 size 2/6

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Sovereign Hair Restorer.

A first-class restorer of hair-colour. Its effect is immediate, *natural*, and harmless. We heartily recommend this preparation. 4/6 size 2/6

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The best low-priced hair restorer we know. Its colour-restoring properties are surprising. 1/- bottles 10½d.

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A real tonic for run-down hair. It contains exactly the strengthening elements which the hair roots need to enable them to grow a healthy head of hair. 1/- and 1/10½ per bottle.

THESE CHILLY MORNINGS,

TO SHAVE
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FILL YOUR

THERMOS OVERNIGHT!

THE Present for Husband, Brother or Friend.

But be sure it is a Thermos—imitations only disappoint. See the name "THERMOS" on the bottom.

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Don't ask for 'Cocoa'—ask for 'Vi-Cocoa.'

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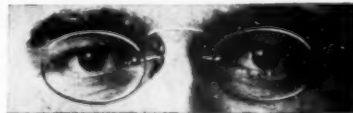
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LOVE IT.**

And it is good
for them.
For

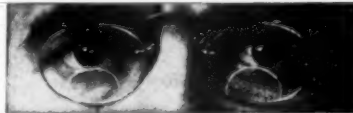
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is made from fresh ripe tomatoes and makes all food appetising and digestive. They like it on bread and butter.
Sold Everywhere, 3d., 6d., and 1s. per Bottle.

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Which do you prefer?

NOTICE that the Kryptok Double-Vision Lenses are entirely free from seams. Notice that Kryptok Lenses do not suggest old age, as do the usual Cemented Double-Vision Lenses. The Reading Lens is fused invisibly in the Distance Lens. No lodging place for dirt. Kryptok Lenses are perfect for far and near view.

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Welcome and Pleasing
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You cannot choose a better
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This is one of the most charming of the
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LOUGHBOROUGH.



A Clean House by the
only Perfect Cleaner

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WIZARD

An Ideal Xmas Present.

The Standard No. 2 is a glutton for dust and dirt, and sucks up every particle cheerfully and methodically. It has exclusive features, such as four bellows and ball bearings, so that with the Wizard Vacuum Cleaner you get that continuous suction and ease of working so essential to perfect cleaning. The price is £3 15s. Lever machines from £2 2s.; Electric from £10 10s.

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styles of Cleaners at
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Co. Ltd., 20 Frankfort
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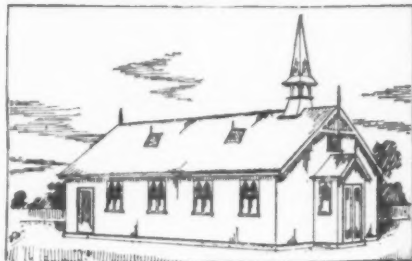
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with galvanised corrugated iron, lined internally
with match-boarding, stained and varnished.

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"THE QUIVER" CHARITIES

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

Dear Reader,

During the year that is now closing you have sent me some hundreds of pounds for the Charities mentioned in "The Quiver." But still the needs are very great.

May I earnestly commend to your sympathetic consideration the claims of the Societies mentioned in the following pages? They have been carefully selected, and are most worthy of your support.

I shall be only too pleased to receive and pass on subscriptions for any or all of them.

Your friend,

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.
Christmas, 1912.

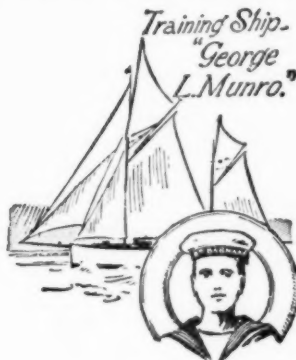
The Editor

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.



CHARTER:

**"No Destitute Child Ever
Refused Admission."**



NO WAITING LIST.
NO VOTES REQUIRED.
NO RED TAPE.

A FEW FIGURES.

- 76,804** Children have passed through the Rescue Doors.
- 2,211** were admitted last year.
- 9,000** Boys and Girls of all ages are always in the Homes.
- 1,000** of these are Infants.
- 1,000** are Crippled, Incurable, Blind, Deaf and Dumb, or physically afflicted.
- 5,000** are Boarded-out in Rural Districts in England and Canada.
- 820** Boys and Girls are under Industrial Training.
- 300** Boys are in training for the Navy and Mercantile Marine.
- 24,249** Young People have been emigrated to the Colonies.
- 1,008** were sent to Canada last year. 98 per cent. of the Emigrants do well.

* * Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," and Parcels, should be sent to the
Honorary Director,

WILLIAM BAKER, Esq., M.A., LL.B.,
at Head Offices, 18 to 26 STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.

CHARITABLE APPEALS.

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CHURCH OF ENGLAND WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

CHURCHPEOPLE, REMEMBER IN YOUR PRAYERS AND WITH YOUR ALMS THE NEEDS OF THIS MOST IMPORTANT BRANCH OF HOME MISSION WORK. AS YEAR SUCCEEDS YEAR THE CALL TO

THE RESCUE OF LITTLE CHILDREN

SOUNDS WITH INCREASING URGENCY. FOR THIS REASON THE SOCIETY NEEDS EVER-INCREASING HELP FROM ALL WHO HAVE AT HEART THE WELFARE OF THE YOUNG.

Subscriptions, Donations, and Collections will be thankfully received by the Secretary, at the Head Offices of the Society, KENNINGTON ROAD, S.E.

E. DE M. RUDOLF, Secretary.

INVALID CHILDREN'S AID ASSOCIATION

(LONDON), Incorporated.

69 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road,

Patron: H.M. The Queen.

WESTMINSTER, S.W.

The Secretary Appeals most urgently for new SUBSCRIBERS and DONORS, to enable her to assist the large number of new children daily referred to the Association, whose needs cannot be met without additional support.

VISITORS ALSO ARE URGENTLY REQUIRED.

NUMBER OF CASES ON BOOKS, 23,660.
ANNUAL EXPENDITURE, £8,000.

Full details will be given on application to the Secretary at above address.

A MISSION OF MERCY

Which appeals to the sympathy of every Christian man and woman

London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution and Midnight Meeting Movement

Offices—200 EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

"Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the slaughter of my people." *Jer. ix. 1.*

This Society is dependent upon Voluntary Contributions to support Six Homes and an Open-all-night Refuge for 190 young women and girls.



It also seeks to reach prodigals as well as young girls in mortal peril through midnight and other meetings, and employs a missionary to mission the streets at night. Notices in English, French and German are also exhibited at railway stations and many other public places, offering help or advice, day or night, to young women stranded in London.

Upwards of 43,000 have been assisted by the Homes, and 123,476 women have attended the 2,423 midnight and other meetings which have been held.

This comprehensive Preventive and Rescue work requires £15 every day to maintain it in full operation.

Shall we plead in vain on behalf of the Young Women and Girls?

WILLIAM J. TAYLOR, Secretary,
200 Euston Road, London, N.W.

Bankers—LONDON COUNTY & WESTMINSTER BANK,
2 Hampstead Road, N.W.

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Hackney Road,
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Inquiry
System
in force for
prevention of
abuse.

PLEASE
HELP.

T. Glenton-Kerr, Sec.

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FIELD LANE
INSTITUTION.

RAGGED SCHOOLS & FREE
REFUGES for Respectable Men
and Women.

Gréce (or babies of working mothers &c.)
THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, K.T.
F. A. BEVAN, Esq., J.P.

A very urgent appeal is made for the
many branches of work which are
sorely hampered for lack of
Funds.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY

A Christmas Dinner will be given to 800 homeless adults of both sexes, and Christmas Dinners and Firing distributed in poor homes, benefiting 5,000 persons.

Please send help to

H. BRADBURY PARKER,
Secretary,

VINE ST., CLERKENWELL RD., E.C.

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—all FATHERLESS—many of them also MOTHERLESS—are being provided with a HOME, educated, trained, and taught to become upright and useful men and women, by the

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at Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill.

This good work has been maintained entirely by voluntary contributions for over 150 years. As it has done since 1735, so to-day the Charity relies upon the freewill offerings of those to whom "the care of the fatherless and the widow in their affliction" is a sacred duty.

Donations and Annual Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Secretary.

1/- WILL FEED & CLOTHE ONE CHILD FOR ONE DAY.

Patrons:

H.M. THE KING and H.M. THE QUEEN.

Treasurer:

SIR HORACE BROOKS MARSHALL, M.A., LL.D., A.D.

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Secretary: ALEXANDER GRANT.

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The COMMITTEE

VERY EARNESTLY APPEAL FOR FUNDS

for the maintenance of those ladies who were left provided for by charges on Irish land property, who are incapacitated by age or infirmity from earning a living, and who, owing to the non-receipt of their incomes, are in absolute poverty.

The WORK DEPOSIT assists Irish ladies to earn their living, and the Committee earnestly ask friends requiring hand-made lingerie, blouses, embroidery, making, &c., to

ASSIST THE CHARITY BY GIVING ORDERS.

Office and Work Depot:

7A LOWER GROSVENOR PLACE, LONDON, S.W.

Will generous donors kindly mention THE QUIVER when writing?

WESTERN CANADA.

Last year 184,891 persons emigrated from Great Britain to Canada—the largest number on record.

The Colonial & Continental Church Society

HELPS every diocese in Western Canada and British Columbia. Has sent out £85,120 and 180 clergymen and lay agents to Canada, in the last six years, to minister to the spiritual needs of the immigrants.

IS ALL THIS WORK TO BE CHECKED FOR WANT OF MEANS, JUST WHEN THE NEED IS GREATEST?

N.B.—Over 2,500 parishes which aid Evangelical foreign missionary Societies are doing nothing for their white brethren overseas.

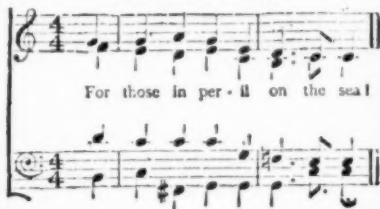
IS YOUR PARISH ONE OF THESE? PLEASE HELP THIS URGENT NEED.

Secretary: The Rev. J. D. MULLINS, M.A., 9 Serjeants' Inn, Fleet St., London, E.C.

THE SHIPWRECKED FISHERMEN and MARINERS' ROYAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

PATRON—His Majesty the King.

Over 640,000 Persons relieved since the foundation of the Society in 1839.



The Shipwrecked are instantly cared for on the spot and sent home. The Widow, Orphan, etc., are immediately sought out and succoured.

The Distressed Seafarer is at once charitably assisted. All Mariners are directly encouraged to exercise thrift by becoming beneficiary members.

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CHARITABLE APPEALS

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INDIA'S NEED



There are in India

13,000 Girls under One year **MARRIED.**
134,000 Girls under Five years **MARRIED.**
1,000 Girls under One year **WIDOWED.**
9,000 Girls under Five years **WIDOWED.**

Widowed for life, secluded and accursed.

CHRIST'S CALL

"Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"—*Isa. vi. 8.*
"Therefore . . . present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."—*Romans xii. 1.*
"Whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall find it."—*Luke ix. 24.*

YOUR RESPONSIBILITY

"I have set thee a watchman."—*Ezekiel xxxiii. 7.*
"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn near unto death and those that are ready to be slain; If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it?"—*I. roy. xxiv. 11.*

WILL YOU HELP US to give the message of a Saviour's love and thus alleviate the sorrow and suffering amongst the **WOMEN AND GIRLS OF INDIA.**

ZENANA BIBLE & MEDICAL MISSION

President: H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN. Treasurer: LORD KINNAIRD.

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Under the patronage of
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President—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.
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and trained for domestic service.
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**DONATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS, AND
LEGACIES ARE MUCH NEEDED.**
Bankers: Lloyd's Bank, 26 St. James's Street, S.W.
The Secretary, THE ORPHANAGE,
Ham Common, Surrey.

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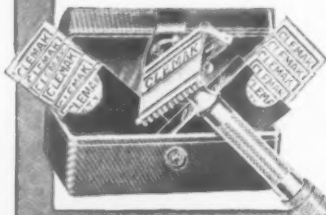
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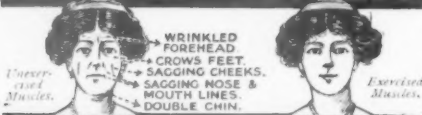
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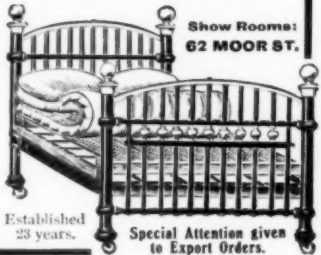
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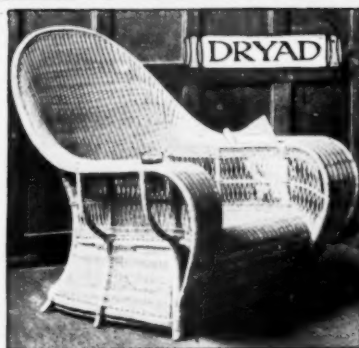
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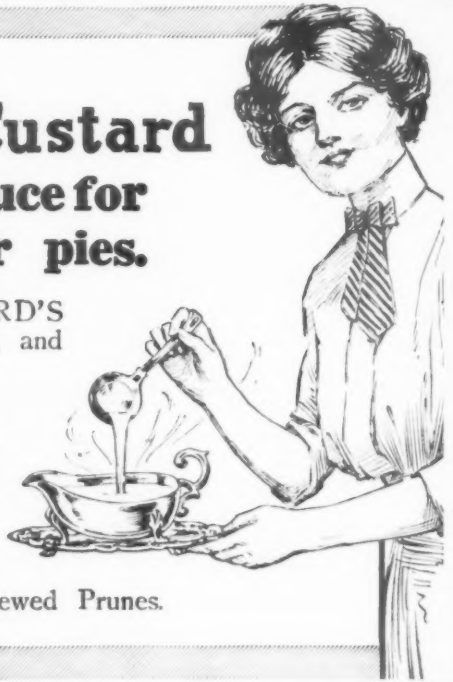
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THE QUIVER

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THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS

By THE EDITOR

I HAVE not been worrying readers unduly about the League of Loving Hearts for the last few months, as there have been so many other claims. But I must point out that we close our books on December 31, and we have still a great way to go before we reach the totals of past years.

I notice that a number of members have not yet renewed their subscription for the

present year. The Christmas holidays will soon be upon us, and my experience is that a large part of our funds comes in between this and Christmas. I shall accordingly be watching my post with an anxious eye these next few days and weeks.

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"Noël gazed with perplexity at the wand. 'It's a courting stick,' returned Mr. Sawne, explicitly"—Page 100.

The **QUIVER** CHRISTMAS·NUMBER

VOL. XLVIII., No. 2

DECEMBER, 1912

NOËL

The Story of a Christmas One Hundred Years Ago

By K. L. MONTGOMERY

THE ship's monkey was stirring the pudding!

His little black paw grasped in an equally black hand, he was performing his task with a grin wide as that of the negro cook, but expressive of rage rather than jollity. Other faces were clustered in the caboose, the passengers of the sailing ship out on the fourth week of her run from Liverpool to New York. Each had taken a turn at the wooden spoon, which, as though it had been a conjurer's wand, had summoned up for each a different picture. A Yorkshire hall, with St. George and the Dragon stamping on the pot-marked flags; a Devonshire kitchen, with holly and ivy hiding the hams and fitches in the racks overhead; a Bloomsbury dining-room, with three generations gathered to keep Christmas together. The monkey's countenance was not the only one less merry than it looked.

Two faces, however, showed no smiles—shadowed or otherwise. One, that of a girl in the doorway; the swinging oil-lamps illumining the curls about her face with a golden aureole. A brown young thing in an old brown gown, high-waisted after the cut of 1812, was all apparent to many eyes, dazzled by each owner's private vision; but to another pair, too intent to smile, no picture of Old England could compare with the delicate oval face—the shabby gown could not conceal the slender grace within.

The monkey, released, had made a leap which dispersed the pudding stirrers; already they were passing along the salt-encrusted decks to saloon or cabin. The couple who had seemed to share a mood of gravity found themselves near each other. The gentleman paused, with one of those sweeping bows that were "the thing" in times when England sat up o' nights, lest the French should land before morning.

"Good tidings, Miss Wynter! The captain says that I may hope to wish you a Merry Christmas in New York!"

By the glint of the foam racing past the ship, a smile showed at last on the girl's face, but, it seemed, at the speaker's voice rather than for his news.

"Christmas has never been kind to me, Mr. Willoughby. I have learned to dread it."

"Dread your namesake—your godfather?" The young man's smile was a caress.

"Yes. I was born two days before Christmas, and my mother said I was her Christmas gift, and called me Noël." The girl paused, listening to a Christmas wind fluting in the rigging. "On that Christmas Day I was left motherless, and two years after fatherless on Christmas Eve. Some fatality is attached to Christmas for me; I don't remember one that has not cost me tears, even"—a dimple touched her face

THE QUIVER

with sunshine—"if it were only the carrier being snowed up, and the doll from London-town not forthcoming."

"Scurvy treatment for a godfather!" young Willoughby declared. "But, for instance, what misfortune did last twenty-fifth of December bring you?"

Noël stretched out a round arm from her cloak; even without the dim light, Willoughby knew the scar seaming it from wrist to elbow.

"My last Christmas present," she said, half merrily. "The house I was in caught fire, and nearly all I possessed in the world was burnt."

"One of the ladies in your cabin told me that you were burnt in saving a child."

"Yes," the girl owned slightly. "There was hardly danger, but this arm got scorched."

In the darkness and the flying lights, a hand touched the arm; lips, with the eagerness of three-and-twenty, kissed the mark which no mere scorch had left.

"Noël—angel of goodwill to men—I love you! I loved you from the first moment I saw you on this deck at Liverpool, holding somebody's baby, to set the mother's hands free. Be my Christmas gift—say you love me!"

"Miss Wynter, are you here? Half a dozen children are screaming themselves black in the face, and their mammas black with despair, for want of you. If you don't wish us to re-enact the Massacre of Innocents you'll come below!"

Maurice Willoughby suppressed something, not a Christmas wish, in his throat. The spot on which Noël had stood was empty; the tactless invader was offering him a cheroot. Yet the wind in the rigging to his ears had a cheery note; whistling of merry Christmases to come, when the old house in Hampshire should once more have a mistress, and the day which a girl once dreaded should be for her, as for him, the dearest anniversary in the whole round year.

Down in the saloon "Sir Roger de Coverley" had been set afoot by some determined merrymaker; but the dancers, each with an invisible ghost chassing and poussetting beside him, made dull work of it. Noël Wynter was not among them; in a corner of the close, dingily lighted space she had surrendered herself to two imps, who, to better behaved contemporaries brought

up on Mrs. Sherwood, enjoyed invidious fame as the "Spoilt Children." To hold them from breaking into the dance, to quiet roars which a bachelor East Indian on board likened to those of a Bengal tiger, to lure them to listen to a low-toned story, bordered on the supernatural; yet Noël was hardly aware that she was accomplishing it. Something new had touched the face, usually looking out on life with a spectator's detachment; smiles kindled, with personal gladness hitherto strange to them, grey eyes shy as though fearing to let what was in them be too easily read.

"Miss Wynter—you sing?"

"Sir Roger," making up in noise what it lacked in merriment, had come to an end; someone turned to Noël with the question. Master Jacky and Miss Flora, scouting the suggestion of bed, loudly seconded the proposal; even if the saloon had not taken it up, the bird in Noël's bosom would have welcomed the chance of voicing the exultancy in her. The sailor whose fiddle had led the dancers stood waiting to play the tune Missy should indicate.

"Somefin' Christmassy!" commanded Master Jacky.

On the deck, where a fog was beginning to close in, Willoughby fancied for a moment that familiar carols were ringing across the grey Atlantic, faintly at first, then clearer; but no village waits had the trick of such golden tones as those drawing one listener to the saloon threshold. Yet "Good King Wenceslas" was followed by "As Joseph was a-walking," and it in turn with "Listen, listen, lordings all"—for all the world as they were doing on lantern-lit, snowy roads, or in homesteads ruddy with yule logs, half a world behind the ship, now shrouded by clinging fog-curtains from all but memory and home.

"Faith, 'twould do for a picture of 'Music soothing the savage breast!'" chuckled the East Indian, looking over Willoughby's shoulder from the companion-way towards the singer; the "Spoilt Children," temporarily subdued, like other wild beasts, by sweet sounds, nestled against her. Such a Madonna as those he had seen when making the Grand Tour was the comparison in the young man's mind, thrilled with the consciousness that the girl's eyes meeting his held the answer left unspoken on the darkling deck. Reddening like a rose, she

NOËL

brought "God rest ye merrie, gentlemen," to an end.

"Ting 'Nowell, Nowell!" dictated Master Jacky.

The thanks of the saloon were going by Noël unheard; already she was moving forward, when ominous sounds—one of the anthems well known to the *Elizabeth Godwin*, sailing ship—rose up.

"Nowell! Nowell!" whimpered Master Jacky in the minor.

"Nowell! Nowell!" bellowed Miss Flora in the major.

Then in a duet, rising without effort to c in alt, and sweeping downwards to e below the line:

"Ting 'Nowell! Nowell!' or we'll 'cream, we'll 'cream, we'll 'cream!"

"My dear, *pray* sing it!" cried the saloon in a chorus of desperation.

"Gad, I'd 'mack, I'd 'mack, I'd 'mack!" muttered the East Indian, through the Spoilt Children's mamma's recitative of sweet Flora's sensibility and dear Jacky's high spirits.

Maurice drew his cloak impatiently about him, in sheer vexation missing the singer's opening bars. Her dimple showed that Noël had her own views over the ship's tyrants; for the rest, the shyness of a maid rendered her perhaps willing enough to linger for an instant yet in girlhood's country, before crossing the boundary into the unknown land of Man's Love. Meanwhile the refrain,



"Lips, with the eagerness of three-and-twenty, kissed the mark which no mere scorch had left."

*Drawn by
W. H. Margetson.*

glad as Christmas bells, sounded cheerily, sweeter for each echo:

"Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel!"

Willoughby advanced. Not all the Spoilt Children in Christendom, endowed with twenty-tiger lung power, should keep him from claiming the slim singing creature at the final bar. The carol was unfolding its last verse:

"Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
That hath made Heaven and earth."

Ah! what was that? Confused cries and

THE QUIVER

trampling feet above, a crash, a strange quiver through the ship's every timber.

"On deck, all of you!"

Up into the air, chill as with an unseen presence, poured the passengers, pale, but brave with the bravery of the British blood that runs the cooler for danger. Hasty sentences about an iceberg, that under cover of the fog had launched itself upon the vessel, brief orders from the captain, the crying of half-awakened children, sounded tumultuously through the darkness, in which that ghostly breath of cold told of the adversary hovering near, as though to witness the finish of its night's work. Working as effectively as any sailorman, Willoughby helped to lower the boats representing the last chance, but with the second of them on the water, which was rising stealthily up the ship's side, he pushed his way back through the women and children being passed forward.

"Noël!"

Almost the last, the girl he sought was standing, too absorbed in soothing the Spoilt Children and their fainting mother, to look round at the steps approaching.

"Take her; I can manage the children!"

"Follow me, then!"

The boats seemed full, but there was room for all. Jacky and Flora were handed down into their mother's arms. Noël, Willoughby, and the captain, reluctant enough to leave his sinking ship, followed. The girl, whose selfless courage had never faltered, found herself gripped in a lover's arm.

"Dearest!"

"My love!"

Noël's answer, given at last, was broken. A cry, a child's wail of terror, rose above the voices and the wash of waves, but it came from the vessel, crouching ever lower to her conqueror, the sea. Upon the deck, in a few moments to be given over to the darting, coiling, clinging things of the deep, stood a little human life in stress.

And to the water's edge the boat was full—not even room for a little wailing child.

As with one movement, Noël, Willoughby, and the captain steadied themselves to stand in the tossing boat; then the girl found herself pushed back. Seizing a rope from the ship's side, Willoughby swung himself up; the next moment the child was slung down to a dozen outstretched hands. The fog closed down on the doomed ship like a funeral pall; Christmas Eve faded into the past.

Christmas Day!

Noël Wynter found herself repeating the two words dully, as she watched a burnished copper sun rising over a steely sea. All night she had sat numbed in the trance which had fallen on her as those around had held her back, when she would have sprung to rescue Willoughby, crying out that there was place for him, stretching wild hands to stay the oars beginning to carve distance and greater distance between the lives snatched from death and the life devoted to it. Now as Christmas Day dawned in blue bravery, she awoke to consciousness that the light, bringing gifts to many a home in "every continent and island," children to hitherto childless homes, release from the prison-house of pain to some, lovers' happiness to others, for her had brought a sword that had cleft her life in twain, leaving nothing but an anguished presence stretching into leaden years. Oh, Christmas bells! your music must indeed be tuned in heaven to override the cries of earth, the cries to still which they were set a-ringing, with their message of joy to the sons of sorrow, on a Yuletide long ago.

"Ahoy! Ship ahoy!"

In the boats tumult had broken out, women embracing, men looking upwards in brief thanksgiving, all the shipwrecked crew intent on the ship, that the morning vapours, breaking in wreaths and columns off the sea, had revealed to them. No such trim craft as the *Elizabeth Godwin*, now down in the depths of the sea, had been that time yesterday. Scarred as to hulk, and patched as to sail, showed this deliverer, proclaimed by a rank smell of oil as an Arctic whaler, but no shining Christmas angel could have been fairer in the straining eyes. A man, weather-bitten and stained like his ship, had come to her side.

"Do tell! Are ye a shipwreck or a picnic?" he demanded stolidly.

Noël hardly knew how she came on board. Dry clothing and hot coffee had restored their voices to Master Jacky and Miss Flora; the girl, round whom they clung persistently, had, for an eternity, it seemed, heard their speculations as to why Good Little Emily, who, throughout the voyage, had been held up to them as incarnate pattern of conduct, should have got nearly drowned by having gone to bed when she was told, while Jacky and Flora, refusing to do as much, had, in a

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"Seizing a rope, Willoughby swung himself up; the next moment the child was slung down to a dozen outstretched hands."

Drawn by
W. H. Margeson.

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perverted moral, reaped the reward. The lull which fell at last on the little chattering voices was grateful, before Noël realised that the whaler captain was standing before her.

"Putty spry team, I guess!" he drawled, indicating Jacky and Flora being borne away by an intrepid sailor. "Not their mother, be you?"

the mainmast that was sprung before he sold it me, the winter work would have been well begun a month ago, an'—wa-ll, I guess from your face, it's putty easy to tell where you'd ha' been, if the sea hadn't been as smooth as 'lasses this morning!" finished the captain gallantly.

The numbness, which had mercifully deadened Noël's senses, lasted long. The



"The girl gathered the children into the parlour for a bed-time story of Santa Claus"—p. 100.

Drawn by
W. H. Margtich.

Noël shook her head.

"Any more of you on board?"

"Any more?" the girl echoed languidly.

"Parents or that," explained the captain.

"No, I was travelling alone"—the voice quivered over the word from henceforth so tragically true—"to cousins, in Cardinal in Maine."

"Do tell!" ejaculated the seaman. "Why, I'm from Cardinal myself. Got as putty a farm as there is on this sinful earth; we Maine men are mostly amphibious, plough the sea and the fields by turn! Wa-ll there, if Deacon Skinner hadn't deaconed me over

passengers, who had spent so strange a Christmas Day together, scattered to meet no more, the East Indian compelled to travel to Boston in the stage-coach with the Spoilt Children, Good Little Emily holding up her face to Noël for a kiss, unconscious of the shudder which the girl could not suppress. With relief she saw the familiar faces vanish, the pain of association would be spared her henceforth, the solitude which the wounded creature craves, hers, at least inwardly, among strangers in a strange land.

Yet the first bobolink had scarcely

NOËL

whispered spring's greeting to New England, before Noël Wynter had ceased to be a stranger in Cardinal. Azariah Sawne, captain of the whaler *Little Rhodory*, voiced the general opinion of "the town"—from the cousins who had welcomed her up to the minister himself—when he remarked he "guessed he'd see Deacon Skinner let a cent get by him before he saw anyone, saint or sinner, or even a forty-barrel sperm whale, better worth towin' into port!"

Mr. Sawne could boast of having won Noël for the Singing School.

"If you don't care for goin' to parties or bees, or even a hurtle frolic, it's up t'ye not to go," he said, "but we're dretful on't for voices in Singin' School. 'Let all things that have breath praise the Lord,' the Bible says, but some on the folks haven't anythin' but breath, no more'n a bellers, and when they raise a tune you'd think they was raisin' Samuel!"

Noël assented with a smile that no one in Cardinal knew was but a moonlight reflection of others' cheerfulness. The hope which at first had lurked in the grey eyes, at every opening of the door, had long been shrouded in a patient wistfulness; no spar had ever come to shore to tell of the *Elizabeth Godwin*, sleeping among the secrets of the sea; the lover who had been snatched away lived only in the depths of her faithful heart; such life, as all lives must be, nourished at another's cost. Cousin Hannah, Noël's hostess, stripped her garret of herbs to revive the girl's appetite and colour; Captain Azariah brought a handkerchief full of cods' livers from which to distil oil; nothing but Noël's promise to wear the minister's wife's necklace of coral and amber against low spirits, saved her a dose of that lady's famous snail water.

So the year went on. The elms on each side of the village street had put on living emerald for spring, and soberer green for summer, russet for autumn, and now stood white under the first snows. Cousin Hannah, so far abandoning her Puritan ancestors, had inquired of Noël if she had a good "rule" for British plum-pudding; the children besieged her for tales of mummers and Christmas gambols; she herself revolved the possibility of such a tree of candles and gifts as a German passenger on the *Elizabeth Godwin* had told her of. When the Singing School declared itself as "sick of the old

songs as Lot Lothbury was of pies, the time his women folk went off for a month and left thirty-one in the pantry for him," she did not flinch from proposing the old carols.

Azariah Sawne came to the rescue when they were pronounced "real heathenish" by the more "sot" singers.

"Wa-ll, I'm a good chapel man," he drawled, "blue in the dye, forzin'o, but this King Wenceslas, *fur* a king, seemed quite a good man, and Joseph and Mary are in Scriptur'. Guess likely the feller who wrote about Dives settin' around upon a sarpint's knee, hadn't never *seen* a sarpint, an' the moral impossibility of sech doin's, but there's nothin' agin 'Nowell' anyway; real putty music an' Gospel truth!" and Mr. Sawne lounged off, humming:

"Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell."

Christmas Eve once more. Fastening pale green candles of bayberry wax to the first Christmas tree ever seen in Maine, Noël stood alone in the best parlour, the shouts of children sledding in the moonlight and Cousin Hannah chanting in the kitchen, powerless to overtone the sighing voice sent by the far-away Atlantic to a sighing heart. Feverishly, gallantly working, to shun thoughts threatening overwhelming in their bitter-sweet floods, she became aware of Azariah Sawne on the threshold.

"Dress it out with notions and light them ar little contraptions, the young ones will be 'mazin' tickled!"

The Christmas tree had been discussed threadbare, and Mr. Sawne still lingered. The plum-pudding was evidently approaching a crisis. Cousin Hannah never sang:

"Princes, this clay shall be your bed,
In spite of all your towers,"

unless at great culinary moments. Noël would have the visitor to herself for the next half-hour.

"Is there any news, Mr. Sawne?"

"Wa-ll!" Mr. Sawne twirled an object which he had brought in with him—a slender stick, some eight feet long, blossoming into a trumpet-like opening at either end. "Heard mebbe of a Britisher comin' here?"

"An Englishman! What's his name?"

"Loby," returned Mr. Sawne; "William Loby. In the horsefair to Endlicott I was, when a young feller came up, an', s's he, 'Where did ye get that you're hummin'?'—that ar carol 'Nowell' 'twas; it's real catchy.

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'Down in Singin' School, Cardinal way,' s's I; 'nd 'Cardinal,' s's he, 'is there a Cardinal down here?' 'nd had a peck o' questions more ready to shell out, but Old Man Peabody came up about the mare, and he allers does think he has all eternity ahead of him when he bargains, so I kinder lost Loby, though I sold the mare putty fair."

Noël had turned back to the tree, the spark of hope which had glimmered among the Past's grey ashes already dead.

"Noël, I want you should put this up among them ar fixin's!"

Mr. Sawne had singularly large feet, and the step he took towards the girl brought him alarmingly near. Noël gazed with perplexity at the wand tendered by him.

"What is it?"

"It's a courting stick," returned Mr. Sawne explicitly. "My mother 'n' her mother before her had it, and I never saw the woman before whose fingers I wanted to give one end of it into. Jes' say 'Yes,' 'n' I don't know as I care havin' it round any more; it's more as a curiosity I brought it along to-night to sorter break the ice. We can do with the first half of it, I guess!"

Noël gasped as she realised Mr. Sawne's formal proposal. With a glance at the wooer, long and thin as the passion-conductor through which Puritan lovers at opposite sides of the hearth in their day had saved the proprieties, she fairly turned and fled, the first laugh which perhaps Christmas Eve had ever heard from her, coming without the courting-stick's aid to Mr. Sawne's ears.

The coast was clear when, with the sleds scuffling home, Noël went down among them. Droning reminders to royalty still testified to Cousin Hannah's absorption. Concealing the tree behind a screen of Spanish leather which had made the voyage in the *Mayflower*, the girl gathered the children into the parlour for gingerbread and, on the plea of Christmas Eve, a bed-time story of Santa Claus.

More like a Madonna than ever she sat, such a shadow as Ghirlandajo lays upon the faces of his Virgin Mothers, smiling lips notwithstanding, revealed in grey eyes by the snapping pine-knots. Lips smiled, but grey eyes saw nothing but a vision in the shifting lights, a face that was none of the white-bearded saint, but young, handsome,

bronzed. A rush of cold air made the flames leap higher, unheeded by the storyteller, as had been a tinkle of sleighbells on the snow a moment before. A sudden shout from her audience, "Cousin! Cousin! here is Santa Claus!" and Mr. Sawne's drawl, "Here's someone, Noël, guess mebber'll suit you better!" were hardly heard, for as she turned, her vision sprang to meet her, lover's arms straining her in a human clasp.

"Maurice! Maurice!"

"My life, I've found you at last! In New York I ran across the Spoilt Children's mother; the little goose told me you were at Cardinal, and nothing more. On my way back from Cardinal in Canada, I heard the carol which I had heard last year from your lips; a stage-coach for Cardinal was just starting—I've been snowed up in her the best part of four-and-twenty hours."

"But the *Elizabeth* went down——"

"By Heaven's mercy, a ship that missed your boats picked me up, frozen and pickled, but not quite drowned. She was homeward bound, and when we got to England I found my father too ill for me to leave him, even to seek a lost love." The young man pressed her closer. "Since September I have been in America, vainly searching, till my angel has appeared to me on Christmas Eve!"

What a Christmas Day that was! The plum-pudding, the oyster-stuffed turkey, the mince-pies, the cider, were enough. Azariah Sawne averred, to make a dead man sorry for himself; the snow and the sun outsparkled each other; the very weathercock on the meeting-house seemed about to crow a Merry Christmas! Mr. Sawne had put away the courting stick with the philosophic reflection that "Tisn't the tombstone that makes the widow, but without it a man can never tell who's been first!" But as he and Noël, by request, sang his favourite carol after dinner, Mr. Sawne's thoughts were unaccountably running on the pudding, and the undoubted tombstone recording Cousin Hannah's widowhood three years ago.

The lovers stood hand in hand under the Christmas stars.

"Love, the spell is broken. Christmas has brought back what Christmas took from you."

Noël smiled. "And the Christmas Joy lasts for ever!"

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A STORY OF CHRISTMAS

by J. J. BELL

IN the early dusk of Christmas Eve four girls were standing at an upper window of one of the oldest houses—if not the oldest house—in the unimportant little seaside town of Asherton. While you would at once have guessed that they were sisters, you would probably have hesitated to say which possessed the greatest share of good looks. Not that your opinion would matter very much, seeing that, with the exception of the youngest, whose fair hair was still in a pigtail, all were engaged to be married. Their ages ranged from sixteen to six-and-twenty, and their minds were as fresh as their faces. Truth to tell, this double freshness constituted their chief charm, for it would have been the easiest thing in the world to discover faults in their profiles.

Perhaps light hearts were necessary here in this rather gloomy old house. Hearts of ordinary weight must have either rebelled passionately or collapsed incontinently. But the hearts of the Misses Christopher could soar above threadbare carpets and worn-out furnishings, could sing in the face of poverty—yea, could dance amid the drabdest of circumstances. Which was all very delightful, indeed, though it must be doubted

whether such care-free behaviour was invariably gratifying to their only brother John, who, since their father's death—their mother had died about the same time—had been their sole support in material affairs. Brother John, whose daily occupation consisted in flogging a dying old horse in the shape of the decaying business inherited from his father, would fain have seen his sisters take life a little more seriously—not because he was a morose individual, but simply because he feared the future for their sakes. Nor was it that they were extravagant. On the contrary, they made money go as far as any healthy girls could have done; but none of them had ever attempted to make money *come*, from any distance long or short, and none evinced the slightest inclination to earn an honest penny. "Oh, never mind about the house, John," they would say. "Don't worry about money. Business is sure to improve in spite of what you say, you dear old growler! And we've always enough for food and raiment fit." No doubt John ought to have driven them forth to work. Only John didn't.

It has been remarked that three of the girls—Maud, Mabel, and Annabel, to name them—were engaged. Here again they had shown a fine disregard of sordid matters,

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for while the chosen young men were admirable fellows, their worldly fortunes were to be summed up in the word "prospects." John himself was engaged, and one can imagine better than describe his hopeless hours in the circumstances. Yet few homes held more kindly happiness.

John had tried to sell the old house, but any offers he received had been too wretched

wretched hotel over Christmas," she said on her return, and her sisters groaned in sympathetic chorus at the bare idea. After which they had frequently observed the stranger and speculated on the reasons for his sojourn in Asherton.

And now, as the hotel door opened, and he came forth into the grey light, looking even more melancholy and lonesome than they

could have imagined, Mabel clutched the arms nearest her and cried:

"I'm going to do it, girls! I don't care what happens."

"Oh, no! Not really!" exclaimed Maud and Annabel in a breath; while Isobel, the youngest, clapped her hands excitedly.

"I am! He's our long-lost Uncle James, and it's time we let him know it. Come on, Pigs," said Mabel, moving to the door. "Unless you're afraid," she added.

"Not much!" said Isobel, who at the present time rejoiced in the pretty sobriquet. "I'm coming!" She rushed after her sister.

Presently the twain, pulling on their gloves, were following the direction taken by the stranger.

"I'm afraid Mabel is going a bit too far this time," remarked Miss Christopher, withdrawing from the window and preparing to light the gas.

"Oh, I expect her courage will fail her at the last moment. Bother this blind! It's stuck again," said Annabel.

"Pigs is sure to egg her on, though I must say I never thought they were in earnest when they talked about it last night."

"I wonder if he will——" Annabel's speculation was cut short by the sudden descent of the ancient venetian blind to the floor. "Never mind," she said philosophically; "Billy's coming in to-night. I'll get him to fix it up."

Billy, her betrothed, was a wonderful young man who could do everything except make money.

"Of course," said Miss Christopher, paying no attention whatsoever to the catastrophe, "the old gentleman would never



"Oh, don't say you're not our long-lost Uncle James!" Isobel cried—"p. 104.

Drawn by
C. E. Brock.

to make a change to a smaller residence in any way profitable. The house had long ceased to be "situate in the best part of the town." Quite recently a small but pretentious-looking hotel had been erected opposite. It appeared to exist by the sale of refreshments, billiards, and midday dinners for commercial travellers; an overnight customer was a rarity.

It was at the door of the hotel that the four girls were gazing on this Christmas Eve. For several days they had taken considerable interest in a little old man's coming and going. Mabel, the second eldest, had been first in arousing this interest by calling attention to the melancholy and lonesome look of the solitary figure passing along the street. Later, along with Annabel, she had seen him on the shore, more melancholy and lonesome than ever.

"Surely he isn't going to stay in that

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accept the invitation Mabel proposes to give him."

"I don't know about that," returned Annabel. "Mabel has a way with her. Anyway, it's a mercy we got that noble turkey from John's friend. Its presence in the house makes one feel safe. Whose turn is it to make tea?"

"Mabel's," Miss Christopher replied, poking the fire as if coals cost nothing.

"Then we had better toss," Annabel picked up an antique hassock and tossed it several feet in the air. "You call."

"Heads!"

The hassock fell upside down, and burst.

"Wrong!" said Annabel cheerfully, kicking it under the sofa. "I'll come and help you, Maud. One can't sew on Christmas Eve, and I'm really quite excited about our adventurous young females. I don't suppose you could lend me two pennies, dear, till Monday. I ought to have sent Chrissie Ferguson a card."

Thus amiably conversing, they went downstairs.

Meanwhile Mabel and Isobel had tracked the stranger to the Esplanade, a fairly busy promenade in summer, but now almost deserted.

"There he is!" whispered Isobel, darting a finger in the direction of the little old man who was leaning against the rail, apparently engrossed in contemplating the darkening waters. "What are you going to say, Mabel?"

"Oh, goodness knows," the elder sister returned. "Let's walk past him, and then come back."

"I thought you had made up your speech."

"So I had. I—I expect I'll remember it in a minute. Would you care to speak first, Pigs?"

"I'm sure he wouldn't like that," Isobel clutched her sister's arm. "Mercy! he's not going to wait. He's coming——"

"Hush!" muttered Mabel. "Back me up. It's now or never. I'm wound up, and I'm going off in a minute."

It was actually less than a minute ere the encounter took place. Mabel stopped short,



"'This,' said John, 'is the very limit'—p. 106.

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digging her fingers into Isobel's arm till the latter almost shrieked.

To avoid a collision, the man, whose age might have been sixty-five, stopped short also.

"Please," said Mabel in a voice not her own, "please don't go."

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger with the utmost mildness; "did you do me the honour to address me?"

"We did," said Pigs very solemnly.

"Shut up!" her sister muttered. To the stranger, in lugubrious tones she said:

"Yes, sir. I—we—at least, I ventured to address you, because—because you do not seem to know you—I mean, we do not seem to know us——"

"She means," interrupted the unabashed Isobel, "that you don't seem to recognise us."

The stranger raised his soft felt hat.

"That is my misfortune," he remarked politely. Then suddenly and a trifle excitedly, "Is it possible that you recognise me?"

"Rather!" exclaimed Isobel.

"Hush, dear," whispered Mabel, who was now recovering after the plunge. "Yes, sir; we recognise in you our long-lost Uncle James, who went abroad in the year—what was the year, Pigs?"

"Seventeen-two—no, seventy-two."

"Seventy-two was the year. It is written on the back of a photo——"

"The one with the white whiskers," said Isobel.

"Never mind her, Uncle James. She's too young for anything. It was white trousers, *not* whiskers. Anyhow, you went abroad then, and—and we're fearfully glad to see you back again."

"That," said the stranger gravely, "is most kind of you. So you recognised me from a photo. I remember being photographed before I went——"

"Then you *have* been——" began the impulsive Pigs, and was tweaked into sudden silence by Mabel's fingers.

"——before I went abroad a good many years ago. And as it was before your time I must beg of you to tell me who you—my nieces—are."

"You have four of us—Maud, Mabel—that's me—Annabel, and Pigs—I should say Isobel—that's her. And you have a nephew, John. Christopher is our family name."

"Christopher," murmured the stranger thoughtfully.

"And we live in the old tumbledown house opposite the horrid hotel where you are staying. You see, we couldn't help watching you. And all at once we realised that you must be our long-lost Uncle James. It's quite clear, isn't it?" Mabel paused, looking nervous.

The stranger faintly smiled. He was about to ask a question when Isobel cried imploringly:

"Oh, *don't* say you're not our long-lost Uncle James! And promise you'll eat turkey with us to-morrow."

"At six o'clock," supplemented Mabel.

"We all want you to come," added Isobel.

"Unless, of course, you have another engagement. I hope to goodness you haven't!" said Mabel.

He glanced from one to the other.

"Really," he said softly, "you overwhelm me. You actually claim me as your Uncle James and invite me to Christmas dinner?"

"We do, we do!" they exclaimed.

He appeared to reflect, his eyes on the sea. To the girls it seemed an age ere he spoke, saying quietly:

"Then I thank you heartily, and accept with much pleasure. And now, may we walk home together? The rain is coming again."

Now that they had gained their point, the two young women became absurdly diffident. They had no conversation of their own, and were only able to answer briefly his questions relating to the town. He made no personal inquiries whatever.

He accompanied them to their door.

"You said six o'clock, I think?" he said, shaking hands.

"Six o'clock," murmured Mabel. "And—and you needn't dress."

"Unless you like," said Isobel, misunderstanding a tweak from her sister.

"You are thoughtful as well as kind," he said. "Fortunately I have a wedding garment." He bowed and went slowly across to the hotel.

Mabel and Isobel burst upon their sisters with the tremendous announcement:

"He's coming! he's coming!"

Order being restored, Mabel was permitted to give her impressions of the new-found uncle.



"It is nearly forty years since I left Asherton, and, of course, I see many changes"—p. 107.

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"He's a dear, and there's no doubt but that he believes we are really his nieces. He seemed to recognise the name Christopher, and be trying to recollect which of his sisters married a man of that name. And he has really been abroad for so many years that I expect he has long been out of touch with his own people. Apparently he did not like to ask questions. I'm afraid he may want to do so afterwards—but then it won't matter so much. I fancy his life has been a failure——"

"But he said he had a dress suit," put in Isobel, "and his manners are lovely."

"Still, I'm sure he is poor—even poorer than us—and lonely and forsaken. He seemed awfully glad to be asked to Christmas dinner—didn't he, Pigs?"

"Oh, rather! And you must all be fearfully kind to him, and make him feel quite at home, and never forget to call him Uncle James."

"I'm sure we'll do our best, Pigs. It would have been too awful to think of him alone in that wretched hotel," said Miss Christopher.

"Poor old dear," remarked Annabel. "I wonder what John will say. Who's going to tell him?"

"Let's all tell him together," Mabel suggested.

And that is what they did on their brother's arrival an hour later. John may surely be excused for not grasping at once the precise meaning of the joint communication. He may also be excused his reply on realising what his sisters had done.

"This," he said, "is the very limit."



In the dingy drawing-room the Christophers and their betrothed awaited the guest of the evening.

"I'm the only unattached person in this crowd," observed Isobel, possibly for the mere sake of saying something.

"You can attach yourself to Uncle James," said John pleasantly. John's fiancée had coaxed him into a reasonable frame of mind, and what with her presence and the atmosphere of family affection and, perhaps, the spirit of Christmas also, he had come to accept the situation and was prepared to play his part of host as cheerfully as possible.

The three young men, having been well

coached as to their behaviour, were likewise ready to receive the stranger as "Uncle James." A furtive attempt to learn the stranger's real name had failed; according to Caroline, the maid-of-all-work, he was known in the hotel merely as "Number Four."

"A minute to six," remarked the young man named Billy, consulting his "Ingersoll," while the clock on the mantelpiece, which had been wound up for the occasion—it would sometimes go for nearly six hours at a stretch—struck seventeen by way of confirmation.

"I hope Caroline is watching the turkey carefully," said Annabel.

"Everything is ready for dishing the moment he arrives," Miss Christopher assured her. "You boys must help a little at table," she went on, turning to the young men. "Caroline is too nervous to appear after her fall downstairs."

"What made her do that?" asked John.

"She was intoxicated by the lovely smell of the turkey," explained Isobel. "I don't wonder, poor soul."

"Who is going to admit—er—Uncle James?" inquired the brother.

"I, said Miss Mabel," returned the owner of the name, "because I am able—to introduce you all to him. You've got his name quite pat, John!"

"Well, I hope he won't resent the familiarity. By the way, did he give you no hint——"

"There's the bell," cried Isobel in an ecstasy of anticipation. "Hurry, Mabel!"

Mabel, already at the door, halted only to say:

"Now, please, all of you, be talking as if nothing extraordinary were happening."

They did their best to obey, and presently the guest was led in to a great clatter of tongues. He looked modest, yet was self-possessed, and recognised Isobel at once. John welcomed him cordially and effected the necessary introductions. "Uncle James, I do not think you have met my sister Maud," and so on. All went smoothly, save in the case of one of the young men, whose nerves evidently got the better of him, causing him to giggle in a rather distressing fashion. But everyone was frankly eager to put the stranger at his ease, and no long-lost uncle ever came home to a friendlier atmosphere. The conversation was perhaps

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"I ask you to drink to the health of our long-lost and happily restored Uncle James!"—p. 108.

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a trifle stilted to begin with, but gradually grew natural as it was noted that the guest seemed interested in the small affairs of Asherton.

"It is nearly forty years since I left Asherton, and, of course, I see many changes—or, rather, I see few familiar landmarks," he said. "It is pleasant," he added, with a smile, "to find on my return so many nieces and nephews of whose existence I had been unaware. I only wish I had been enlightened sooner. To tell the truth, until yesterday afternoon I had put in an uncommonly dull week."

Said Isobel, with the boldness of youth:

"Now that you are here, I hope you are going to stay for ages, Uncle James."

"My dear," he said softly, as though touched by the sincerity in the young voice, "that will depend on——" He did not finish the sentence. "I fear I may have to leave Asherton to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" cried half a dozen voices.

"For Montreal?" said the young man who had giggled, and immediately looked as if he wished he had held his tongue. His

friends frowned at him, for it had been agreed that no questions were to be asked.

The stranger glanced quickly in his direction, but made no response. The glance, however, was not of annoyance so much as of appeal.

At the same moment Miss Christopher, who had slipped from the room soon after the guest's arrival, returned to announce dinner.

Somewhat to the company's surprise, the stranger offered her his arm in formal fashion. It may have occurred to some of them then that he wore his dress suit as though he were used to it. But his formality began and ended there. The turkey was only partially punished, as someone expressed it, when Billy whispered to Annabel, "Uncle James is one of us!"

And it was so. The man's age seemed to have slipped from him. The sadness had departed from his countenance. He talked to everybody. He beamed with benevolence and merriment. Raising his glass of lemonade—a special brew of Mabel's—he nodded to his host.

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"Mr. Christopher—pardon me, Nephew John—I have not enjoyed myself so much for forty years," he said.

John, for the moment, was taken aback, but recovering himself, replied, "Uncle James, we are all delighted to have you with us."

"Hear, hear!" from everybody excepting Isobel, who exclaimed, "Rather!"

Nor was the sentiment insincere. Everybody *was* delighted—so delighted, indeed, that they had forgotten to be sorry for the old gentleman. And more than once Mabel and Isobel looked across the table at each other as much as to say: "Alone we did it!"



It had become a custom of the Christophers' Christmas dinners for John to make a speech—not serious; on the contrary, as absurd as possible. As John himself admitted, it was only once a year he attempted to be funny. On this occasion, however, custom was set aside. Having ordered one and all to refill their glasses, he rose and said gravely:

"Dear people, our list to-night consists of but a single toast." He raised his glass. "I ask you to drink to the health and happiness of our long-lost and happily restored Uncle James. We are glad to have him here to-night. We shall be sorry if he does not come again—often. Uncle James!"

"Uncle James!" echoed everybody excepting Isobel, who cried, "Dear Uncle James!" And the toast was drunk with acclamation, as they say. Billy wanted to start, "For he's a jolly good fellow," but Annabel stopped him in time.

It was seen that the guest was embarrassed, though his faint smile was kindly as ever.

"I thank you all very much," he said in a low voice. Turning to John, "With your permission I will reply a little later in the evening."

"Why, certainly," said John. "But only if you wish."

"I have something to say, but——"

Just then a ring was heard.

"Someone at the front door," said Isobel. "Hard luck for Caroline, just when she's having her turkey."

"I'll go," said the young man who had giggled earlier in the evening, and whose name was Dicky, and left the room.

"Good boy!" murmured Miss Christopher.

He returned immediately with a telegram, which he took to the guest.

"The hotel people thought it might be for you, and sent the 'boots' over with it."

"Yes—it's for me."

With an apology to the hostess the guest opened the envelope. His face fell. He placed the message in his pocket, saying to the young man, "Perhaps you will be good enough to tell the 'boots' that the wire is for me, and that I must leave for London to-night by the eight-thirty train."

Once more Dicky left the room. His face wore a curious expression.

"Yes," said the guest, looking round the company, "I greatly regret I must leave you so soon—in a few minutes. I have received an urgent call to London." There was no doubting the general dismay caused by his words.

"What a shame!" cried Isobel.

"Are you really sorry?" he murmured. "I wonder if you will still be sorry when I have told you the truth." He paused while Dicky returned to his place at the table, and again he gave the young man a glance of appeal. Then he resumed: "A week ago I arrived in Asherton after an absence of nearly forty years—busy years, I may say, or I should have come sooner. I was a young man when I left Asherton, and I left it because I was a failure—such a failure that I deserved to be forgotten, as I was forgotten. But I did not forget, and after all those years I came back to look for the friends of my youth." He sighed. "All gone: not one left!"

"Poor Uncle James!" whispered Isobel, while the others made sympathetic murmurs.

At that he winced a little.

"I had intended to leave Asherton last night," he went on, "never to return. And then you two children—God bless you—God bless you all—met me and claimed me as your Uncle James." He halted for a moment, hanging his head. "Because I was a sorry, lonely old man, because it was Christmas Eve, I ask you to forgive me for what I did last night, and for deceiving you all as I have done this evening." Again he halted. Then, "I—I am here under false pretences, for—for I am *not* your Uncle James."

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It was a miserable moment. No one seemed to have anything to say excepting the irrepressible Isobel.

"But we all knew that, Uncle James," she said calmly.

"Pigs!" her sisters whispered.

"Yes," said John, with an effort, "our—our claim was—er—fictitious. We are to blame."

"But why—why——" The old man stopped helplessly.

"Because," said Isobel in her simple, direct way, "it was Christmas time, and you seemed sad and lonely and—and as hard up as ourselves."

"Oh, Pigs!" they cried, reproachfully; but the guest looked as if he could have taken the young girl in his arms.

"I don't see," continued Pigs, "why you shouldn't be our Uncle James from now. We want you. And we're really quite good sorts when you get to know us." She flashed her bright eyes defiantly round the table.

"I heartily agree with Isobel's suggestion," said John, after a pause.

"Hooray!" cried Billy.

"Please be our Uncle James," pleaded Mabel.

"Please," echoed her sisters.

Suddenly the old man sat erect. His eyes were wet, but he smiled.

"I take you at your word, my dears," he said gently; "I take you at your word. I will be your Uncle James from this day

henceforth. And though I must go now, I will return before the year is out. God bless you all."

He rose, shook hands all round, and without another word went from the room, leaving them all half-dazed. To John, who helped him with his coat, his only remark was, "God bless you, my boy. See you soon again."

"What have we done?" Miss Christopher was asking when her brother reappeared. "Oh, John, forgive us if we have done something you can't afford."

"We'll manage somehow," said John, trying to smile. "Poor old chap! He enjoyed his dinner. What on earth is the matter?" This to the young man who had giggled earlier in the evening.

Dicky was certainly not giggling now.

"I must speak or burst," he said excitedly. "Do you know who Uncle James is? My father thought he recognised him this afternoon, and when I saw the name on that telegram, I was sure."

"Who is he, Dicky?" they demanded.

"Why, he's Gregory Farrant."

"What?" shouted John.

"Gregory Farrant—the Canadian cobalt king—financier—millionaire. That's your Uncle James!"

Once more Isobel was the first to find her voice. With a sob she fell on Mabel's neck.

"Oh, what a sell!" she cried.



"'I must speak or burst,' he exclaimed excitedly."

Drawn by
G. E. Brock.



"King Arthur kept his Christmas at York
with the greatest joy and festivity."

Drawn by
J. Clark, R.I.

Some Royal Christmases



By the Rev. P. H. DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A.

"What sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol, for to sing
The birth of this our Heavenly King?
Awake the voice! Awake the string!
Heart, ear, and eye and every thing,
Awake."

*A Christmas Carol, sung to the King
in the Presence, at Whitehall, by
Robert Herrick.*

SO sang the quaint author of the "Hesperides," the Devonshire parson, the sweet-tongued Herrick, in the Court of Charles on Christmas Day; and we, too, sing of royal courts and tell how kings used to keep the Feast of Christmas and honour the Birthday of the King of Kings. No royal robe marked the greatness of the Infant Saviour; no festival songs, save those of angels, heralded His birth; and yet, as the years sped on, the greatest of earthly monarchs marked that day as the gladdest Feast Day of the year, and for the sake of Him "who had not where to lay His head," strove to make it a happy day for the poor.

Where shall we begin our chronicle of royal Christmases? Shall it be with the visit of the three kings to the Infant Saviour?—for tradition declares that they were kings.

King Arthur's Christmas

Let it suffice us to begin with our English royal feasts. King Arthur, so Geoffrey of Monmouth assures us, kept his Christmas at York with the greatest joy and festivity, when his gallant knights sat around the famous Round Table, and minstrels, gleemen, harpers, pipe-players, jugglers and dancers amused the company; and there were jousts and tourneys, hunting and hawking, all the Christmas-tide.

But all this belongs to fairyland and

is enveloped in the mists of ages. Some tell us that King Arthur and his noble knights never existed, that his Round Table is a myth; but I like to believe that he really did dwell at Tintagel Castle, that that table in the County Hall at Winchester is really the identical Round Table, and that he did truly keep his Christmas at York as the historian tells.

Christmas Coronation Days

Christmas Day was a favourite coronation day. Cnut, Edward the Confessor, William the Conqueror, Henry I., Stephen, and I know not how many other monarchs were all crowned at Christmas.

The day was fitting. Kings, as it were, received their crowns from the King of Kings, who was then born. It was convenient, too; as all the bishops and abbots and nobles of the kingdom were bound to attend their sovereign at the Christmas festival, which lasted some weeks, and transact the business of the State, as well as to worship in the church at the midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, and to partake of the splendid royal banquets which were spread on the Holy Day itself. Hence it was convenient that in the presence of this grand concourse of his chief subjects in the opening year of his reign the king should be crowned.

In fact, there were three great days in the royal calendar: Christmas, Easter, and Whitsun Day, and each day was honoured by a special feast. But the Christmas feast was the most important, when all the king's chief subjects were bound to attend. These royal feastings were not confined to London. York, Gloucester, Reading, Exeter and many other towns and cities were so honoured.

But the distinction had its disadvan-

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tages. It was no easy task to collect provisions for these mighty feasts and countless guests. There was a troublesome law of Purveyance, and the whole neighbourhood was almost stripped bare of food for the royal tables, the goods being supplied at an appraised valuation. Lands were granted on condition of yielding these supplies. Thus William of Aylesbury held his land by finding three eels for the king when he came to Aylesbury in the winter or two green geese in the summer. A market was constantly kept at the palace gate where the king was, presided over by an officer called the Clerk of the Market of the King's House, who preceded the king in his progress, and warned the people to bake and brew and make provision against his coming.

These Norman royal Christmas feasts were very similar. The king sat on his throne and wore his crown, surrounded by his nobles in the great hall of his palace. As marks of his favour he gave them valuable presents, chains of gold of regal honour, and when the affairs of State had been discussed and the feast had been spread, minstrels sang and played on their harps, and the jugglers performed their feats, and "all was merry as a marriage bell." It was at a Christmas feast in London that the Conqueror attempted to reconcile his English and Norman subjects, and to promote goodwill amongst men. At his Christmas feast in Gloucester in 1085 he devised the scheme for the compilation of the Domesday Book. Westminster Hall, reared by his son Rufus, was the scene of many a grand and sumptuous banquet; this hall Henry III. ordered his treasurer to fill with poor people, and feast them for a whole week.

A Sorrowful Festival

Sorrows come to royal hearts as well as to those of peasants. Henry I. was looking forward to a happy Christmas-time in 1120, as we are doing now, when the news came that his son was drowned in the White Ship, and ever afterwards

"He sat where festal bowls went round,
He heard the minstrel sing;
He saw the tourney's victor crowned,
Amidst the knightly ring;
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep,
He never smiled again."

Windsor Castle was often the scene of royal Christmasing. There, in 1126, on Christmas Day, the sad king proclaimed the Empress Maud as his successor, and thus paved the way for the disastrous wars of Stephen's reign.

Again Windsor held high festival on several Christmases in the reign of the Second Henry, and the cooks were busy in the royal kitchens preparing such unknown dishes as *dellegrout*, *maupigyrum*, and *karumpic*, which were washed down with pigment, morat, mead, hypocras, claret, perry and ale. Hunting and jousts and tournaments were the usual accompaniments of the Christmas feast, and crowds assembled to watch the display of arms, who returned homewards loaded with gifts.

A Marriage Christmas

There was a notable Christmas feast at York in 1252, when Margaret, the beautiful daughter of the Third Henry, was married to King Alexander of Scotland. Never did the ancient city appear more gorgeous. A thousand English knights attended the English king and sixty gaily-clad Scots, and six hundred fat oxen were prepared for the feast, besides salmon and peacocks and boars' heads; the flesh of cranes was considered a dainty, which was scarcely appreciated by some Irish chieftains when they were first introduced to it.

The Edwardian monarchs kept Christmas with ever-expanding splendour. A hundred knights and ladies clad all in silk kept court at Kenilworth under the gallant Edward I., and feasting pleased the pleasure-loving soul of his son far better than ruling his kingdom.

The glories of Windsor shone forth in Edward III.'s reign, when during Christmas the most noble Order of the Garter was instituted, and foreign knights came from all countries to take part in the solemn jousts and feats of arms, and not till Lent shed its sombre shade did the trumpets cease to sound.

The ancient castle of Guildford, now a ruin, has also resounded with the voice of mirth, when the Third Edward kept his Christmas there; strange orders were issued for a number of masks representing women's faces, and grave men with beards and angel heads of silver might be seen.

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"Henry III. ordered his treasurer to fill Westminster Hall
with poor people, and feast them for a whole week."

Drawn by
J. Clark, R.I.

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Richard II., at Westminster Hall, kept a goodly Christmas feast, the bill of fare consisting of twenty-eight oxen, three hundred sheep, and game and fowls without number, feeding ten thousand guests for many days.

The Tudor monarchs loved splendour and display, and full accounts are extant of their merry diversions at Christmastide. Household accounts and bills of fare tell their own tale of revels, masks, disguisings and banquets. The pageant, too, came into fashion, which was not like our pageants. It was a movable building, representing a park, or a castle, or rocks, or a forest. If it was a park, presently the gates would open, and out would spring some deer, which were chased by greyhounds; or nymphs, wild-men, heathen gods and goddesses, saints and giants, would descend from this moving stage and amuse the company by dancing.

In Elizabethan and Jacobean times, Court masques were the fashion at Christmas. It was an era of poets, of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, who substituted for the senseless mummings of the past the refinement of dramatic art. But James I. was never so happy as when he was hunting, and he was glad to escape from Court masques and banquets to the charms of chasing the deer with his greyhounds, or killing them with his arrows.

The Commonwealth Christmas

Christmas Day fell on hard times during the Commonwealth rule. An attempt was made to abolish the feast altogether, but not even Cromwell could crush out the Christmas spirit from the hearts of Englishmen. When the Merry Monarch "came to his own," the nation, wearied with Puritanical ways, burst forth into song.

It would require too long a space to record all the royal Christmases that have passed since then; but it may be noted that the festival, as far as royalty is concerned, has passed from a public function to a family gathering. No longer crowds flock to the royal board and are entertained with lavish cost. It is a happy time for the King, who for a brief space is permitted to lay aside his cares of State and spend the joyous season with his own family, though he does not forget the time-

honoured royal bounty, and ever strives to make his poorer subjects happy.

Royal Christmas Trees

We owe our Christmas trees to the Prince Consort of good Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, who introduced the German custom when he crossed the seas to make his home in England.

The Queen always used to give of her royal bounty to the poor and needy of London, Windsor and other districts near her palaces. Tons of beef were given away at Windsor, and coals and clothing, and many a home made bright by the kind forethought and generous action of Victoria the Good.

Her Majesty used to greatly enjoy her quiet Christmases at Osborne, where she gladdened the hearts of the children by inviting them to a tea, providing a grand Christmas tree loaded with presents, and gifts of clothing for all the young people. Nor were the old forgotten, who used to march to Osborne House, and there receive useful presents of clothing or blankets, beef and plum-pudding. Osborne might well mourn the death of the good Queen, and the departure of royalty from their island home.

The late King Edward and his beloved Queen used to keep their Christmas at Sandringham, where, as Prince and Princess of Wales, they had made their home. There a generous hospitality reigned, and the King and Queen took special interest in the enjoyment of their tenants and labourers, and by seasonable gifts and kind thoughtfulness made them happy. Nor do we forget Queen Alexandra's guests in London, when thousands of poor children partook of her royal bounty, and blest the kindly Royal Lady for her loving remembrance of them.

King George V. follows in the footsteps of his royal sire, and with Queen Mary, his beloved Consort, well maintains the happy traditions of Sandringham. May they spend many joyous Christmases together with their children in their happy home at Sandringham, and ever retain the affectionate homage of their loyal subjects. We cannot conclude better than with the heartfelt, time-honoured prayer:

"GOD SAVE THE KING!"

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"In Elizabethan times, Court masques
were the fashion at Christmas."

Drawn by
J. Clark, R.I.



"I think he will know how to say 'Boo' to one goose."

A MARRIAGE ARRANGED

By ORME AGNUS

DOROTHY SELLWOOD'S discontent had risen to the point of rebellion. She had wept, and tears had increased her anger and her resolution. She would not submit; she never would submit to an act of tyranny that would spoil her life. The Sellwoods had never been meek, and Dorothy had the temper of her race. If only her mother were alive!

She had been left motherless at the age of five, and her father, Sir William Sellwood, had never a thought of marrying again. He had adored his wife, and her death had been as a tragedy to him. He was away with his regiment, assisting Wellington in slowly rolling Napoleon's legions out of the Spanish Peninsula. When at last they were driven across the Pyrenees he was sent home in feeble health from wounds and fever, and arrived at Sellwood Hall, his seat in Dorsetshire, to learn that his wife had the previous day been placed in the family vault. He had doubtless passed the boat with the ill news somewhere about the mouth of the Channel.

All that was left was his daughter. His

sister, Henrietta Sellwood, came to keep house for him and try to train a wayward girl in the way she should go. It was no light task. As a child she had a will of her own which poor Aunt Henrietta, who had been trained on Biblical theories of the subjection of children, attributed to a double dose of original sin. Sir William had become a silent, stern-looking, and, to his daughter, who did not understand him, a forbidding man at times.

As she grew older she tired of the country house and all that it implied. She had no delight in samplering or making charity garments and going day after day with her aunt round the village, carrying charities, and reproof, and exhortation, to the cottage. The one bright spot was her friendship for Cicely, Joan, and George Cartleigh, the children of Squire Cartleigh, whose house was on the other side of the hill that sheltered Sellwood Hall. When George Cartleigh went away to school and thence to Oxford life was duller than before, for the three girls were instructed by the same governess, Miss Tubbs, who had more rigid

A MARRIAGE ARRANGED

notions of primness and gentility than Aunt Henrietta herself. It was a narrow life for a girl full of vigour and animal spirits, and Miss Tubbs and Aunt Henrietta shock their heads in concert many a time. It was London Dorothy wanted—London with its gaieties, its balls and routs; with men who were elegant, instead of the loutish men around, whose greatest interests were in horses and dogs. But Sir William, influenced by his sister, would not hear of a season in town. It was time for that, he said, when she had a husband, and the most he would do was to take her for a week at a time to Weymouth or give her a fortnight in Bath. These excursions into a larger world increased her discontent, and just after her twentieth birthday occurred the matter that drove her to rebellious tears.

At Weymouth she had been introduced to Mr. Henderwood and his family. Henderwood was one of Sir William's oldest friends. He was a Member of Parliament for the County of Cheshire, where he had great estates and much influence. His eldest son was with him, and for a week the two young people saw a good deal of each other. But Dorothy did not care for him; he was too grave and sedate for her taste, and though well-dressed, was not a beau, and had little of the elegance she so much admired. She parted from the family without regret, and thought little more about them. And now that morning had come the bomb-shell. Her father calmly announced that Roderick Henderwood was coming at the end of the week as her approved suitor.

"He is a most estimable young man," said Sir William complacently. "I have known him from his childhood, and everyone speaks well of him. He is a young man with abilities that will give him a prominent place in the country, and he has a great affection for you. It is a marriage that has the warm approval of his parents and myself. And, putting aside his character, he is one of the most eligible young men in the kingdom."

Her cheeks flamed. It was an age when marriages were not made in Heaven, but were arranged between parents, with expert guidance from the family lawyers. To fail to arrange a career for a son and a husband for a daughter was to fail in the first duties of a parent, but the fact that her father was acting in an orthodox manner did not influence Dorothy.

"He may be all you say, sir," she said, with flushed cheek; "but I'll have none of him. I do not care for him. I—I hate him."

Aunt Henrietta's face and attitude were an expression of the horror which such sentiments inspired. Sir William's face showed his anger, but he spoke coolly.

"He is coming on Friday with my full approval, and you will behave to him as a Sellwood should. He worships you, miss, and if you are pining for the pleasures of the town, as you say you are, I have no doubt Roderick will soon gratify you."

"I want not town with a man who has been tied to his mother's apron strings. He could not say 'Boo' to a goose," she retorted angrily.

Sir William laughed.

"I think he will know how to say 'Boo' to one goose," he said.

It was this that had driven her to her own room in angry tears. She would have none of him. She despised him. He was a coward, a lap-dog, and not even an attractive one. When she married she would marry a proper man—not Roderick Henderwood.

She did not answer when her aunt came to talk platitudes to her about duty and decent behaviour, but in the afternoon, with the fire burning more hotly, went across the hill to confide the whole shameful business to Cicely Cartleigh. Cicely was all sympathy. She only knew Roderick from Dorothy's description, and she said roundly it was not to be endured. That Dorothy of all girls should be forced into a marriage with a man of that character was intolerable.

"And I'll not endure it. I to marry a craven! I'd rather be dead."

Cicely's sympathy was as oil on the flames of rebellion, and they discussed how they could get rid of this detested suitor.

"I would refuse to speak to him," said Cicely.

"I should have to speak to him when my father was present. If I could only prevent his coming!"

"I wish George was at home," said Cicely.

"There is not time, or I would get George to write to him challenging him if he came here to force himself upon me. The craven would keep away. Oh, it is intolerable!"

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They sat with melancholy faces discussing a dozen schemes that had to be rejected, and then Dorothy sprang to her feet.

"If you will help me, dear Cicely, I will frighten him away."

"How?" asked Cicely, and Dorothy told her plan.

"Do you mean it really, Dolly?" asked Cicely, in some dismay.

"Of course I mean it. Won't it be a great adventure?"

"Yes," said Cicely, a little doubtfully.

"It shall be done, dear. He will never dare to show himself at Sellwood Hall."

"Your father will be angry if he discovers it, dear Dolly."

"He will not be half so angry as he has made me. Look at me," she said, drawing herself up in all the majesty of sixty-five inches. "Am I to be given in marriage to a clown while I can defend myself?"

Cicely agreed that it was not to be thought of, and so the plan was perfected, though it must be said Cicely's contribution to it was to advance objections. The next day and the next the two girls were together arranging details of the scheme that was to show Roderick Henderwood that a girl of spirit was not the fit mate for him.



It was a mild, but gloomy November day. There was a little breeze from the south that brought a drizzling rain over the hills to hang in the valley like a mist. Roderick Henderwood was not expected till five o'clock, but the roads were very heavy, and it was after seven when the chaise passed through the village and began the long, but gentle ascent towards the woods that surrounded Sellwood Hall. The drizzle had ceased as night fell, and now and again the clouds broke and the moon fitfully showed itself. About two miles from the Hall the road passed through a copse, and here the post-boy was suddenly called upon to halt, and a pistol was pointed at him.

He was not a man of strong character, and he obeyed at once, and two highwaymen presented themselves before Roderick Henderwood, who had risen to see what was amiss.

The two mounted highwaymen were confronting him with pistols.

"You are Roderick Henderwood?" said one of them sternly.

"That is my name," he said quietly. "What is it you want?"

"You are on your way to Sellwood Hall for the hand of Miss Sellwood?"

"You seem to know my business," said the young man in a tone that was so quiet that it sounded almost timid.

"Yes, we know it too well. I tell you that Miss Sellwood belongs to me, and she is not for you. You can return whence you came, for I warn you that if you attempt to go on, or ever come here again, this pistol will say 'No' to your pretensions."

"Who are you?" asked Henderwood.

"It is enough for you to know," was the haughty reply, "that I am a friend of Miss Sellwood's, who will not allow her to be forced into an obnoxious marriage with a man she utterly hates and despises and abhors."

"I don't know that," returned Henderwood with the same mildness. "What authority have you for saying it?"

"My name is Cartleigh, and I am a friend of Miss Sellwood's, who has asked me to save her from this marriage. She has promised herself to me, and you are insulting her by forcing your attentions on her. We give you exactly one minute to decide. We are determined, and your blood be on your own head."

Indeed, the excitement and Henderwood's spiritless conduct had so wrought on Dorothy that she was fully resolved to fire on him if he persisted.

"I am expected at Sellwood Hall," he said. "It will give me much pleasure to discuss the matter with you there. I am under a promise to Sir William Sellwood."

In exasperation Dorothy fired the pistol, but took care to fire above his head. Cicely uttered a cry that was almost a scream, but Dorothy was in a state of violent excitement. She snatched the other pistol from Cicely's shaking hand, and when the smoke cleared away Mr. Henderwood saw another pistol pointed at him.

"The next will be through your heart," she said.

"I—I will go back," he said.

With almost a sob of relief Dorothy gave orders to the post-boy, who turned the chaise round, mounted, and drove off.

"Remember," cried Dorothy in a stern voice, as the chaise was ready to depart, "there is death for you in these parts."

A MARRIAGE ARRANGED

When it was gone the two girls clasped hands, and Cicely was in tears. But Dorothy was still in too excited a mood to give way.

"We will wait here, my dear, for half an hour. I don't think the craven will attempt to return, but we will make sure."

The chaise went on for about a mile, and then Henderwood stopped the post-boy.

"Tell me," he said, "do you know these parts?"

The man, contemptuous of this fine gentleman who had lost a bride so spiritlessly, nodded.

"Is there a short cut to Sellwood Hall?"

"There's a path through the fields and through the wood a bit farther on; but you will never find it in the dark," was the surly response.

Henderwood's manner had changed.

"I shall find it, for you will guide me. Draw your chaise in this field, hobble your horse, and lead the way."

There was such a new tone of command

about him that the man obeyed and they walked in silence. It was not an easy path, but it was much shorter than the road, and though they floundered at times they speedily came to the rear of Sellwood Hall.

"You will now go back, wait an hour, and then come on here with my baggage," said Henderwood. "If you do as I tell you you will not regret this night's work."

He knocked at the door and was warmly welcomed by Sir William, who was awaiting his arrival in irritation at Dorothy's absence.

"But how did you come?" asked the Squire. "Surely not on foot!"

"My chaise met with an accident. It will come on with my baggage presently."

Sir William apologised for his daughter. She had gone to visit her friend Cicely Cartleigh and had been delayed, he explained.

"I shall be very glad to welcome her," said Henderwood with a bow.

Half an hour later Dorothy, flushed with excitement, but feeling very satisfied with the result of her escapade, entered the dining-room with an assumed air of nonchalance.



"You can return whence you came, for I warn you that if you attempt to go on, this pistol will say 'No' to your pretensions."

Drawn by
J. Cameron

THE QUIVER



"He seized her wrist, and held it in spite of her attempt to release herself."

Drawn by
J. Cameron.

She was expecting reproaches from her father for her absence at such a time, and she meant to reply that as it was so distasteful she had delayed the meeting as long as possible. But the flush died from her face as she entered the room, for the man she thought miles away rose to greet her with a smile.

Sir William explained that the guest had met with a small mishap, and his baggage was to arrive later. Dorothy shook hands without a word, and stumbled in her replies, but Sir William took it for a maiden's bashfulness in the presence of a suitor. Dinner had been delayed for his arrival, and during the meal she watched him furtively. There was the same soberness about him, but he was entirely at his ease, smiling and chatting pleasantly. He was not the least like the man who had turned tail two hours ago. She could not understand how he came to be there, but as she thought of it during dinner she saw that he must have gone back a little way and then reached the Hall on

foot. Evidently he had not mentioned that he had been stopped.

He made one remark during dinner that made her face turn scarlet.

"You have neighbours called Cartleigh, I believe, sir?" he said to his host.

"Yes, our nearest neighbours and friends."

"Mr. George Cartleigh is the son."

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"I fancy I have met him," said Henderwood, and instantly changed the conversation. Dorothy valiantly looked at him, but he did not look at her.

She was very subdued the rest of the evening. In the withdrawing-room she played the harp at her father's request, and Henderwood stood courteously by her side. It was a relief to her when she could go to her room. She was both irritated and depressed. She had acted boldly, and had congratulated herself that she had driven him away, and lo! her desperate scheme had come to naught. And the man puzzled her. He had explained his late arrival by say-

A MARRIAGE ARRANGED

ing the chaise had met with a mishap, and his manner was not in the least flurried. She did not understand him.

The evening came to an end at last, but she spent no easy night. Her great scheme, of which she had been so proud, had failed, and the question regarding the Cartleighs disturbed her. Supposing he made inquiries and found that George was that moment in Oxford?

She did not look happy at breakfast the next morning. Henderwood was as quietly courteous as ever. After breakfast Sir William proposed that she should show him the park and the stables, and Henderwood welcomed the suggestion.

"I shall be honoured," he said, rising and bowing to her.

It was a chill, but sunny morning, and she led the way to the terrace. No word passed between them till they had walked the breadth of the terrace and were surveying the wooded valley spread before them. Then he asked abruptly:

"Is Mr. George Cartleigh a friend of yours, Miss Sellwood?"

"Yes," she said, stiffening her shoulders a little.

"Then I am sorry," he returned gravely.

Dorothy hesitated a few moments, and then asked coldly:

"Why, sir?"

He did not look at her.

"Because last night Mr. George Cartleigh played the highwayman. With a companion he stopped my chaise at the pistol's barrel, and to avoid loss of life I feigned to comply with his demands. I only feigned, or I should not be here."

"According to what you say, sir, you played no heroic part."

"It may not have been heroic, Miss Sellwood. As a matter of fact, Mr. Cartleigh was a most reckless highwayman, and he offered himself an easy mark to my pistol several times, and I have some reputation with the weapon. But why should I have done something which I abhor when Mr. Cartleigh's life is already forfeit to the law? The penalty for brigandage on the highway is the gallows-tree."

Dorothy laughed scornfully, but uneasily.

"Mr. Cartleigh is well known, sir, as an honourable man."

"On his own confession, Miss Sellwood,

he played the highwayman last night, and there is a penalty for that."

She looked at him quickly, and saw that his face was grave and composed.

"If he did, sir, 'twas with humorous intent."

"It went to the length of firing a pistol at me, Miss Sellwood. Your revered father is a magistrate, and will, no doubt, assist me in putting the law in motion against the man. In spite of his friendship for this rogue's family he will not allow an invited and welcomed guest to be used so."

They stood looking over the wintry landscape in silence. Dorothy was greatly agitated. Twenty-four hours ago she was in good spirits at her daring scheme to get rid of a man for whom she had contempt; now she and her friends were at his mercy. Either there would be a scandal for herself and, what was worse, for her friends, or she must appeal to his generosity, and she never hated him more than at that moment.

He made no attempt to break the silence, and suddenly Dorothy broke out recklessly.

"If you must know the truth, sir," she said in bitter scorn, "Mr. George Cartleigh had nothing to do with the business. It was I, sir, who personated a highwayman, with the help of my friend Cicely Cartleigh—and forced you to turn tail, sir," she added with deeper scorn.

He turned a smiling face on her.

"This is no news to me, Miss Sellwood. You did not disguise your voice last night."

She turned on him furiously.

"Then why, sir, were you so unmanly as to threaten Mr. Cartleigh just now, and——?"

"I wanted this confession," he interrupted.

"And why were you so ungenerous as to force your way here when you saw you were not wanted?"

He seized her wrist, and held it in spite of her attempt to release herself.

"Because"—his tone was still quiet—"I wanted you, Dorothy, and never more than last night, when I saw how spirited you were. I was not mistaken in you, but you are in me. Highwaymen would not keep me from you. Do you see, I love you, Dorothy, and you are going to love me," and he kissed the imprisoned hand. "If you had only known, yours was the second

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encounter with a highwayman I had yesterday. I was stopped on the waste in Wiltshire in the morning. See!" and he turned back his left sleeve and showed her a long red furrow in the skin of the forearm. "My pistol was a little quicker than his, and he galloped off with a bullet in his thigh. Your pistol last night was not at all terrifying."

"We did not know of this, sir," she said stupidly, bewildered at having to form a new conception of him. What manner of man was he not to have boasted of his experience at the dinner-table? She recollected that her father had asked him if he had had good travelling, and he had replied, quietly: "Yes, most enjoyable."

"The rascal on the heath did not furnish so exciting an encounter as the one later in the day," he went on when she did not speak. "I hope you enjoyed it, Dorothy. I did, vastly."

She did not reply, and he took her hand again.

"Come," he said; "you shall show me your estate, and this afternoon you shall take me to see your fellow-conspirator, Miss Cartleigh. If I find her very charming also I might relent. It would be an infinite pity for two lovely necks to be encircled by the rope."

Tears that sprang from she knew not what were in Dorothy's eyes, but she hid her face, and, still without words, led him through the chestnut avenue, which was now leafless, and round by the stables, answering his questions regarding the scenery in the fewest words possible. But Henderwood was as calm and courteous as ever, and long before they returned to the house he had come to a decision. This was a bride who was to be won by masterfulness alone. Those who knew him best had no need to be told that behind his grave manner was a strong will, but he saw that to this young and headstrong girl he must advertise his qualities and assert that he was neither coward nor dolt.

"Miss Sellwood is honouring me by taking me this afternoon to call upon her friend Miss Cartleigh," he said to Sir William. "I believe I have had the pleasure of meeting her before, and if so I shall be glad to renew my acquaintance."

"The Cartleighs are my very good friends," said Sir William.

They happened to meet Cicely in the village, and her consternation when she saw who was with Dorothy was ludicrous. Even Dorothy had to laugh as she saw her friend looking round to see if it were possible to escape the encounter.

Henderwood spoke first.

"No introduction is necessary, Miss Cartleigh," he said, with a bow. "You did me the honour of introducing yourself last night. I protest I cannot make up my mind in the dress of which sex you and Miss Sellwood are most ravishing. It was a very humorous piece of work, but I should recommend another time that you stop up all the earths. Miss Sellwood last night was as surprised as you are when she returned and found me waiting to receive her."

Cicely gasped, and then laughed.

"I hold your lives at my mercy," he said. "There is but one punishment for the highwayman when he is caught."

Cicely's laugh was so infectious as she dropped a curtsy that Dorothy smiled too.

"I crave your mercy, sir," said Cicely. "Shall it be on my knees?"

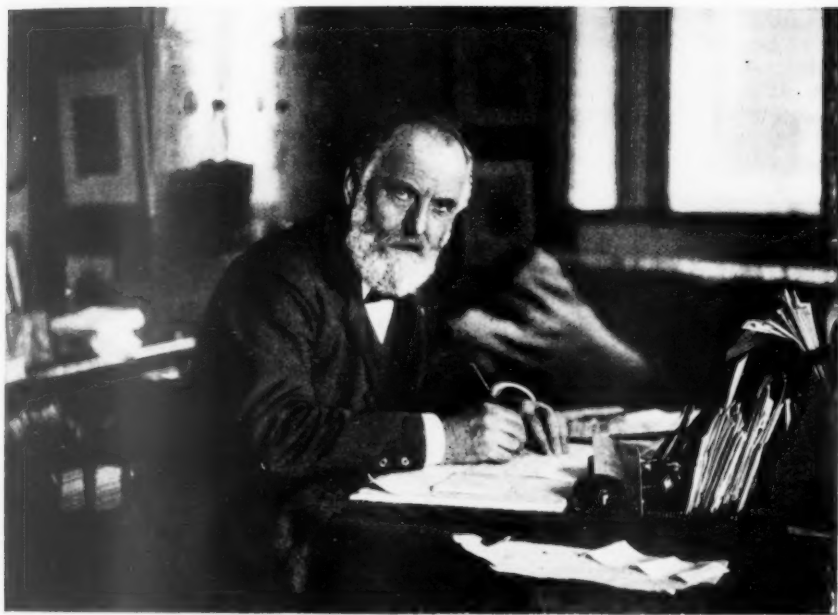
"My pardon is not granted lightly," he said. "In a few days I shall have made up my mind whether to forgive you freely or hand you over to the justices. Meanwhile, I hope to find Mr. George Cartleigh at home. Pray conduct us to your house."

In her relief from an embarrassing situation Cicely was quite gay, and before they reached the house Henderwood had promised to remain for the ball ten days later.

A thaw set in that afternoon, and each day there was less of Dorothy's icy crust of prejudice. He forewent his modesty and spoke about himself. He played the masterful man with her, and she liked it; Cicely, too, was full of admiration for him, and called him "a dear." It was on their way home from the ball after ten days at Sellwood that he spoke.

"My dear," he said, taking Dorothy's hand, "shall I go, or will you hold me prisoner for life? As my wife I could not give you up to the law. Shall I go or stay? In all circumstances and whatever your commands, I am your humble and devoted servant, and shall obey, but if you say, 'Go,' it will be the hardest command I ever received."

Her face was almost hidden in her hood as she murmured "Stay."



Mr. Stead at Work.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

SOME CHRISTMASES I HAVE KNOWN

By the late W. T. STEAD

Shortly before sailing on his last voyage, on the *Titanic*, Mr. W. T. Stead found time to write this article of Christmas reminiscences. It is a characteristic production of this Prince of Journalists, and will be read with peculiar interest.

IF I live to the end of the year I shall have seen sixty-three Christmas Days. And how many of them do I remember? Not half a dozen.

Happy is the man that has no history. Happy is the man also who has no special reason to remember any one Christmas Day beyond another, for to me all Christmas Days have been happy days. Many of them almost monotonously happy. We remember Christmas Day better than any other day in the year except perhaps one—our Birthday—because it is a happier day as a rule than the rest of the 365. But when you have fifty or sixty Christmas

Days to look back upon you find that there is not so much difference between one and another, for many of them stand out by themselves with individual distinctness. Their very uniformity is their charm. They are links with the past; strength lies in their continuity, their sameness. For every Christmas Day is distinguished from other days by the Dawn of Hope, the reunion of the family, the cult of joy, and the giving of presents.

In my very early youth, in the somewhat stern and bleak North Country, the observance of Christmas was not regarded with much favour. Northumberland had

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been so frequently submerged by the tide of Scottish war that many Presbyterian prejudices littered Tyneside as boulders mark the valley carved out by a retreating glacier. Among their prejudices was one in favour of celebrating the 1st of January rather than December 25th as the winter feast day. Christmas, with its plum puddings and mince-pies, savoured of Popery and prelacy, and it was doubtful whether it was right even to go to meeting on Christmas Day. The same prejudice against the observance of Good Friday is still strong among Nonconformists. The attempts made by Archbishop Laud to force the Puritans to observe times and seasons provoked a reaction which is still far from being exhausted.

A Suspected Festival

Christmas in those far-away days was not merely suspect in many circles on account of its prelatial associations. It was held in ill repute on account of the licence which the festive season accorded to all manner of self-indulgent extravagance in food and in liquor. Among some poor people a festival owing to the expense it incurs, is almost as unpopular as a funeral. In one village in Tyneside drunkenness at Christmas was condoned with the same charity that is extended in Scotland to the revellers who salute the New Year's morn with too copious libations to John Barleycorn.

Before I was ten years old much of the anti-Christmas prejudices began to melt away. It was not Dickens who effected this change, for it began long before he published any of the Christmas stories. And Dickens, like other novelists, with the exception of Mrs. Stone, Miss Wetheral, but not excepting Sir Walter Scott, was regarded more or less as a pagan to whom no admission was given to our household.

"The Christmas Stocking"

If I remember aright, the landmark which first made Christmas Day a red-letter day in my childish calendar was the purchase by my parents of the little American story, entitled "The Christmas Stocking." Whether it was because the story reached us from New England, and was therefore free from the Royalist asso-

ciations which cling to the mince-pies and Church services of Old England, or whether it was from some other cause, I do not know. But the perusal of that book began Christmas for me. From that year the Christmas stocking was one of the fixed stars in the firmament of my youth.

How long the practice of giving and receiving Christmas presents in stockings continued with me I cannot exactly say. As I had received my Christmas presents in the Christmas stocking in my youth, so I gave presents to my children in Christmas stockings, and so I doubt not their children and their children's children will continue to dispense the bounties of Santa Claus in the familiar stocking. The stocking is, however, a tradition and a survival. Books are exceedingly awkward things to convey into stockings. Hence in later years the real presents were wrapped up in paper and piled below, while the traditional stocking was filled with smaller articles, which formed, as it were, the mere *hors-d'œuvre* of the Christmas banquet.

Christmas Caroling

After the Christmas stocking, the Christmas carol stands out most clearly as a pleasant reminiscence of my past. The chapel choir persisted in perambulating the village at unearthly hours in early Christmas morning, waking the sleepers with "Christians, Awake," and other familiar hymns, which were accompanied by quite a number of fiddles, great and small; for the number of violinists was quite surprising in those days before the organ and the harmonium had banished the violin from the service of sacred song. There was something strange and eerie and very fascinating about the sudden waking in the dim twilight of a starry morning by the scraping of the fiddles and the blended tones of the men, women and children, whose forms were dimly visible as we peered through the blinds into the street. A periodical irregularity, even in such a small matter as getting out of bed at an unwonted hour, fastens itself upon the childish memory, and when to this unwonted act are added not less unwonted sights and sounds, it is never forgotten.

Another Christmas reminiscence recalls customs which, alas! have long fallen

SOME CHRISTMASES I HAVE KNOWN

into desuetude even in the North. When a very small child I was thrilled with delight, not unmingled with awe, by the arrival of the sword dancers or mummers, who still flourished in the North half a century ago. Fierce and gruesome was their appearance, dazzling their display of skill with the clashing swords—coming, no one knew whence, vanishing no one knew whither, they were as an apparition from another world. What the pantomime is to the somewhat jaded child of the city, the sword-dancers in those days were to the villagers.

I am dwelling more upon features of my past Christmases than upon any particular Christmas Day, and for this reason I remember the features of the day, but I do not remember specially any Christmas Day by its *Anno Domini*. In childhood and in boyhood Christmas remained much the same—a day of giving and receiving presents, a holiday, and nothing more. It was not until the nestlings in the old home began to be fully fledged that the blessing of Christmas as a day of family reunion began to be realised. But when the family group develops new groups and creates new centres, even the centripetal force of Christmas sometimes fails to reunite the world-scattered relatives.

The modern practice of spending Christmas at hotels, hydropathic resorts, or in Switzerland has always been abhorrent to me. It is spreading, and will spread, to the destruction of the traditional Christmas which Dickens made famous. It may be the herald of a new, more communal family life than that of the past. It is certainly a boon to those human derelicts who have no families. But for an old-fashioned man like myself it seems to mark not evolution so much as decadence. Of all my sixty-two Christmases I do not think I have spent half a dozen away from home, and only once was my



The late Mr. W. T. Stead
and his Family.

Photo E. H. Biles,
Hampstead, N.W.

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absence due to my own volition. The family wished to spend Christmas once at Buxton, and another time at Grindelwald, and they carried me with them captive as the head of the gipsy household. Once I was in Chicago. And once—and that was the most memorable Christmas on the tablets of my memory—I was in jail.

Christmas in Holloway Jail

It was in the year 1885 that I spent my Christmas in Holloway Jail. I was serving a three months' sentence. An Old Bailey jury had found that, being misled by my agents, I had inadvertently broken the law in operations necessary to secure the passing of a much-needed Act of Parliament for the protection of young girls. I had had three days in Coldbath Fields, with skilly for food and oakum to pick for occupation, when I was suddenly and most irregularly converted into a first-class misdemeanant by Lord Salisbury, then Prime Minister. I served the rest of my sentence in a double cell at Holloway, which I was allowed to furnish, and from which I was allowed to edit the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I was a privileged prisoner, and never had a better time in my life. I was allowed to have my wife and five children in my cell to keep Christmas one evening in Christmas week. We had a rare old time with Christmas presents, Christmas fare, Christmas cards, yes, and no end of Christmas games—blind man's buff, puss-in-the-corner, hunt the slipper, and forfeits—all in that dear old double-barrelled cell. Seldom before or since have the corridors of Holloway Jail resounded to such peals of merriment.

Service in the Jail Chapel

But the greatest memory of all was the Christmas service which I attended in the jail chapel, when there came to me the message, the great message delivered to me to pass on to my fellow-men. I have often told the story. I tell it once again.

I had been writing a letter to a poor unfortunate girl who had been reclaimed

from the streets, and was wistfully hanker-ing after the forsaken fleshpots of Egypt. A friend had asked me to write a letter of encouragement in the belief that a letter from the prisoner in Holloway might encourage her to persevere in the upward path. I had got half-way through the somewhat difficult task when the prison bell rang for the service.

Laying down my pen, I followed the jailer up the winding stairs leading to the organ loft, in which, as the one first-class misdemeanant, I was privileged to look down upon the hundreds of my fellow-prisoners below. It was a curious experience to attend Christmas morning service in a jail chapel. But never in church, or chapel, or in cathedral have I ever had the strange experience that befell me there.

A Strange Experience

The service had hardly begun when I was startled by hearing as it were a voice inside of myself—inside, and yet outside of my own physical consciousness—objectively quiet, clear and distinct. And the Voice said unto me:

"Why are you telling that poor girl to be a Christian? Never tell anyone any more to be a Christian. Always say 'Be a Christ!'"

And as the voice ceased, I thought "What blasphemy! Who can be a Christ but Jesus our Lord?"

And again the voice said unto me: "Never tell anyone to be a Christian any more, for 'Christian' has too often come to be a mere label covering up not Christ, but self. Always say 'Be a Christ!'"

The voice ceased, and I was left wondering whence it had come and what it meant, and whether I could really and truly say to men, my brothers, "Be a Christ!" when I knew, alas! too well, that I had not been a Christ myself.

But although all unworthy, I have at least obeyed the Christmas mandate. "Be a Christ!" The whole essence of the Christian religion is summed up in that message, which came to me on Christmas Day in Holloway Jail.





"They climbed upon the settle, and begged for a story."—p. 128.

Drawn by
H. M. Brock.

WON BY VALOUR

A Story of Christmas Burglars

By A. B. COOPER

I DON'T think dad will listen to you, Harry; especially as Captain Selkirk has written to him asking if he can pay his addresses to me." Hilda made a mouth at the idea.

"He hasn't replied yet?" queried Harry, a bit dolefully.

"No," said Hilda; "but he is tremendously in his favour because of his physical prowess. Polo, racquets, rugger—he's a tip-topper at them all. When dad and I went to the Picturedrome the other night there was a piece called 'Won by Valour,' where the man who is in love with the pretty girl tackles two burglars single-handed, takes them by the collar, runs them into a cupboard, and locks them

in, in spite of all they can do. Dad was immensely taken with it. He said: 'That's the sort, Hilda. None of your little jumping-jacks for me. I like a bit of brawn.'"

Harry felt his biceps and looked comically at Hilda. "They're not exactly 'strong as iron bands,'" he said, "but as long as I have your advocacy, Hilda, we shall win dad over in the end."

"In the end?" pouted Hilda. "Meanwhile, we shall have to be dodging the authorities, meeting surreptitiously—and all sorts of things of that kind. For instance, if dad knew that you had designs upon his daughter, and especially if he thought that she—encouraged it——"

"Oh, Hilda, my darling!"

THE QUIVER

"Stop! Don't! Dad's coming! You would not be here for Christmas."

They were seated one on either side of the fine old open fireplace in the oak-lined hall which their combined efforts had made a dream of beauty. It was Christmas personified—just like a Christmas card—and upon a low platform in the centre stood Santa Claus himself.

"Mister Hamilton! Mis—ter Hamilton!" Their *tête-à-tête* was rudely broken by Bob and Freda, the children of Hilda's elder sister, who were staying at grandpa's for Christmas. They climbed upon the settle, one on each side of Harry, who was a tremendous favourite, and begged for a story.

"As the clock strikes one," said Harry, reaching the climax of a ten minutes' yarn, "Santa Claus will step down from his pedestal, gather up his flowing robes, pick up his bag of presents, and, with stately steps, he will march to your room and——" then he put his lips confidentially to an ear on each side of him in turn, and two faces were lit with seraphic smiles.

"Children, do you know what time it is? Ten o'clock, and your bed-time's eight. What will mamma say when she comes in?" So Bob and Freda, with great reluctance, slid off the knee of their sworn chum, Mr. Hamilton, and, with several backward glances at the effigy of Santa Claus, with his white beard, bushy eyebrows, fur hood, and long, red, fur-lined cloak reaching down to his feet and a trifle beyond, they went off to be tucked up by Aunt Hilda.

When she had disposed of them, she went into her own room, which adjoined theirs, and on leaving it five minutes later, overhearing Mr. Hamilton's name mentioned by Bob in his bed, to his sister in hers, stopped to listen. "Auntie Hilda has pinned your pillow-slip to your bed-rail, hasn't she, Freda? She's fastened mine. There'll be lots of room for what Santa Claus has got."

"Lots of room," said Freda. "I'm goin' to keep awake an' watch Santa Claus do it."

"I'll tell you, Freda! We'll listen for the clock to strike one. That's what Mr. Hamilton said; an' then we'll creep down an' watch him get off his pedestal. That would be fun."

"P'laps he wouldn't like bein' seen," said Freda.

"Oh, I guess he wouldn't mind," said Bob.

Then Hilda tripped downstairs to scold Harry Hamilton for telling "whoppers." "They believe every single word you say, Harry," she gently chided.

"Well, of course," confessed the penitent fellow, "I didn't count on the young monkeys putting my story to the proof. It wasn't a bit bigger cram than to tell 'em that Santa Claus would remove the chimney-pot and slide down the flue—and people are telling that sort of ta-ra-diddle constantly and without a single prick of conscience. And why should I not make it literally true? I'll sit and read in my room till something to one, and then I'll slide down here, don the old boy's garb, and do the Acis and Galatea act for the kids—come alive in style. I shall enjoy that. But perhaps they'll drop off to sleep," and Harry's face fell. He was looking forward to a real lark.

"I sincerely hope they will," said Hilda. "It's a mad scheme. You really don't mean it?"

"Of course I do," said Harry. "Give me that holland laundry bag that hangs behind the door of the boot closet, and put the toys and things which the children are to have into it, and leave it under the settle. I'll see to the rest."

II

HARRY HAMILTON'S room was in the east wing of the house. It was an unpretentious room, remote from all the central glories, and its comfort was in keeping with its simplicity. Harry was so cosy, with his bedroom slippers outstretched to the cheery blaze, and his woollen dressing-gown taking the place of his dinner jacket, that he dropped off to sleep. He awoke with a start, and glanced at the miniature clock which ticked, as though it were in a ghastly hurry to get to next morning, on the mantel. "Great Scott!" he said; "it's 12.45! I must have been asleep nearly an hour. I nearly missed my lark with the kiddies."

He blew out his candles, and then noted for the first time that the room was almost as light as day with the flooding moonlight. "It'll be like that in the hall," he muttered, "only better. That huge window will show me up fine."

He lost no time in getting down. No one knew better than he did how Santa Claus

WON BY VALOUR

was put together, and in five minutes that worthy was stripped of his finery and his stuffed effigy stowed away under the stairs, whilst Harry, disguised by wig, whiskers, and nose, and arrayed in hood and cloak, practised his pose on the pedestal. He had meant to fish the laundry-bag from under the settle and deposit it between his feet, "under the red robe," so to speak, but in his hurry he forgot it.

"Here they come," he said to himself, two minutes later. "They're taking time by the forelock evidently."

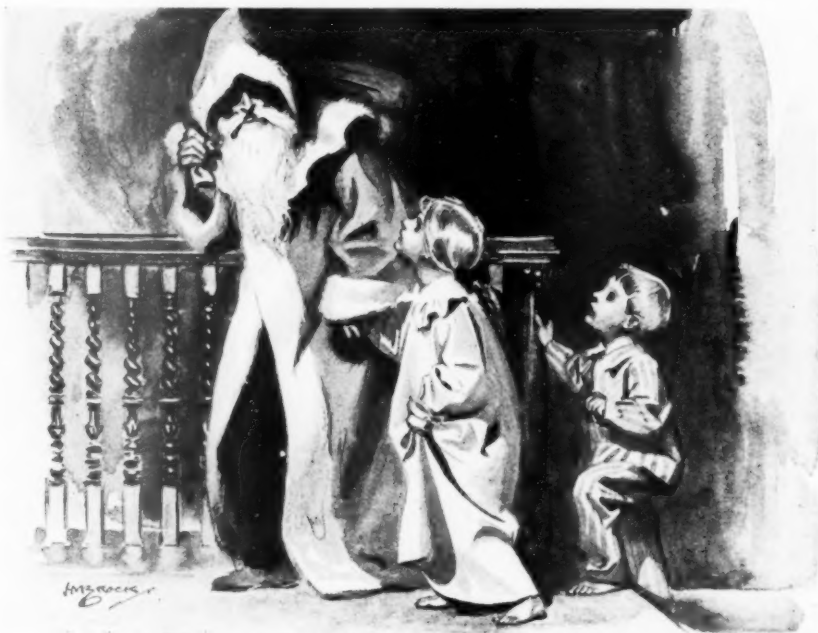
Then every nerve in his body tingled, and his feet seemed to freeze to the pedestal upon which he stood. It was not the children who were coming downstairs, but a couple of stealthy, sinister figures, one of whom carried a bag or sack in his hands. The stairs barely creaked beneath their tread. The house was deathly still. Though they descended quietly, they walked with a good deal of confidence. They were evidently used to this sort of thing, and familiarity breeds contempt.

As they came across the soft pile of the hall carpet, Harry not only plainly saw their faces, but also measured their bulk. They were of the Bill Sikes type, brutal, burly, cruel men who would add murder to burglary. These things were written on every lineament.

And Harry Hamilton was not a big man. He weighed nine stone nine, and stood five feet seven. These men were of the build of heavy-weight wrestlers. If he made a frontal attack upon them, he would be overwhelmed instantly, and they would escape with their bag of treasure before anything could be done to stop them. Like the hero in the play, he must "temporise." He stood stock still, therefore, and watched.

"Abaht the best boost we've struck lately, Jake," said one of the burglars, as the two halted beside the pedestal upon which Santa Claus stood.

"Yus; not bad," said the other burglar. "We neely gone an' missed that jool-box, too. I'm for the lower regings an' a san'widge, Ste, an' a drop o' champagne,



"He slung the bag over his shoulder, took a hand of Freda, and motioned to Bob to follow"—p. 130.

*Drawn by
H. M. Brock.*

THE QUIVER

I don't fink. The swag'll be all right there." He lifted up Santa Claus's red cloak, set the heavy bag down on the pedestal, thrust it out of sight, and let the cloak fall back into its place.

"Nobody'll stroll dahn, but there's nuffin' like takin' precortions," he remarked, and then the two, evidently not without knowledge of the house, made their way down to the regions which catered for the inner man.

Harry's thoughts were going like trip hammers. Of course, the obvious way was to rouse the house. But he hesitated greatly, for the mother of Bob and Freda was in a delicate state of health, and the colonel, despite his bulk, had a weak heart, and at seventy was not equal to a tussle with armed burglars, or, indeed, to any undue excitement. He was in a quandary what to do for the best.

The clock struck one. Half a minute later two other stealthy figures appeared on the stairs. This time it was indeed Bob and Freda. Whatever else happened, he must get these little ones out of the way. He stepped from his pedestal before he remembered that he was acting a part. A suppressed shriek of excitement from the children reminded him that this very natural action on his part was a miracle to them. He picked up the bag, gathered up his robe, and mounted the stairs.

"Oh, Santa Claus!" gasped both the children. It seemed all they could say. He slung the bag over his shoulder, took a hand of Freda, and motioned to Bob to follow. In ten seconds they were all in the night nursery. Then he remembered, too late, that he had forgotten the bag of toys.

"Here's my pillow-slip," said Freda, tugging the red cloak. "It'll hold ever so much."

"An' this is mine," said Bob, pulling the other way. "We fought stockings w uldn't hold it all."

"Nciter would they," said Santa Claus. "See, I will drop the treasures into your bags, and then you must jump into bed quickly, shut your eyes, and open them no more, nor speak a word, till morning light, or your treasures may all turn to dust and ashes."

"O--o--h!" gasped the two in unison. But presently any ordinary exclamation ceased to have any value, because of the

wondrous things which Santa Claus brought out of his bag. In the moonlight glittered diamond aigrettes, a lovely necklace of alternate sapphires and pearls, a hand-mirror set in gold, a jewelled handkerchief case, a rope of pearls—glittering treasures indeed, and all dropped into one or other of the children's pendent pillow-slips!

"Into bed like a shot," whispered Santa Claus, and with a "Good-bye, dear Santa!" in they popped. Then Santa Claus, the moment he was clear of the children's room, sped to the east wing. He had remembered that on his mantelpiece were two twisted silver candlesticks. He seized them and rushed again to the head of the stairs. So far so good, but now caution was necessary. Barely twelve minutes had gone since the burglars went refreshment-hunting, and it was highly improbable that they would yet have returned, but still—

He peeped over the old oak balustrade. The hall narrowed, just where the boot-cupboard was, into a passage which led to the basement. The coast was clear, and Harry glided like a red ghost downstairs. He had his programme cut and dried now, and his first job was to set the door of the boot-cupboard open, his next to bundle all the toys out of the laundry-bag under the settle into the burglars' bag, and dump it down on the pedestal, and his last to mount to his old place and let his robe fall over it. Then he waited, and waiting was the most difficult task of all.

It was a full fifteen minutes ere the burglars appeared once more on the scene. To Harry it seemed a week. He soon discovered by their manner and speech that they had found, if not champagne, at least something quite as effective.

"Where's—hic—that—bloomin' swag?" asked Jake. "Pull it out—hic—Ste."

Ste obeyed. "It's a lot—hic—lighter!" he said, weighing it in his hands. Without in the least imagining that he was going to make a discovery, he thrust in his hand and brought out a gollywog. He squealed, and dropped it as if it had been a cobra, and both the men started back as the hideous black thing lay in a patch of moonlight.

"Don't move, or you're dead men!" came a sepulchral voice from the pedestal upon which the magic swag had lain. The burglars cast horrified eyes upward, and then they both made a choking noise, for

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"'It's the devil himself!' gasped Jake"—p. 132.

Drawn by H. M. Brock.

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within a yard of each of their noses, they saw the murderous gleaming barrel of a revolver!—only a harmless necessary candlestick had they but known it, but a revolver indeed to their affrighted imagination.

They dropped on their knees before the saint of Christmas. "It's the devil—hic—himself!" gasped Jake, but Ste's lips, though they worked, gave forth no sound.

"Pass through—the open door—over there," said the voice, "and—if you—stir—or make a sound—I'll haunt you—with all—the demons—in your bag. Go!"

Both men glanced furtively at the door of the boot-closet, and tremblingly rising from their knees backed towards it, whilst the gleaming barrels followed them. Through



the door they passed. Harry sprang from the dais, turned the key, and then he was taken with such a fit of suppressed laughter that he nearly burst.

Having his men safely locked up—he could hear them beginning to quarrel in their narrow quarters—he quickly divested himself of his borrowed plumes, and dressed the original Santa Claus, and set him again upon his pedestal. Then he stole softly up to the children's room again, taking with him the burglars' bag. He first ascertained

that the children were asleep, and then it was the work of five minutes to transfer the toys to the pillow-slips and the jewels to the swag-bag.

Then he crept downstairs again, suddenly unlocked and slightly opened the boot-cupboard door, and dropped the bag in. The grunt of horror the burglars gave was proof that they still imagined they had to deal with something supernatural, and he felt pretty sure that they would not again put a hand in the bag—and, even if they did, it would not greatly matter. The main thing was that the jewels should be found in their possession.

So now, his arrangements complete, he paid another visit upstairs, but this time to the colonel's room. A night-light burned upon a little table at the side of his bed, revealing the old man's night-capped head. It needed no light to hear him snore!

Harry laid a gentle hand upon the old gentleman's shoulder. He woke instantly. "What the—— What is it? You, Hamilton? Nothing wrong, I hope!"

"I'm sorry to disturb you, sir," said Harry, "but I thought it best to come to you alone, so as not to frighten the ladies."

"What?" said the colonel, sitting up.

"I've got two burglars locked up in the boot-cupboard in the hall," said Harry. "I thought you might care to telephone to Barchester for the police."

"My dear fellow! You—you—amaze me! Two burglars! In the boot-cupboard?" The colonel tumbled out of bed, and Harry helped him into his dressing-gown and slippers, and led the way downstairs, the colonel making staccato and incoherent remarks behind him.

"They're in there," said Harry, pointing to the boot-cupboard. "They're great big ruffians, and I had a job to get them in. We had better let well alone till the police come."

A noise of scuffling inside gave instant evidence that Harry was not dreaming, and the colonel clutched him by the arm and gasped: "You! A little chap like you! Hamilton, you are a Briton! I could never have believed it. The murdering villains! You've cooked their goose!"

The next minute he was ringing up Barchester. It took some time to get through, but the job was accomplished at last, and twenty minutes later a motor-car rushed up

WON BY VALOUR

to the door, and four policemen were presently in the hall.

The colonel strode to the closet, followed by the officers, and flung open the door, and out staggered Jake and Ste, almost suffocated with their narrow, windowless quarters and exhausted with their mutual recriminations. In an instant they were handcuffed.

"It's a fair cop," said Ste.

"Not a daht abaht it," grunted Jake.

One of the officers dived into the cupboard and brought forth the bag. He put in his hand, and the eyes of the two burglars bulged. They wondered what sort of monstrosity would emerge. When the officer brought forth an aigrette they gasped in unison.

"It was that stingo done it," said Ste.

"Yus, it made us see fings," said Jake.

These remarks were Greek to all but Harry. But he enjoyed them. The colonel was too much occupied in diving into the bag. "The villains! The unmitigated villains!" he was saying. "Hamilton, we owe you a debt of gratitude—a deep debt. But for you——"

"Nonsense, colonel!" cried Harry. "Take them off, officers. Come, colonel, you'll get your death. It's beastly cold! Good-night, officers. You'll manage them all right," and he went slowly upstairs, leaving the colonel to tell the officers, as he certainly did, of Mr. Hamilton's amazing prowess.

Needless to say, Harry and Hilda—for Harry took a very early opportunity of giving her a detailed account of his amazing midnight adventure—kept their own counsel. Harry, while refusing to listen to any praise, allowed the opinion to go by default that, hearing a sound in the hall, he had suddenly descended upon the two burly burglars, taken them unexpectedly in the rear, seized them by the "scruff of the neck," and run them, willy-nilly, into the boot-closet, and turned the key upon them.

Freda and Bob told a remarkable yarn about the effigy of Father Christmas in the hall stepping down from his platform, accompanying them to their room, and filling their pillow-slips with the most wonderful jewels, which, they had to confess, had turned to "common or garden" toys with morning light. That patent fact knocked their tale on the head instantly; their mother characterised it as "a combination of dreams and imagination," and they had to take comfort in telling the whole wonderful adventure to Mr. Hamilton, who was the only one who would believe it.

*Had a Christmas
of unalloyed happiness*



Harry struck while the iron was hot. What could the colonel say to a man who had just saved the house from burglary and, perhaps, worse? So the colonel "temporised" also. He laid his hand on Harry's shoulder, and said: "My boy, personally I have no objection; I like you. But I doubt very much whether you will have the slightest chance with the girl herself."

That settled it. The engagement was announced the same morning, and as it happened to be Christmas morning, two people at least had a Christmas of unalloyed happiness.





"She looked up at him with a smile. 'Do you often carry my photograph round like that?'"—p. 136.

Drawn by
Gallie Salinger.

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A CHRISTMAS MARRIAGE

BY
G. B. BURGIN

I
DENNISON DEANE looked out of the window of his snug flat in Abbey Road through the gathering mist of Christmas Eve and sighed, he scarcely knew why.

It was five o'clock. Presently he intended to go down to the Club, dine comfortably, waited on by well-trained servants mutely expectant of seeing his name for a substantial sum on the Club Christmas tips list in the hall. He was thirty-five, dark, handsome, well built, well dressed, well off; and yet, as he turned from the window, he sighed, for he was a bachelor and alone in his luxurious flat.

"This dashed place is, all wrong," he said, discontentedly rearranging a couple of statuettes on the mantelpiece. "The beastly things look worse than before. The whole place needs something. What does it need? I know." He threw himself into an armchair, as if overwhelmed by the discovery. "It needs a woman's hand. If Mrs. Canteloup were to call, she'd tell me as much. What a lovely woman she is! How any man could have the infernal selfishness to leave her a widow, I don't know. I—I couldn't."

He caught himself up hastily and walked to a mirror. "There's a bald patch coming on the top of my head as big as a coconut. Never mind. Perhaps if I'd married, by this time it would have been as big as an ostrich's egg. Nasty, cynical brute I'm getting, when I dare say such a thing on Christmas Eve. No; I won't go down to the Club, but shut out the sound of the bells. They upset me. I'm lonely, miserable. Nobody cares a hang about me except—I wonder whether she does."

He went to the table and took up the portrait of a lovely woman of thirty, tall, slender, fair, with big, mirthful eyes. There was a tenderness about the beautiful mouth which surprised him into putting the portrait to his lips. "There! It's all right. I'm only your ex-guardian," he said apologetically. "And I shouldn't have made such an ass of myself if— Who's there?"

"Me, sir," said the apologetic voice of Perkins, his valet. "I thought, sir"—Perkins, in an agony of abasement, washed his hands with invisible soap and imperceptible water—"I thought, sir—"

Deane felt sorry for him, and spoke more kindly. "That's all right, Perkins. What did you think?"

"I thought, sir, as you're going down to the Club, I might perhaps have an evening off with my fiasco, sir?"

"Your what?"

"My fiasco—the young lady I'm going to marry, sir."

"Certainly, Perkins, certainly. Why didn't you ask me before? A little dinner and a theatre?"

"Not quite, sir. I'm saving up for a rainy day, sir."

"Well, it's raining now." Deane put his hand in his pocket. "If a couple of sovereigns will promote the festivities, Perkins, here they are."

Perkins looked at him with eyes of dog-like affection. "Thank you, sir. A merry Christmas Eve, and I wish you the same, sir."

"Same what?"

"A fiasco, sir. Begging your pardon, sir; it's just the one thing you want, sir."

Before Deane could reply to this astonish-

THE QUIVER

ing outburst from the usually reticent Perkins, there came the whirr-r-r of the electric bell.

"Someone at the door, Perkins. Who on earth can be coming to call upon me at this hour on Christmas Eve?"

"I'll see, sir," and Perkins effaced himself.

Deane, still holding the photograph in his hand, was aware of a merry voice which gave him an odd sensation of pleasure. "Your master in? Of course he's in, Perkins. He wouldn't dare to be out when I expect him to be in."

Perkins threw open the door. "Mrs. Canteloup, sir."

"What!" Deane suddenly became aware of the photograph in his hand, and hastily affected to be dusting it. "You!"

"Yes. So sorry if you were expecting to see anyone else. I've come to ask a favour of you."

"Delighted—to the half of my kingdom."

"That's very nice of you; and it is such a pretty kingdom." Her eyes merrily surveyed the luxurious room. She moved hither and thither, touching a book here, a picture there, giving a dexterous twist to the Oriental draperies. Then she came back, filling the room with the sweetness of her presence, sat down in a low chair by the fire, and looked up at him with a smile. "Do you often carry my photograph round like that?"

"Only dusting it. I thought you might perhaps call and—"

"Don't tell any more fibs, though you do them very well. It's Christmas Eve, and you should be good."

"I'm as good as I know how—a poor, neglected bachelor, with no one to look after me."

"For a poor, neglected bachelor you 'do yourself' very well. No tea, thank you."

"Oh, Perkins does his best. What pretty furs you're wearing. And how those violets become you."

"Do they? I've brought you a bunch." She took them from her muff. "It is my Christmas offering, Guardy."

"Please don't."

"Don't what?"

"Call me 'Guardy.' Makes me feel so beastly old."

"Well, but, my dear Guardy, if I mayn't call you 'Guardy,' what am I to call you—Guardy?"

Her eyes were not blue. They matched the violets in his hand. "I was an ass to think." He stopped in confusion.

"Think what?"

"Never mind. I thought they were blue. Your eyes, I mean."

She blushed very becomingly. "Is it still a part of your duties to know the colour of my eyes?"

"I think so," and he looked into them with an expression which was new to her.

"I think so. Yes, they are violet."

"Aren't you getting a little too near to judge of the effect properly?"

"In these matters one cannot be too exact."

"Or too exacting. Very well, then. Gaze your fill. Then I'll tell you what I've really come for."

"As long as you are here," he caught himself saying with surprising fervour, "I don't care what you've come for. It wouldn't be really Christmas without you."

"That's very nice. I have always thought you so shy."

"So I am. But when you come like an angel of light—"

"Night light?"

"Any light you like. When you come like an angel of light, you must forgive a poor bachelor for being a little overwhelmed."

"Won't people think it very forward of me for coming here?"

"On Christmas Eve?"

"Yes, that does make a difference, doesn't it?"

"Of course it does. At Christmas time one should be at peace with—with all the disturbers of one's peace."

"I know I have been very troublesome," she said penitently, "and I've come to tell you how sorry I am."

She got up, put out her hand to him.

He took it. "You have omitted one ceremony," he said haltingly.

"Have I? What is it?"

"The—kiss—of—peace!"

"Oh-h!"

Their lips met. At the contact, Deane felt himself another being. She drew back, blushing deeply. Something seemed to have come to her as swiftly as it had come to him. "I must go now," she said, with downcast eyes.

"But the favour you came to ask of me?"



"He was aware of dainty, flower-like fingers touching his forehead. She dabbed Cologne water upon him"—p. 139.

Drawn by
Baillol Salmon

THE QUIVER

"It doesn't matter now. I—I'll put him off."

"Put who off?"

"There's a man who wants to dine with me, and I haven't a chaperon."

"A man wants to dine with you? Who?"

"Bromley Buckstone, the actor. He'd like me to marry him."

"Well?"

She was surprised at the sudden pain in Deane's tone. It was evident that he held himself in with an effort.

"I thought perhaps you would dine with us."

"I see. Of course I have no right to ask whether——"

"Of course not."

He looked round the room again. "It was all so different when you entered it," he said chokingly. "You brought an atmosphere of Christmas love and sweetness and peace and joy with you, and now——"

"And now?"

"And now there is—Buckstone!"

"You once told me," she came a little nearer to him, "you would do anything I ever asked of you."

"I know I did."

"Then why haven't you been to see me lately? I asked you to come."

"I couldn't tell why even to myself. I wanted to come, but I couldn't."

Her eyes fell a moment before the sorrow in his. "It was a dangerous experiment to stay away so long."

"Yes, I see it now."

"But you *will* come to-night? I should like to think that we dined together for once on Christmas Eve."

"Thank you. I will come," he said gravely. "I did not know that Christmas Eve would bring me anything so sweet—and so bitter—as this."

When he looked up, she was gone. The violets had fallen from her sweet breast.

He rushed out after her. "Your flowers. No, take mine, and I will keep yours to——"

"Remind you that we dine at eight."

"To remind me that we dine at eight."

And she went away to the music of the bells.

II

DEANE felt that he had not done himself justice in the matter of costume. He looked haggard, felt nervous, even the chim-

ing of the bells as he stepped into a taxi and was swiftly whirled away to Mrs. Canteloup's snug little house fell almost unheeded on his ears. He loved her, and she had asked him to meet the man she was evidently going to marry. An actor! Anyone could be an actor. There were two chimpanzees at a certain theatre who were paid higher salaries in bananas than any other actors in London. Why should she throw herself away on a chim—on an actor?"

Before he arrived at an answer to this perplexing question the taxi stopped, and Deane, feeling that his tie was under one ear and that he did not really care if it were at the back of his head, entered the little holly-clad hall. Mrs. Canteloup's pretty maid Barbara looked smilingly on as she stood directly under the mistletoe which wreathed the central electric light.

Deane gave her half a sovereign, and felt that in other circumstances Barbara's prettiness would have afforded him more pleasure to look upon. Now there was but one face in the world which he wanted to see. How natural his hat and coat seemed in the places which would doubtless soon be permanently occupied by that chim—actor beast! Now for the beast!

With a sigh—the second sigh that evening—he followed the pretty maid into the drawing-room and found Mrs. Canteloup—alone.

Though she had looked beautiful three hours ago, what a bewildering vision she was now, in her exquisite white frock, the violets at her breast—with faint suggestions of holly berries and leaves beneath some foamy white substance which he thought he had once heard described as tulle! And he congratulated himself that, unlike so many otherwise sane and beautiful women, she was not afflicted with a desire to wear hobble skirts.

Still the chim—actor beast did not come. Deane wondered whether he would be expected to say what pleasure it gave him to think that he (the brute) was going to marry Mrs. Canteloup when he (Deane) wanted to choke the life out of him. Of course, the feeling was not quite suitable for Christmas Eve, did not altogether harmonise with such a time. But Mrs. Canteloup was so beautiful, so sweet, so charming, that he made up his mind to leave England directly she told him the worst.

A CHRISTMAS MARRIAGE

Yes, he would leave England for Africa and be shot by "big game" or gored by it, or suffer whatever "big game" usually did to unhappy lovers; and when the grass grew greenly over him after his body had been brought back to England, perhaps she would come and drop a tear on the grass. But no! Her eyes were too sweet for tears.

"You seem very absent-minded to-night," she said. "And you are still holding my hand. Won't you sit down?"

Deane reluctantly relinquished her hand, felt in his pocket, and brought out a little packet. "You mustn't open it till after dinner."

"For me? Why mustn't I open it?" She took the parcel, and her delighted look again made him feel very fierce toward the actor beast. "I shall be so eager to know what it is that it will spoil my dinner. Mayn't I open it now?"

But he was firm—very firm—and told her that she must not.

With a sigh, she agreed. "Do sit down," she urged. "You usually sit down in a drawing-room, don't you?"

"Of course. Yes. Of course I will sit down. I've an odd fancy." He strode abruptly to the window. "May I open it?"

"Yes, for a moment. We shall have the rain drifting in though."

He opened the window and thrust his head out.

The bells mocked him. "*Chim-pan-zee! Chim-pan-ze-e-e-e!*" they rang. He shut the window abruptly and put his hand to his head.

"Have you a headache?" she asked solicitously.

He had a headache, although it seemed, in the circumstances, indecent to mention a trivial matter like that when the chim—actor beast was probably speeding toward the house laden with offerings which commended themselves to his simian nature.

With sweet pity in her exquisite eyes, Mrs. Canteloup rang the bell before he could do it for her, and told Barbara to bring some eau-de-Cologne.

Barbara brought it. She also was sympathetic. Perhaps the chim—actor man would give her a sovereign, and she would be sympathetic to him.

Mrs. Canteloup made Deane sit down in the armchair, and knelt beside him. He was aware of dainty, flower-like fingers

touching his forehead, that his head really ached now almost as much as his heart. She dabbed fragrant waters of Cologne upon him, and he shut his eyes lest the trouble in them should betray itself. At her magic touch his trouble fell from him, the faint chiming of bells whispered of peace, of resignation. He opened his eyes, and hers, full of affection, regarded him anxiously. He fancied that her voice trembled a little.

"Isn't Mr. Buckstone very late?" he asked. "You told me eight o'clock, and it's past eight."

"Is it?" she said indifferently. "Are you in such a hurry to see him?"

"I? I don't care——" He checked himself hastily.

Barbara hovered round them with distressful eyes. She was evidently eager to convey to her mistress that the dinner was spoiling. "James wishes to know, madam, when dinner is to be served."

"Who is James? Mr. Buckstone? And why doesn't he come in?" asked Deane.

"No; James is the new footman. I sent him out with a message, or he would have opened the door for you." She turned to the pretty maid. "Never mind, Barbara; it cannot be helped."

"The dinner?" Deane made a desperate attempt to be facetious.

"Of course it cannot be helped if we are not ready for it. How can you possibly eat turkey with a headache?"

"I never knew turkeys had headaches."

"You know what I mean. Order dinner for half-past, Barbara."

"You're giving Buckstone half an hour's grace?"

"Yes."

"And——" Deane got up, drew from his forehead the handkerchief she had placed there. "And——"

"And? What were you going to say?"

The door closed behind Barbara. Deane came to her. "I want you to bear with me for a moment before he comes. There's something I must ask you."

"Ye-es. What is it?"

"You're giving this man half an hour's grace. Are you going to give him the rest of your life when he does come? Shan't I be in the way?"

"Why do you ask?" The violet eyes looked reproachfully into his.

THE QUIVER

"I'll tell you. I was sitting lonely, desolate, forlorn in my rooms, trying to think that the Christmas bells were bringing me a message of happiness; that I would make a better use of my life, that I would do more for my fellow men—when the door opened and you came. It all seemed so easy until you told me your news."

"What did I tell you?"

"You told me there was a man who wanted you to marry him, and asked me to dine with you so that he could do so too. Shan't I be horribly in the way?"

"We couldn't very well dine at a restaurant on Christmas Eve, could we? It wouldn't seem quite nice."

"Was that your reason?"

"Partly."

"Did it occur to you that, when I promised I would do anything for you, I never thought I should have to go through such an ordeal as this?"

"Why is it an ordeal?"

"Because I love you myself," he burst out. "I've loved you for more than a year. And then I felt that I was taking a mean advantage of my position as your former guardian, and so I stayed away. And now I know——"

"What do you know now?"

"I know now that I didn't stay away soon enough, that I shall be a miserable man for evermore, that the bells to-night with their message of peace and goodwill are nothing but a mockery, that the spirit of Christmas finds no echo in my heart. Please let me go. I'm only human. I can't see that man and congratulate him."

The exquisite colour deepened in her cheeks. "You surely wouldn't leave me to dine alone—on Christmas Eve."

"What—what do you mean?"

"He isn't coming."

"Why not?"

"After I had seen you this afternoon I knew it could never be."

"And—and?"

"I sent the new footman with a note to tell him."

"To tell him what? What did you send the new footman to tell him?"

"That he must not come this evening."

"Why?"

"Because—I—was—engaged!"

"Oh-h-h!"



At a quarter to nine the new footman, in despair, threw open the door. "Dinner is served, madam!"

"That is the only drawback to Christmas," she said happily; "one has to waste so much time in eating. May I open my packet now?"

Deane nodded, silent with happiness.

Mrs. Canteloup opened the little parcel and took from it an exquisite ring.

"It was a farewell offering," Deane said brokenly. "What nice fellows actors really are!"

"Ex-guardians are nicer."

"Dinner is serv——!"

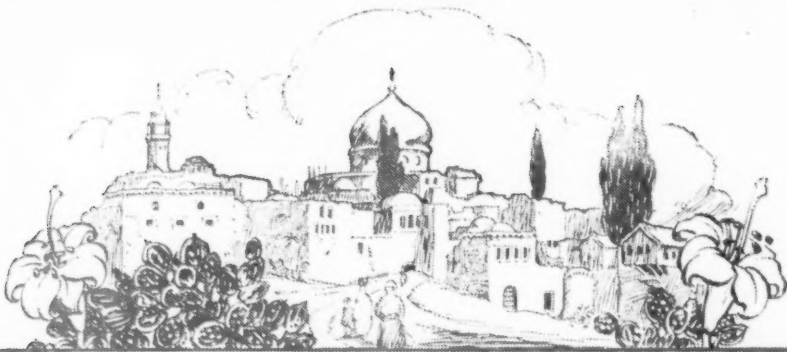
"Yes, yes. You need not wait at dinner, James. Barbara always does so on Christmas Eve."

They went to the window together, and once more listened to the message of the bells.



The "Girl's Realm"

THE Christmas Number of the "Girl's Realm" is a strong one. "Entertaining" is the special subject to which it devotes its attention, and that rather from the standpoint "that it is more blessed to give than to receive," for the articles are chosen with a view to helping those who wish to entertain. "A Silly-Games Party," "How to Get Up a Children's Cotillon Dance," "How to Organise Amateur Entertainments," are some of the features; whilst there is an article on the present vogue of Story-Telling, and another by Cecil Sharp on "Carol Songs." The "Careers for Girls" series deals with Social Entertaining as a means of earning money. A good play for home acting, a recitation, and five or more excellent stories, with the much-prized "Competition Pages," complete a number which will be looked for and warmly appreciated by every girl into whose hands it falls.



IN·BIBLE·LANDS

By Rev. James Neil, MA
(Author of *"Palastine Explor'd," "Rags into Palastine,"* Etc.)

With Fourteen Pictures

Painted by James Clark,
assisted by J. Macpherson
Haye, and S.B. Carhill:
under the direction of the
Rev. James Neil



IN BIBLE LANDS

I.—INTRODUCTION

PERFECT illustration of Holy Scripture, true and unconventional at all points, has long been a deep need. The difficulty in obtaining it was to find artists who would be willing and able to work under the constant supervision and direction of one who was intimately acquainted with all the features of the ancient, unchanged, uniform life of Palestine and the adjacent Bible Lands.

This difficulty may be said to have been fully overcome in the case of the unique series of some fifty-three life-size oil paintings, which I now possess, by Mr. James Clark, R.I., assisted by Mr. J. Macpherson-Hay and Mr. S. B. Carlill, and in which the utmost care has been taken to render the scenes and allusions of Holy Scripture with minute accuracy.

No Bible characters are portrayed, because to have given these would have introduced an element wholly conventional and untrue, and *illustration that really illustrates*, truthful at all points, and perfectly realistic, has been our uniform effort in this important work. The result is nothing less than a new and true school of Biblical art, which readers of Holy Writ, both learned and simple, cannot fail to welcome with delight, whilst teachers and students will find it of invaluable service.

Following on the selection given last year this article is illustrated with fourteen more pictures from this collection. I am pleased to be able to state that Messrs. Cassell are shortly publishing the principal pictures of my collection in volume form, but of this they will doubtless give further information later.

II.—JERUSALEM, THE HOLY CITY

We start with some scenes of Jerusalem, the Holy City alike of Jew, Christian, and Mohammedan.

All cities in Bible Lands have high walls, and in these walls several wide, high gates, made of heavy timbers, and plated on the outside with iron plates riveted on to them. It was the same in the Middle Ages with all our English cities. Inside the gate two

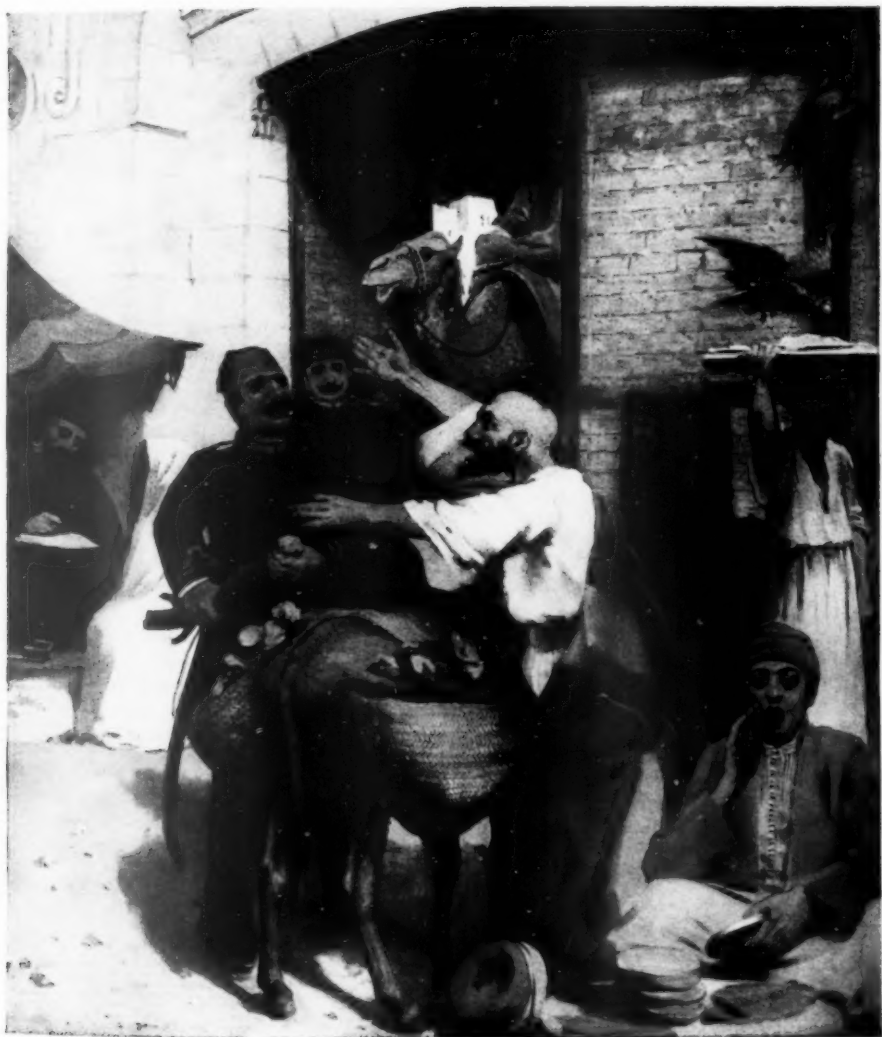
massive iron bars, hooked at one end, are, at the other, chained respectively to two strong posts built into the wall behind each "leaf" of the gate. When it is shut for the night, as it is throughout the East at sunset, the hooks of these bars are put through heavy iron rings on the back of the "leaves," enabling very great pressure from without to be resisted. They have also massive locks of wrought iron, opened by a long-handled, heavy key, carried by the keeper of the gate in his belt, or hung on a nail in his little adjacent room or porter's lodge. We read of "fenced cities with walls, two-leaved gates, and bars" (2 Chron. viii. 5).

This accounts for the burning the doors of these gates, for, though said to be of copper or iron, they are only, as we have seen, covered with plates of these metals, so that when the stout wooden timbers are burnt the plates fall off and leave them unprotected. Hence the threat "to thine enemies have been thoroughly opened the gates of thy land; fire has consumed thy bars," that is, the wooden posts to which they are attached (Nahum iii. 13).

Of Samson's tremendous feat we read, "he laid hold on the doors of the gate of the city, and on the two side posts, and removed them with the bar" (that is, the bar attached to each post—two bars) and carried them up to "the top of a hill in Hebron," some forty miles away (Judges xvi. 3).

The Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem

The Jaffa, or Joppa, gate of Jerusalem, in the west wall of the city, is its principal gate, where the market for fruit and vegetables is held outside, "in a void [or 'empty'] place," which is always kept in this situation at the entrance of towns (1 Kings xxii. 10). Like all gates of Eastern cities, it is arched overhead and consists of two leaves. Isaiah foretold that Jehovah would open before Cyrus at Babylon "the two-leaved gates" (Isa. xlv. 1). Many of these, Herodotus says, on the quays on either side of the river which ran through the city, were carelessly left open the night Cyrus took Babylon by turning aside the river to the north and entering along its dry bed.



THE JAFFA GATE OF JERUSALEM

The Jaffa, or Joppa, gate of Jerusalem is the principal one into the city. The peasant taking firewood into the city to sell is violently protesting against the soldiers confiscating a portion of his load. On the left is seen the scribe of the Orient writing a letter for a veiled townswoman. On the right are the baker carrying baked meats, and the baker's boy with his tray of loaves of bread and pieces of fried fish.



AN ORIENTAL BAZAAR STREET

A consul is riding into the narrow, arched-over street in Jerusalem, preceded by his native *carwass*, or constable—a very important personage indeed. In the foreground is a *saraf*—a money-changer and money-lender—with his table and cage of coins, and, opposite, a shoemaker's shop. A jeweller is seen bending over his melting pot and blowing the fire with hand-bellows. In the centre a seller of doves is proclaiming his wares.

IN BIBLE LANDS

In our picture, on the left of the gate, may be seen the scribe of the Orient. As the great mass of the people, and we know it was the same in ancient times, can neither read nor write, he is, and must always have been, a very important person. In fact "scribe" in Scripture stands for "educated person." In his girdle is "the writer's ink-horn," or rather "cup-like inkpot" (*keseth*) (Ezek. ix. 2, 3, 11), generally of brass, still carried "in his loins," that is, "in the girdle round his loins," by a long, hollow handle in which "the pen of the scribes" is kept (Jer. viii. 8), which consists of a thin, pointed reed. A veiled townsman is dictating a letter to him in whispered words. A page of profuse Oriental compliments he will put in out of his own head if he is well paid.

The Oppression of the East

A peasant is seen taking firewood into the city to sell, packed in the panniers of an ass; and he is violently protesting against a soldier's forcibly taking some of it away. There are always soldiers at these gates to protect the officers of the tax-farmers (*publicani*), who take the octroi duty, a tax of one-eighth of the value on certain articles of produce when they enter a town. Much extortion and oppression goes on throughout the East in all matters of taxation, and the soldiers who assist and protect the tax-collectors use robbery with violence on their own behalf, especially in the case of the poor *fellahkeen* who have none to protect them.

The picture shows the baker's boy with his tray of thin, pancake-like loaves of unleavened bread, and with it—as to this day is so often the case—pieces of fried fish. It was probably just such a lad as this that had been plying his trade amongst the multitudes who, far from their homes, had gathered to hear the Saviour preach. Most of the contents of his tray would seem to have been disposed of when Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, brought him to Christ, with the words, "There is a lad who has five barley loaves and two fishes; but what are they among so many?" and in the mighty hands of the Lord they became enough to feed 5,000 hungry men, besides women and children, with fragments left over sufficient to fill twelve baskets (John vi. 5-14).

The baker is shown on the right of the picture carrying a tray-like basket of baked meats on his head, whilst a buzzard vulture is seen swooping down to seize some of the food. Thus it appeared to Pharaoh's chief baker in the vision he had in the prison, which was sent to reveal to him the sentence of death that would come upon him in three days' time (Gen. xl. 16-22).

An Oriental Bazaar Street

Our next illustration depicts a typical street in Jerusalem. The picture shows the characteristic, narrow, often arched-over street in an Oriental town. Every feature of life in the East is the opposite of our life in the North-West, as these realistic and minutely accurate pictures so abundantly show. Just as our need of sunshine and light calls for broad roads and streets, wherever they can be afforded, so in Bible Lands the great heat and glare for some seven months of the year require the protection of narrow ways to keep roads and houses cool, and so we must picture the streets mentioned in Scripture.

A consul is seen riding, preceded by his native *cawass*, or constable, a person of no little importance, who, as he walks along, strikes his elaborate, official, iron-shod staff with ringing sound upon the pavement, for Oriental streets are rudely paved with stone. In front on the left is seen a money-changer, or *saraf*, the simple banker of the East, though he is only a humble tradesman dealing in coin who plies his trade in the open air. He has a small table or stand with a large, four-cornered deep tray, divided into box-like compartments, covered with a wire netting to protect the coins below. *Sarafs* are the moneylenders and usurers of the land, and often do business in a very dishonest way. It was the extortion of these *sarafs*, who often ask sixty and seventy per cent. interest on loans to the poor, that awoke Nehemiah's indignation (Neh. v. 6-13). With ever-varying rates of exchange, and twenty different coinages in circulation, at every money-changing transaction, they are able to take advantage of the people. It was such *sarafs* in Herod's temple that Christ drove out. They were cheating then as now; and the priests, the Temple authorities, whilst well knowing their corrupt practices, no doubt were receiving a high rental for allowing them

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their seats in the Court of the Gentiles. It was not *trade* carried on there, but *dishonest* trade that made our Lord righteously angry, when He "overthrew the tables of the money-changers," for He cried, "My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye are making it a den of robbers" (Matt. xxi. 13).

Doubtless "the sellers of doves," the sacrifice of the poor, and of "oxen and sheep" were charging an extortionate price for these sacrifices, or else selling blemished animals and birds. For this the Saviour "cast out all those that sold and bought in the Temple [courts], and overthrew the seats of those who sold doves" (Matt. xxi. 12).

To this day, unlike our way, all work is done "sitting." It is said, in simile, of the Most High, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver," for the jeweller bending over his melting-pot, as shown in our picture, like all other manual workers, sits (Mal. iii. 3). The beauty of this figure is that the refiner looks into the open furnace, or pot, and knows that the process of purifying is complete, and the dross all burnt away when he can see his image plainly reflected in the molten metal. A seller of doves is shown in the centre of the picture. A shoemaker's shop is seen to the right. He works mostly in morocco leather, "ramskins dyed red" or natural coloured leather for the *fellahheen*, the villagers; and in yellow leather, dark purple, or black for townspeople, the *belladeen*. The *fellahheen*, when at work or in their homes, men, women and children, go about barefoot; but, when dressed in their best clothes, may often be seen carrying a pair of shoes in their hands, and sometimes wearing them on their feet.

The Oriental Café

The café of the Orient, or *kahweh* (coffee) as it is called in Arabic, is a very important and in all probability very ancient institution of the East. In one corner on a raised fireplace the coffee which gives its name to the café is ever kept simmering in a coffee-pot. This excellent drink largely takes the place of alcohol as a cardiac and brain stimulant in Bible Lands. The coffee is freshly roasted just before it is ground; and in grinding it, with a pestle in a mortar, a tune of welcome is skilfully played by

striking the pestle on different parts of the inside of the mortar.

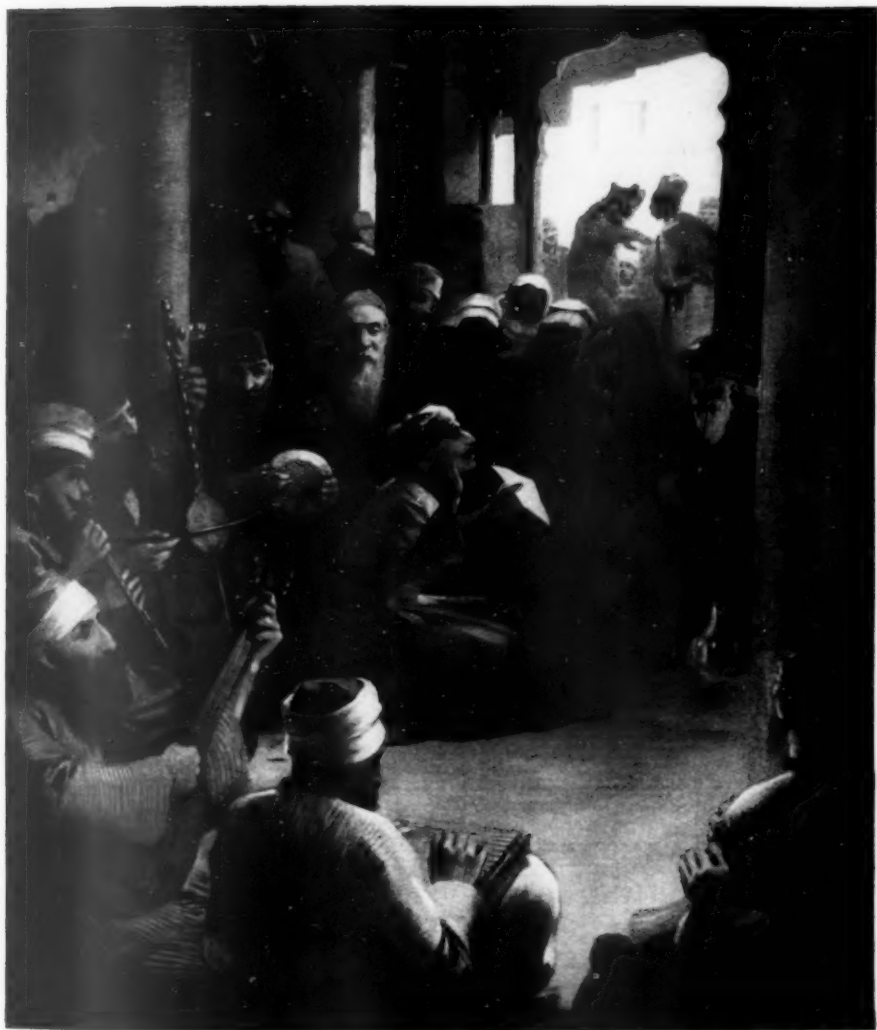
The freshly ground coffee is prepared by putting it into cold water in a deep, narrow copper vessel with a long metal arm, by which it is held over a hot charcoal fire till it boils. It is then withdrawn for a minute or so and again brought to boil, and this process is repeated a third time. It is then poured out, grounds and all. This is the perfect way of making coffee.

Eastern Music

In the centre of the picture is seen a singer entertaining the company. Orientals are passionately fond of music, and the *cafejys* (café-keepers) hire both vocal and instrumental musicians to attract and retain their customers. The vocalist fans his mouth with a sheet of paper or with his hand to increase his breath and tone power; while most performers place the right hand on the right cheek and the thumb upon the gullet in order the better to modulate the voice. This is shown in our picture. It was exactly the same thousands of years ago, as we learn from Egyptian sculptures. So David, "the singer of Israel," must have sung of old.

Sometimes, instead of the band or the vocalist, a professional story-teller becomes the entertainer. "These men often improvise as they go on, and illustrate the narrative with inimitable action, accompanying the description of every scene with a peculiar and highly expressive pantomime, an ever-changing expression of countenance, an occasional shrug of the shoulders, a nod or knowing shake of the head, a sudden throwing out of the five fingers, a shaking of the garment, and even spitting and protruding the tongue—gestures and signs whose full force and meaning can be appreciated only by a native-born Oriental."

Doubtless, in Bible times, parables and stories were told in just this striking and dramatic manner. There are also those who answer to the bards of the Middle Ages, who compose and sing heroic poems and odes, accompanying themselves on the tambora or lute. "Thus do the common people of the East learn history; so Homer at once delighted and instructed the ancient Greeks." The song of Miriam and Moses (Exod. xv. 1-21), the song of Deborah and Barak (Judges v. 1-31), and such Psalms as



ENTERTAINING THE COMPANY IN AN ORIENTAL CAFÉ

The café is an important—and probably, very ancient—institution in the East. Here is a singer entertaining the company, among whom are many fine Jerusalem types. An Oriental band of musicians is shown, a player on bagpipe, kanoon, guitar, flute, violin, and small drum. Outside a tame bear is performing for the amusement of the people.



INTERIOR OF A PALESTINE VILLAGE HOUSE BY NIGHT

A family of *fellahheen* are pictured, sleeping at night in their one-roomed dwelling. They do not undress or wear any night clothes, but lie down as they are—men one side, women the other, with their feet towards the fire in the centre. The tiny slipper lamp, stood upon its rude wooden lampstand, is kept burning all night. In the stable part of the room the usual ass is seen.

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cvi. and cxxxvi. are instances of this bardic and truly Oriental style.

In those seated around the singer in our picture are many fine Jerusalem types, notably the aged Jews. Outside is seen a tame bear performing for the amusement of the people. Large tame baboons are used for the same purpose; and ancient Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures show that Oriental crowds were entertained in the same way thousands of years ago.

III.—WITH THE FELLAHHEEN

As I pointed out in my previous article there are three distinct conditions of Eastern life—the *bedaween*, the *fellahheen*, and the *belladeen*—and the full understanding of these three conditions, to one or other of which all dwellers in Bible Lands belong, lies at the foundation of any clear knowledge of the manners and customs of the East.

The *belladeen*, we have seen, are the townsmen, whilst the *bedaween* are the nomad Arabs who to this day wander over the wildernesses that on the south and east surround the Holy Land.

We have now to deal with the *fellahheen* or "cultivators of the soil," as the name means, those who live in the villages and farm the land, and who have always been the bulk of the population in Bible countries. In my previous article I showed the interior of a *fellahheen* home on a winter morning. These further illustrations are just as interesting and valuable for the students of Holy Writ.

Night in a Palestine Village House

In our illustration a family of *fellahheen* are pictured in their one-roomed dwelling at night. The small slipper lamp on the lamp-stand gives its faint light, literally "to all that are in the house" (Matt. v. 15). All night long this lamp burns. The poorest of the people have it. None dares lie down in darkness. Amongst the diligent domestic duties of "the virtuous wife," we read: "Her lamp is not put out in the night" (Prov. xxxi. 18).

To all Easterns it is a thing of horror to be in a darkened house. No matter how poor the people may be, or how feeble the flame they can afford, or how often their tiny lamps need replenishing with oil—amongst the poor, castor oil!—they *must* have a light all night.

It was one of Israel's signal mercies that in the desert Jehovah "led them all night by a light of fire" (Ps. lxxviii. 14).

Because they have a lamp all night the possession of a light came to signify the continuance of life, for as long as a man was living he kept a lamp burning. So Job declares of the hypocrite's destruction: "Surely the light of the wicked shall be put out . . . and his lamp over him shall be put out" (Job xviii. 5, 6). The same figure frequently occurs.

Sleeping Customs

It will be seen that in the cold weather all the inmates of the house sleep with their feet towards the fire in the centre. It will also be observed that they do not undress on lying down to sleep, or wear any night clothes. Throughout the East, in all classes of life, where their ancient customs continue, they sleep by night in the clothes they wear by day. All they do on retiring to rest is to unloose their girdles and remove their shoes. Their bedclothes, in the case of the *fellahheen*, the villagers, consist amongst the mass of the people of their *abba*, or *abaiyeh*, their goats' or camels' hair or rough worsted cloak, the *himation*, or *himalismos* of the New Testament. This *himation* is the *salmah*, or "cloak" of the Old Testament, which is spoken of as serving for bedclothing. We read in the Law, "If thou at all take thy neighbour's cloak [*salmah*] to pledge, thou shalt return it to him at the going down of the sun, for it alone is his covering, it is his outer covering [*simplah*] for [his] skin: wherein shall he sleep [literally, 'lie down']?" (Exod. xxii. 26, 27).

The ass is shown in the stable part of the house, the *fellahh's* usual beast of burden, for asses are more numerous in the East than any other animal in the service of man, except oxen, as the tenth commandment so plainly implies, "Thou shalt not covet . . . his ox or his ass," where these two are mentioned as being the chief chattels of the people at large (Exod. xx. 17).

Evening Meal amongst the Fellahheen

There are only two formal meals a day partaken of amongst the great mass of the people in Bible Lands—breakfast at an early hour in the morning, and dinner, which, amongst all classes, is at *asha* or sundown. This applies to the poor, and the

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ordinary well-to-do, and to all three conditions of Oriental life—the *bedaween*, or nomad desert Arabs, the *jellahkeen*, or villagers, and the *bellaheen*, or townsmen. In exact agreement with this we find that only two meals are mentioned in the New Testament—*ariston*, "breakfast," and *deipnon*, "dinner." When our risen Lord met His fishermen Apostles in the early morning on the shores of the Lake of Galilee, where He had cooked fish for them at a "fire of charcoal," and provided bread, we read, Jesus said unto them, "come and breakfast [*aristate*]" (John xxi. 9-13). Thus, too, Christ, in exhorting His followers to entertain the poor and the suffering rather than the rich and prosperous, says, "When thou makest a breakfast [*ariston*] or a dinner [*deipnon*] call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, nor thy kinsmen, nor rich neighbours. . . . But when thou makest a feast bid the poor, the maimed, the lame and the blind, and thou shalt be blessed; because they have not [the means] to recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just" (Luke xiv. 12-14).

The actual meal of the Passover was at sundown, the time of the usual entertainment meal. The meal is called "supper" in our Version, but in the original it is *deipnon*, "dinner," the principal meal of the day.

In Bible times, the diners, if *bellaheen*, or townspeople, sat as they do now, with their feet under them on the couches, *deewan*, that run round three sides of the *leeiean*, or reception-room; or, as so many did in our Lord's day, when the luxurious Greek and Roman customs were adopted, laid at length on wide dining-couches arranged on three sides of a table in the centre of the apartment. But amongst the *jellahkeen*, or villagers, far simple manners prevailed then, as they do now, and these peasants sat with their feet tucked under them on the floor around a small table about three feet in diameter and some eight inches high.

The Scene of the Lord's Supper

This is the scene in our picture which the artist has so vividly presented, and this, there seems every reason to believe, was the simple way in which the Master, Who lived on earth from His cradle to His cross the life of a *jellahh*, must have partaken of

the last Passover with His *jellahkeen* disciples, and have instituted the Lord's Supper, or "Dinner."

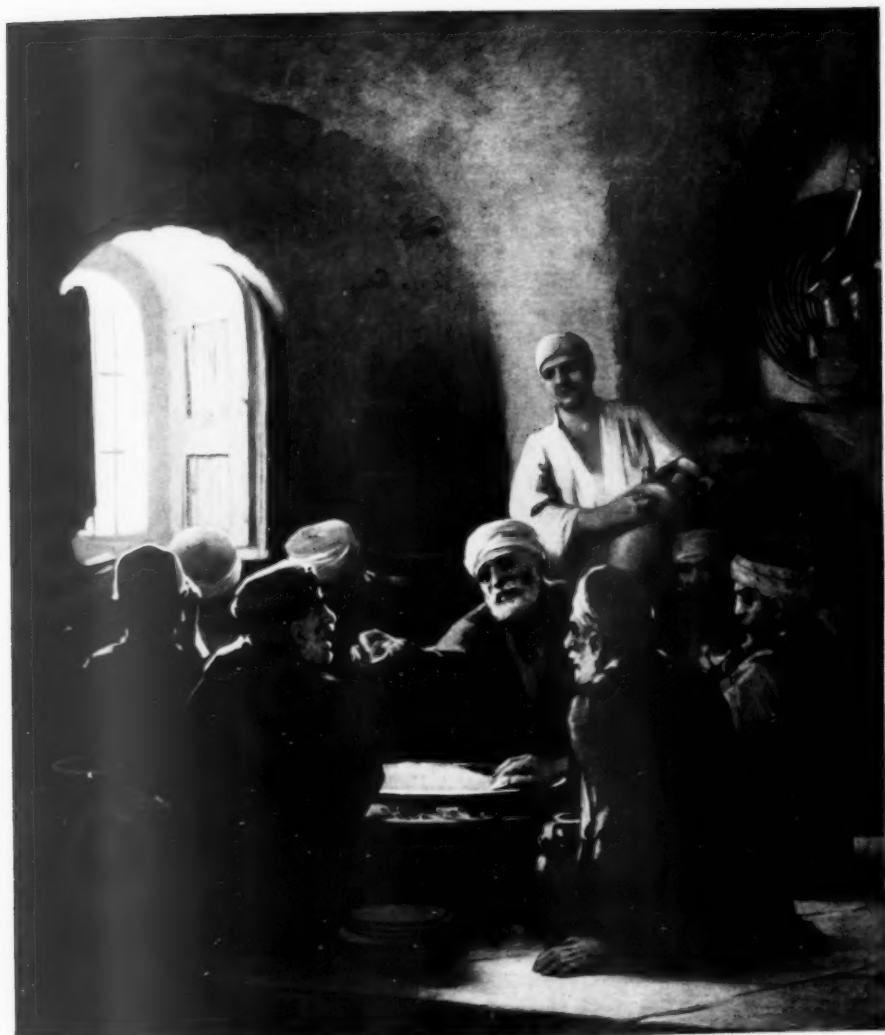
It was not in the principal reception-room in the house at Jerusalem where hospitality was offered them, but in "an upper room," furnished, no doubt, in the simple way in which such apartments still are in Palestine towns and villages. Simple piety required then, as it requires so inexorably now, that, where there is any choice, the primitive ancient customs should at all points be preserved.

To say that our Lord and His Apostles were *jellahkeen*, and no one who has studied the subject doubts this now, is to say that they would take this meal alone in that upper room in the way in which they took all their meals, and more particularly their dinner or principal formal meal. In this, as in so much else, if we would picture the scenes described as taking place in connection with the mass of the people in Bible story, we must come down to the primitive manners of modern *jellahkeen* life.

It would be difficult to realise a scene more simple, and more touching and beautiful in its simplicity, than that of the institution of the Lord's Supper as it must actually have taken place.

Throughout the East people all carve and eat with their fingers, but a tiny, impromptu, three-ornered spoon is made by breaking off a small piece of the thin, unleavened, pancake-like loaf, which is dipped into the dish to take up some delicacy. A host, who desires to show you special kindness and attention, will in this way, after dipping it, put the bread-spoon and its contents into your mouth. For this he always uses his right hand, for all carving and eating must be done with the right hand. To use the left hand in this way is as grave a breach of etiquette as to show the sole of the foot, than which few things are considered ruder in Eastern society.

How life-like and unspeakably solemn in this view is the evident reference to a host's act of special kindness and condescension in putting a delicate morsel in the mouth of a guest, when we read in John's Gospel that Jesus said privately to him as he leaned on his breast, in answer to his question, "Lord, who is it [will betray Thee?]" "He it is to whom I shall give the sop, when I have dipped it. And when He had dipped



EVENING MEAL AMONGST THE FELLAHHEEN

This is a faithful representation of *fellahheen* at "dinner." Our Lord and His disciples were all *fellahheen*, and actually the "Lord's Supper" must have taken place after this simple manner—despite all that the imaginative artists have done to mislead us! The host is seen giving the "sop" to an honoured guest, putting it into his mouth. The thin, pancake-like, unleavened bread of the *fellahheen* is shown in a heap in the front of the picture.



THE LOT AND LINE

Every year lots are drawn for the village lands, which are unenclosed and held in common by the whole village community. For this purpose a very small child is employed, so that there may be no collusion. The "lot" is generally a stone, such as the boy is shown taking out of the "scrip," or small rough leather bag. In the background men are seen using a "measuring line" to divide each field into ten strips.

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the sop. He gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon" (John xiii. 25, 26). This special form of the "sop" is evidently the little three-cornered bread-spoon which is dipped into the dish to bring up a delicate morsel—a constant way of conveying such a morsel to the mouth of a guest.*

IV.—THE VILLAGER AT WORK

As I have said, the word *fellahheen* means "cultivators of the soil," and the next few pictures show them at work.

"Lot and Line"

The "Lot and Line" is a truly characteristic Oriental scene amongst Palestine *fellahheen*. To fully explain it a word is necessary as to the peculiar climate and land laws of these regions.

After six months' drought heavy rains fall in November, and ploughing immediately commences. This is the time of the scene of our picture.

Arable lands in Palestine are held in common by village communities, and, just before ploughing, are assigned afresh each year amongst the villagers in the following undoubtedly ancient fashion:—The *khateeb*, or "scribe," the one man in the village who can read and write, takes down the names of all who desire to plough, writing against each man's name the number of ploughs he intends to work: each plough stands for the yoke of oxen by which it is drawn. The farmers form themselves into parties or groups of ten ploughs each. If they muster all together sixty ploughs, or yokes of oxen, they divide themselves into six parties of ten ploughs, each party choosing a representative or chief. The six selected chiefs parcel out the whole open common land, or *sadeh*, into six equal parts, and then the chiefs cast lots in the first instance for these six parcels of land. This is done by each of them giving some object to the presiding *khateeb*, such as a stone or small knob of wood, which he puts into a bag, generally the "scrip" of our Authorised Version, the usual small leather bag of the *fellahheen*, made out of the skin of a kid (1 Sam. xvii. 40; Matt. x. 10). The *khateeb* then asks to whom one of the six parcels of land is to belong, which he names, say, "The field of the fox," so called because the field of this name is

in that parcel; and a tiny boy, chosen to draw out the object from the bag, puts in his hand, and the ground in question is adjudged to the party represented by the chief who gave the stone or other object which the child brings out. A very young boy is generally chosen to draw the lot in order that there may be no collusion. Our picture shows the time and manner in which this takes place. The five other parcels are then assigned amongst the five other parties in the same way.

When the six divisions of land are thus allotted they are further subdivided, in the case of each of the six parties, amongst the owners of the ten ploughs in a similar way. For this purpose each field of each parcel of land is divided into ten equal strips, which are now generally on the mountains measured out roughly with an ox-goad, about eight feet long: on the plains they use for this purpose a rope about twice the length of the ox-goad, made of goats' hair, about half an inch thick, called *hhabaleh*, evidently the Hebrew *hhevel*, rope or measuring line. Each of these strips is called in Arabic a *maress*, from *maras*, a "rope" or "cable."

This measuring with the *hhevel*, or rope, is shown in the picture. The fields are taken separately, and the ten *maresses*, or strips, are apportioned amongst the ten ploughs by lot. A deep furrow divides these strips, or, more commonly, a stone or small heap of stones is placed at each side of each end of the strip as a landmark. It is held to be a heinous offence amongst these simple agricultural people to remove one of these landmarks. Doubtless, with reference to this particular case, the solemn anathema was yearly pronounced on Mount Ebal against a secret fraud, which could be so easily committed, would be so difficult to detect, and would be attended with such serious injury to a people who lived entirely from the land: "Cursed be he who removeth his neighbour's landmark" (Deut. xxvii. 17).

What a vivid light this throws on Scriptural allusions to the lot and the line I have shown at length in a paper read before the Victoria Institute on "Land Tenure in Ancient Times as Preserved by the Present Village Communities in Palestine."

Scenes on the Threshing Floor

The picture is that of the open-air threshing floor at the time of harvest, that is, the

* "Pictured Palestine," 5th Ed., pp. 78, 83. Messrs. J. Nisbet & Co.

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main harvest of wheat and barley, beginning about May 1st on the plains, and all over on the highest hills by about the middle of June. Jeremiah's order of the seasons, given in the words "the harvest is past, the summer is ended" (Jer. viii. 20), though it is quite wrong in this country, is quite right in the Holy Land, where harvest comes before summer, or, as it is in the Hebrew, "the time of summer fruits [*kayits*]." This time of harvest is always hot and dry weather, not a drop of rain falling in Palestine from about May 1st to about November 15th. Thunderstorms, which only come with us in summer, only occur in the Holy Land in winter. Hence the people's alarm at the miraculous and disastrous event when, to show the Divine displeasure, Samuel called down thunder and rain in wheat harvest (1 Sam. xii. 16-18).

Owing to the season being rainless, wheat and barley, when cut, are carried to the open-air threshing floors, the *jurun* of the Arabs, and *goaren* of the Hebrews (Ruth iii. 2). These floors are smoothed rock surfaces in some high and exposed position. Where rock fails they are made of clay and cow-dung, baked to a pottery-like hardness in the sun. The heap of wheat or barley in the middle of the floor is raked down into a layer of about a foot deep, and oxen are kept walking round upon it, so as, by the trampling of their hoofs, to rub out the grain from the ears. The corn, being heaviest, falls below the straw, which last, by this trampling, is slowly bruised in every part and cut up into tiny pieces. Hence "threshing" in Hebrew is *doash*, from *doash*, "trampled down" (2 Kings xiii. 7). When the threshing is completed, the heap of corn, crushed straw, and chaff is tossed up with a fork, when a wind is blowing, which carries the straw and chaff into a heap by itself, and so winnows out the grain.

The crushed straw made by this process is called in Arabic *teben* and is evidently the Hebrew *teben* (Job xxi. 18), as distinguished from *kash*, which in Hebrew and Arabic is "long straw" or "stubble" (Job xli. 26)—a most important distinction always ignored in our Versions. *Teben*, or "crushed straw," is employed for two important purposes. First and chiefly, it is used as fodder for horses, asses, oxen, camels, etc., in place of hay as with us, which last has never been used as fodder in the East. Secondly, it is

employed to mix with clay to make sun-dried clay bricks, the universal bricks of the Orient. Horses and camels are still, as they were in Solomon's stables, fed on "barley and crushed straw" (1 Kings iv. 28). Twice in Isaiah we read the food of the ox was *teben*, "crushed straw" (Isa. xi. 7), hence he was not to be muzzled "when threshing" (Deut. xxv. 4)—that is, when preparing, by walking about over, his own food.

In Pharaoh's persecuting edict the task-masters were forbidden to give the people "crushed straw," *teben*, so that they had to hunt over the country to find *kash*, "long straw," or, as in that case it must have been, last year's trodden-down "stubble," to make it into *teben*, and yet were compelled to furnish as many bricks as before (Exod. v. 6-19).

Threshing Implements

Sometimes a sledge of heavy logs of wood, with rough pieces of iron or black basalt stone let into their under sides, is drawn by oxen over the wheat or barley spread on the threshing floor. One of these is shown upside down in our picture. This is the *moarag* of the Hebrew Bible, called to this day by the Arabs *moarej*, Isaiah's "sharp threshing instrument having teeth" (Isa. xli. 15; xxviii. 27). Sometimes, though more rarely, a sledge with rows of small iron-shod wheels let into it, with a rude chair over it where the driver sits, also drawn by oxen, is used for threshing. This is Isaiah's "cartwheel," known to the ancients as the "Carthaginian wagon" (Isa. xxviii. 27). These huge threshing sledges, and not, as the English reader would naturally suppose, little flails, were "the threshing implements" offered by Ornan to David as fuel for the altar he was about to erect (1 Chron. xxi. 23).

In Scripture, wheat, "the good seed," is a figure of the righteous, "the sons of the kingdom" (Matt. xiii. 38), and *teben*, "crushed straw," is as uniformly a figure of the wicked (Jer. xxiii. 28). Whilst threshing separates the wheat, the precious from the vile, and puts it in a place of safety below the straw, the straw itself, remaining on the top and so exposed to constant trampling, is torn to pieces and crushed and bruised in every part. The threshing sledge was the Roman *tribulum*, whence our word



SCENES ON THE THRESHING FLOOR

Oxen are trampling on the corn to separate the grain from the ears, and to crush up the straw into tiny pieces—which in this state is called *teben*, and is used for cattle feed in place of our hay, and also to mix with clay to make the sun-dried clay brick of Bible lands. To the left are two threshing sledges, one showing the under side, and another form of threshing sledge is to the right of the picture—the "Carthaginian wagon." In the foreground a *fellah* is crushing pottery, to make the principal ingredient of Oriental cement



SIFTING WHEAT

The scene is at the time of early morning in Galilee, with Anti-Lebanon, snow-streaked, in the background. The sea night mist of the hot season, the "dew" of our English Bible, is seen passing away. The *fellah*, clad in the rough, sheepskin, reversible short coat of the country, is carrying a red-legged partridge and a hare which he has caught. The *fellahhab*, the village woman, is sifting wheat before grinding it in the hand-mill to make the "daily bread."

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tribulation. Observe its double action: for tribulation producing "godly sorrow," so far from harming him, has for the believer a separating and purifying effect, "working repentance unto salvation, which brings no regret"; whilst to the world the same tribulation and sorrow "works death" (2 Cor. vii. 10; Acts xiv. 22).

On this threshing floor is shown a *fellah* crushing pottery to make the principal ingredient of Oriental cement, though this is only done when the crop is off the floor. He uses a huge rough stone for this purpose, the rougher and more unhewn the better. This is a vivid illustration of Psalm ii. 6, and Isaiah xxx. 14. The pottery so crushed is called by the Arabs *hhomrah*—"thick *hhomrah*" when it is broken into tiny pieces about a third of an inch square, used in rough cement work, and "thin *hhomrah*" when ground to powder for the preparation of cement of a finer kind.

The preparation of *hhomrah* in this way throws a graphic light on the "shivering" of the *bakbook*, "the potter's earthen bottle" of our Version; that Jeremiah was commanded to break. The narrow-necked drinking-water bottle of the East is called *bakbook* because this is the gurgling sound made when water is poured out of it (Jer. xix. 1, 2, 10, 11). It throws an even stronger light on the crushing of the partly pottery feet of the symbolic image, seen in Nebuchadnezzar's vision, by "a stone cut out without hands"—that is, such as the huge rough stone employed to this day on the threshing floors to make *hhomrah* (Dan. ii. 34, 35).*

Sifting Wheat

The central figure in this scene is a *fellahhah*, a village woman, who is seen sifting wheat, before grinding it in the hand-mill to make her "daily bread." As we have seen, both wheat and barley are threshed by a rude and primitive process on an open-air threshing floor, and come into the market in a very unclean condition, mingled with dust and small stones, damaged grains and the seeds of many wild grasses, including the blackened grains of that strong growing rye grass, bearded-darnel (*Lolium temulentum*), blackened by the

poisonous smut, akin to the ergot of rye, which so often attacks it in Palestine, so unhappily rendered "tare" in our Versions. The Arabs call it *zowan*, and it is evidently the *zizania* of the New Testament, which, because it is such a tall, strong-growing grass, cannot be distinguished, so as to weed it out, till its ears form. Thus wheat and bearded-darnel, when they spring up in the same field, must both be allowed to grow together till the harvest (Matt. xiii. 24-30).

Neither farmer nor corn merchant cleans the corn, so that this has to be done from time to time in each household; for all that has been done on the threshing floor is the winnowing out the corn from the crushed straw and chaff by tossing it with a fork or shovel against the wind. Hence arises the distinct process of sifting, as distinguished from winnowing. It first struck me as a familiar scene in the courtyard of our Parsonage home on Mount Zion, where our native cook, a Bethlehem woman, was often to be seen skilfully performing this process of sifting.

The sieve, or *ghurbal*, used for the purpose is a large but very shallow one. The woman—for this work is always done by women—squats on the floor, and half fills the sieve with wheat. First she shakes the *ghurbal* from right to left six or seven times, till all the crushed straw and the chaff that still remain in the corn come to the surface, most of which she is able to gather up and throw away. Then she commences to hold the sieve in a slanting position, and for a considerable length of time jerks it up and down, blowing vigorously across it all the while with her mouth. This part of the manipulation, which is most skilfully performed, has three results. First, the dust, earth, fine grass seeds, and small or broken grains of wheat fall through the meshes of the sieve to the ground at her feet. Next, chiefly by means of the blowing, the remaining crushed straw (*teben*) and chaff is either dispersed or collected in that part of the *ghurbal* which is farthest from her. Thirdly, the best of the wheat goes to the bottom in the centre in one heap, while, at the same time, the small stones are collected together in a little pile by themselves on that part of the sieve which is nearest to her chest. She then removes with her hands the stones, *teben*, chaff, and other rubbish. After this

* See "Palestine Explored"—"Shivering the Potter's Vessel"—13th Ed., pp. 112-128. J. Nesbit & Co.

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she sets the *ghurbal* down, and, carefully going over the corn, picks out any impurities which may yet remain. The "sifting" is then complete. Often have I stood to watch this primitive but dexterous process, which, as it is the same in every part of the land, is in all probability that to which Divine allusion is twice made in the Scriptures.

Thus Amos predicting the age-long persecutions and sufferings of Israel, declares, "For lo, I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all the nations, as [corn] is sifted in a sieve, and not a small stone [*tserour*] shall fall upon the earth" (Amos ix. 9).

The same graphic figure occurs in our Lord's warning words to Peter, "Simon, Simon, behold Satan asked to have you that he might sift you like wheat" (Luke xxii. 31).

V.—SHEPHERD AND SHEEP

THE Bible is full of allusions to the shepherd and the sheep, and the next picture is a true representation of a Palestine shepherd and sheepfold.

There are no pastures in Palestine as we understand them. Throughout the East grass is never sown or cultivated and is never made into hay. Where we use hay, they feed with crushed straw, or *teben*, and give barley to horses instead of oats. It was just the same in Bible times, for we have seen Solomon's officers provided his stables with "barley and crushed straw [*teben*] for the horses" (1 Kings iv. 28). The grazing grounds of the Orient are either the common, unenclosed arable lands round the village, the *sadeh*, at such time as they lie fallow, or the deserts which occur in and around these lands. The rich, spontaneous growth of the *sadehs* affords good feed, and for a portion of the year the flocks can be turned out upon those fields which, being kept for summer crops, are not sown till late in April; and from July to October they can be transferred to the stubble lands from which the winter crop has been reaped. But these are not, strictly speaking, the proper pastures of Bible Lands.

Such pastures invariably consist of lonely, unfenced, uncultivated desert hills and plains, where no dwelling is to be seen, save the low black tents of *bedaween* Arabs, "whose hand is against every man" that is, who are a powerful, unconquered, organised confederacy of robbers—and the caves and

rocky recesses to which bands of reckless and desperate outlaws, the brigands of the East, resort.

Here the beasts of prey alluded to in the Scriptures have their dens and lairs. They are no mere sand-wastes, being covered in spring with a glorious wild growth, a sight of much brightness and beauty during February, March and April, with here and there a shrub or stunted tree, and a good deal of woody, persistent growth for the rest of the year, during which they present a very barren appearance.

Leading Forth His Sheep

Our picture shows a part of such "a pasture of the desert" seen in the hot season, with a Palestine shepherd in the foreground. Observe the *shavet* or *shevet*, the oak club, rendered more formidable by iron nails driven into its rounded head, "the rod" of our Versions. The dangers of "wilderness pasture" have always called for this weapon of offence. It is borne by the Eastern shepherd as well as a staff or crook.

The shepherd is seen holding in his hand a sling, such as he makes himself. These slings serve very much the purpose of sheep dogs with us, in rounding up the sheep and keeping them together. The shepherds are very skilful in the use of these weapons, and when they see one of the flock straying too far they cast a stone, often to an immense distance, but with so sure an aim as not to hit the sheep, but to let the missile strike the ground near enough to thoroughly frighten the animal and so bring it back. As these slings are in constant use, shepherds, of all men, are most expert slingers. When, therefore, David the shepherd boy, who was evidently proficient above most in the use of this truly formidable weapon, advanced so boldly upon Goliath, he was justified in the hope of victory; for at close quarters such a stone received on the forehead would stun the strongest man.

The sheepfold of the East is here shown, but my limited space forbids a description of it or a reference to the Scriptures that it illustrates.*

Through the Valley of the Shadow

We have seen that the principal pastures of Palestine are what the Scriptures call

* These will be found in the volume to be published shortly.



LEADING THE SHEEP FROM THE FOLD

This is a desert scene. The shepherd is holding the home-made native sling in his right hand, and the staff or crook in his left, whilst attached to his girdle is the oak club or "rod," a formidable weapon, to protect the flock from wild beasts, *bedaween*, and brigands. He wears the white *kamise*, and over it the reversible sheepskin coat. Two sheepfolds are shown, a *bedaween* camp in the distance, and a hind in the centre, standing over a covered aqueduct.



"THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH"

The word "valley" here is "narrow, rocky gorge," and "the shadow of death" is a figure for "very dark." The true rendering is "through the very dark, rocky gorge." A sheep has strayed into one of those gloomy gorges which are so numerous in the wilds of Southern Judæa, and is beset by hyenas, who stalk strayed sheep in these lonely spots. It was of a scene like this of which the Psalmist was thinking when he said, "Though I walk through the very dark, rocky gorge I will fear no evil."

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"the pastures of the wilderness" (Ps. lxxv. 12; Joel ii. 22; compare Isa. xxxii. 14), lonely, wild beast and robber-haunted deserts.

It is in the light of this environment that we must read all Bible allusions to shepherd and sheep life, and notably the twenty-third Psalm, in which David, the whilom shepherd boy, so vividly describes Jehovah's care, under the allegory of an Oriental shepherd's watch over his flock.

Our picture illustrates the fourth verse:

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me: thy club [shaver] and thy staff [mish'eneth] they comfort me."

The word for valley here is *gay*, the Arabic *fy*, a "deep ravine" or "gorge-like glen." The wilderness of Judea abounds with such ravines. The expression "the *gay* of the shadow of death" is the genitive of character for the "very dark ravine or gorge." Sometimes these rocky glens have for their sides precipitous cliffs, rising on either hand to a height of 600 to 800 feet, whilst their bottoms are in some parts scarcely three yards wide, and even in daylight are dark and gloomy. Woe to the strayed sheep caught by wild beasts alone in such a perilous place!

"The figure here of 'the very dark ravine' does not, as so many commentators have supposed, specially signify the dissolution of the body, although the words may be thus applied. It would appear more properly to mean any time of temptation, any season of gloom, persecution, or imminent danger, and rather applies to life than death. The figure—a very familiar one to the dweller amid the fastnesses of Judea, and one which must have stamped itself with indelible force upon the mind of David, the most of whose earlier life was passed amongst such surroundings—is that of a dark, rocky defile, where the path narrows, the cliffs almost meet, towering overhead, and where the trembling sheep, lost upon the mountains, is peculiarly exposed to the assaults of enemies. Places of this kind occur repeatedly in the gorges with which the wilderness pastures abound, and the well-known going down from Jerusalem to Jericho affords several striking examples. Huge hyenas, deadly foes to the flock, which hunt at night in small packs, some going before and some waiting behind, easily entrap the sheep in these dark ravines.

David, therefore, when declaring his fearlessness what time he has to go through 'the very dark ravine,' is, by a bold and beautiful metaphor, expressing his confidence in Jehovah's protection in every time of danger."*

The "club" and the "staff" of the shepherd are very striking figures of the twofold Divine care; the "staff" or "crook" for "the sheep of his pasture," to point them the way, to rescue them from danger, to rule the stragglers into order, and to chastise the wilful; the "club" for their foes—the "club" His might, the "staff" His mercy, both alike necessary for our preservation in this wilderness world. Thus pregnant now with meaning are those words of the shepherd psalm:

"Thy club and thy staff they comfort me."

VI.—COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

THERE are five strange facts in connection with Oriental courtship and marriage which need to be realised if we are to understand the allusions to this subject in Scripture.

First, everyone in the East is bound to marry. It is held to be the duty of every man and woman. The Jews cite the command given at the creation of man, "Be fruitful and multiply and fill the earth" (Gen. i. 27, 28), as one of the 613 precepts of the Law which makes marriage binding upon all. So fully is this duty enforced in Bible Lands that a Mohammedan nobleman would, if it were necessary, call a beggar out of the street to marry his daughter, rather than allow her to lead a single life!

Secondly, no one chooses his or her own partner. The woman is "given in marriage," the man has his bride chosen for him; and it is thought "bad form" for him to see the face of his betrothed till after marriage. Such is the great reverence for parents and obedience to authority that prevail in the Orient.

Thirdly, marriage takes place among Easterns at a very early age. Girls are "given in marriage" at eleven or twelve years of age, though this is not the limit. They are frequently married as young as nine years of age; and, in purely Oriental cities, grandmothers of twenty years old are to be found!

Fourthly, first cousins, if possible, are chosen.

Fifthly, a man in the Orient always has

* "Palestine Explored," 13th Ed., pp. 265, 266.

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to buy his wife. It is true he has to do this sometimes in certain classes of life in the North-West, but with us it is done *sub rosa*, and never as a matter of public negotiation. But there, in all classes alike, and more particularly amongst the poor, it is done openly and on all occasions; and I am very glad in the East that it is so, for a reason to be given later on.

Thus we understand the true fate of Jephthah's daughter brought upon her by her father's rash vow. She was not, as it has been constantly supposed, slain as an offering to Jehovah, for human sacrifices were specially forbidden (Deut. xii. 31; xviii. 10), and it would have been death to offer to Jehovah any sacrifice not sanctioned by the Law of Moses. What happened was the setting apart of this young girl to lead a celibate life, a terrible punishment and disgrace, for she was probably the only unmarried girl in those parts. In view of this she asked for two months "to bewail her virginity," in company with her young female companions; and at the end of this period, we read, "her father did with her according to his vow, which he had vowed, and she knew no man" (Judges xi. 37-40). When "the daughters of Israel went yearly to lament the daughter of Jephthah" for four days it was not to weep at her grave, but to console and sympathise with her during her lifetime.

"Arranged" Marriages

It follows that there is not, and never has been, any courting in the East as with us in the West. The marriages are arranged mostly by the women of the family, and a man's wife is chosen generally by his mother and his aunts. Much care is taken in the selection, far more than most young men exercise amongst us on their own behalf, and *mésalliances* are thus avoided.

It is true that the young people are not, and cannot be, in love with one another under this system. But in the East this is not held to be necessary, as they say "Love comes after marriage, not before"; and even with us it is true that, in the case of every really happy and successful marriage, the highest, holiest, purest love, love built on full knowledge and experience one of the other, comes after marriage in a way it could not come before. Adam and Eve were not less blest because

they were not concerned in choosing each other.

As a matter of fact, marriages in the Orient turn out for the most part just as happily as they do with us; and it is certain that in Old Testament times they were arranged as now. This explains why divorce was allowed in the case of incompatibility (Deut. xxiv. 1). It was a natural and necessary corrective in a state of society where marriage was made without previous acquaintance and personal choice; and in those days infidelity was not a ground for divorce, but a crime punished by death (Lev. xx. 10; Deut. xxii. 22; John viii. 5).

When the female relatives have made their choice of a bride they pay a morning call at her parents' house, and the object of their visit is, according to the usual formula of the East, announced by their asking for "a glass of water at the hands of the daughter of the house"—the eldest unmarried daughter. These morning calls are elaborate affairs, and the daughter herself, hastily dressed for the occasion to look her best, comes in and waits. This, in *belladéen* life, is the scene of our picture.

Then, when the young lady has retired, a proposal is made for her, and her price discussed. It is deeply interesting to note that, according to this invariable Eastern custom, Christ is said to have bought His "Bride, the wife of the Lamb," the Church. But at what a price—for we read that He "loved the Church, and gave Himself for it" (Eph. v. 25), "the Church of God [or, 'of the Lord'] which He has purchased with His own blood" (Acts xx. 28; Gal. ii. 20).

Village Bride's Procession

The scene of our next picture is the taking about in procession of a bride amongst the *jellahkeen* during wedding festivities. The girl is mounted on a camel, and decked with orange blossom. With her is being carried a box, painted in gaudy colours, containing her simple trousseau, and also the primitive wooden cradle of the East, always in evidence on such occasions.

Those who are leading her about are rejoicing in true Oriental fashion, firing off their old matchlocks, dancing, clapping their hands and uttering the shrill, ear-piercing *olooleh*, *tahleel*, *woolwal*, *ziraleet* or *zughareet*—it bears all five names—the *ululo* of the Romans, the *ullaloo* cry of the



CHOOSING A BRIDE

A party of women, with matrimonial intent, have called to ask for "a glass of water at the hands of the daughter of the house." The girl, hastily dressed to look her best, is serving the guests, who are appraising her value. She is taking round the sweetmeats which form one of the four usual courses at every morning call.



A VILLAGE BRIDE'S PROCESSION

The *fellah* bride, decked with orange blossom and seated on a camel, is followed by a box containing her simple trousseau, and the rude wooden cradle always in evidence on these occasions. Her escort is rejoicing in true Oriental fashion - firing off old matchlocks, dancing, singing, clapping hands, flute playing, and shouting the shrill *ullaloo*.

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Irish wake, the prolonged shriek of excitement to be heard alike on occasions of distress or joy. It is made by rapid vibrations of the tongue against the palate, aided by a movement of the four fingers of the right hand upon the mouth. It is called by the Arabs *olooleh*, because this piercing cry sounds like *olooleh*, or *lill, lill*, constantly and quickly repeated. Though often used on joyful occasions and as an Arab battle-cry, it is more often associated with lamentation and woe. Thus James cries, "Come now, you rich, weep and utter-the-cry-of-*olooleh* [*ololuzontes*]" (Jas. v. 1); and Mark tells us, when the ruler of the synagogue's daughter died, those in the house were "weeping and uttering-the-cry-of-*olooleh* [*alalazontes*, evidently a form of *ololuzontes*]" (Mark v. 38). This *tahleel* or *woolwal*, the same as the Hebrew verb *yalyal*, a structure of the verb *yatal*, uniformly rendered "howl" in all the twenty-nine places where it occurs in our Authorised Version, is literally "utter-the-cry-of-*olooleh*." Our English word "yell" comes from this Hebrew root *yatal*.

The Price of a Bride

The price of a village bride in my time in Palestine was from £20 to £60. In the time of Moses this sum, called "the purchase-money [*mohar*] of virgins," appears to have been reckoned, for general purposes, at "fifty [shekels] of silver," probably about £10 (Deut. xxii. 28, 29; Exod. xxii. 16, 17). "Shechem the son of Hamor the Hivite, the prince of the land," in asking that Dinah should be given him as a wife, said "Multiply upon me exceedingly purchase-money [*mohar*] and gift, and I will give according as ye shall say"; but her brothers made the price the circumcision of every male in Shechem (Gen. xxxiv. 11-18). Jacob's predicament arose from his having no money to buy a wife, and so his covetous uncle, Laban, forced him to pay a very high price in labour, seven years' toil, probably worth in wages at four shillings a week—the *denarius* a day of the New Testament (Matt. xx. 2)—about £73.

Thus Caleb said he would give his daughter Achsah to the man who took Debir, formerly Kirjath-Sepher, and his nephew Othniel paid in this way for his bride (Joshua xv. 16, 17). Thus, too, King Saul sent David word that he did not ask a money payment

for the hand of his daughter Michal, but the lives of a hundred men of the Philistines, and David paid by sending his royal father-in-law evidence that he had slain 200 (1 Sam. xviii. 22-27; 2 Sam. iii. 14). Saul had already promised to give his daughter—that was, his eldest daughter, Merab—for the service of the slaughter of Goliath, but had been false to his word (1 Sam. xvii. 25; xviii. 17-19).

I have said I am so glad that a man has to buy his wife in the East, for otherwise I do not know what would become of the poor, despised girls, for woman there occupies a sadly humiliated position; and to a large extent this was the same in Old Testament times. Few people would care to tell an Oriental father in public that a daughter was born to him.

Miss Rogers says that at her brother's, the English consul's, house at Haifa, she was playing a game of chess with a Mohammedan effendi, a nobleman, when one of his black slaves came in and announced, "A son is born to you, my lord." Imagine Miss Rogers's astonishment, when, on her calling to congratulate the young wife on that great event, the birth of a first-born son, she found her in tears, because the child was a daughter, the slave having been ashamed, both on his own account and his lord's, to tell publicly of anything so humiliating as the birth of a girl! Girls from their earliest years well know this, and if one of them wants to express how trifling something is she will say, "It is as small as the rejoicing the day I was born."

The Uncounted Daughter

If you ask a *bedaween* Sheikh how many children he has, you may hear him reply, "The Lord hath given to thy servant six children," that is giving the number of his sons only, wholly ignoring his five daughters. A man will say to a doctor, "Sir, I have a sick man at my house; please come and see him," and the experienced medical man replies, "Yes, I will come and see *her*," for he knows it is his wife, whom he has been ashamed to mention. Whereas it is a compliment in the North-West to ask a man after the health of his wife, it is thought a grave insult to do so in the East. There are a number of things that must never be mentioned among Orientals without an apology, which takes the form of saying

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"*Ajalak*," "May you be exalted," or "*Ajalak shanak ullah*," "May God exalt you [above this vile subject]." A dog, a pig, a donkey, or a slipper come under this category, and so does a man's wife! A nobleman, mentioning his equally nobly-born spouse, would feel bound to apologise for doing so by adding "*Ajalak*." But the despised girls are worth a good sum to their father, in the way of purchase-money from prospective sons-in-law; and many a man is set up in business in the East by a money-lender on the security of the dowries he will receive for half a dozen daughters. Thus the humiliation and affliction of having a family of girls is made tolerable!

How much women owe to Christ, Who, by giving them equal spiritual privileges with men which were denied them under the Law of Moses, has raised them from their former degradation! Women, with their quick intuition, soon realised the glorious truth that the Lord Jesus had come to save and uplift the poor, the despised, the oppressed, the downtrodden, and therefore to raise their sex. So we read of this Great Prophet, that "many women" were "ministering to Him" (Matt. xxvii. 55), not only personally, but also "of their property" (Luke viii. 3). Well they might; and the only wonder is that any woman can be aware that she owes her present happy and honourable social position entirely to the Saviour, and not hasten to serve Him now, as her sisters of old ministered to Him in Palestine.

A Bridal Procession in Towns

Although the marriage itself in Bible Lands is, and always has been, the simplest of all ceremonies, consisting merely of the receiving of the bride into the bridegroom's house, being an acknowledgment before witnesses that he takes her as his wife—which survives to this day in our similar simplest form of Scotch marriage—yet the processions and entertainments carried on in connection with it are most elaborate. These rejoicings continue for at least seven days, and sometimes extend to a fortnight. Many families are ruined and come into the power of unscrupulous moneylenders, owing to the cost of these entertainments. Open house is kept, and passers-by as well as friends and neighbours are invited.

It is this large and lavish hospitality

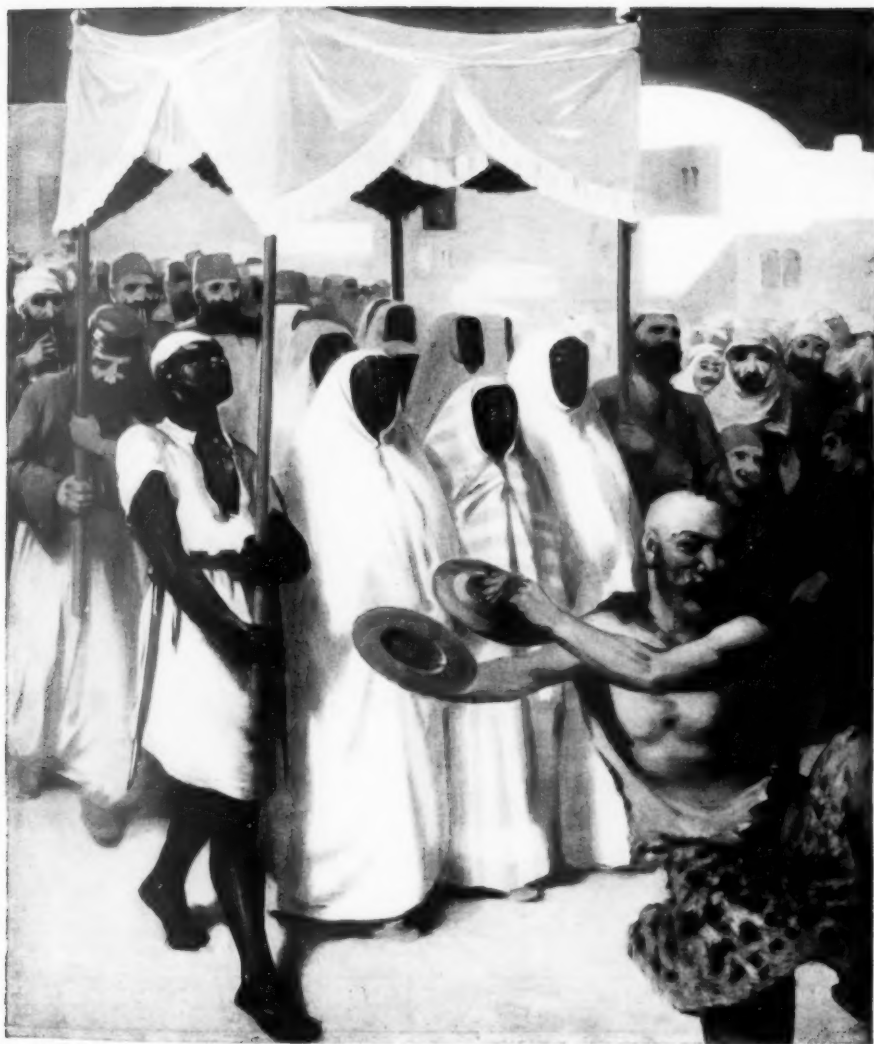
that explains the great quantity of wine miraculously supplied by our Lord at the wedding feast at Cana of Galilee, probably some 135 gallons.

In our picture the young bride is seen led about in a procession called by the Arabs a *zeffe*, supported by female companions. Over her head a silk canopy is borne, held aloft by four poles carried by men. This appears to be the allusion in the bridal song—the Song of Songs—when the bride says, "He brought me to the house of wine, and his banner over me was love" (Canticles ii. 4).

The Dancing Dervish

In front of the procession is seen the usual native jester, half naked, dancing backward with all manner of extravagant antics, who sometimes plays cymbals, sometimes waves about a drawn sword, but always appears in a dishevelled, almost indecent state, and makes himself utterly ridiculous. The more *outré* and absurd his conduct, the more he is supposed to do homage to the bride. This character, generally a common man, is always in evidence at all kinds of rejoicing street *zeffes*; thus, by his own humiliation, doing honour to whosoever or whatsoever is being celebrated by a public procession.

This explains, no doubt, what David did when he brought up the Ark of God from the house of Obad-edom to Jerusalem, "into the city of David with joy." We read that in the procession on this occasion David took the position generally occupied by one of the poorest of the people, and "danced before Jehovah [that is, 'before the Ark which symbolised Jehovah's presence'] with all his might," clad only in a linen shirt. Well might his worldly minded royal consort Michal, the daughter of Saul, have been shocked when "she looked out at the window, and saw King David leaping and dancing before Jehovah, and she despised him in her heart." Very natural was her sarcastic greeting when she came out to meet him, "How glorious was the King of Israel to-day, who uncovered himself to-day in the eyes of the female slaves of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovers himself" (2 Sam. vi. 12-23; 1 Chron. xv. 25-26). David's earnest reply—"It was before Jehovah, who chose me . . . to appoint me



A BRIDAL PROCESSION IN TOWN

Over the head of the *belladah* (townswoman) bride is a silk canopy. A coal-black Nubian is seen holding up one of the four poles supporting it. This canopy is apparently alluded to in Canticles by the words, "his banner over me was love." In front of the procession is the usual native jester—half naked, and making himself as extravagant and absurd as possible in honour of the bride.



THE FIRST LOOK AT AN EASTERN BRIDE

In the East a man has his wife chosen for him, and does not see her face until after marriage. Now comes the fateful moment, when, after they have retired to his tent or room, he lifts the veil, and gazes upon her face for the first time. She has been gloriously "adorned for her husband," in order to make a favourable impression. In this case the scene is in a *bedaween* tent. On the floor may be seen the pestle and mortar, the water jar, and the *ibrick*, or small earthenware drinking-water bottle of the East.

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prince over the people of Jehovah, over Israel; therefore will I play before Jehovah. And I will be yet more vile than this, and be base in my own sight"—tells of the love which prompted an action that the world would count most shameful, but just in that degree, according to Oriental ideas, ascribed highest honour and glory to God. Truly the pious zeal of David, and the open expression of his devout thankfulness to Jehovah in the presence of the crowds in the street, had never taken a lowlier expression than this. How well those who know the East, and have again and again witnessed the extraordinary scene, can realise the depth of David's humiliation and the honour he thus paid to his Divine benefactor!

The First Look at the Eastern Bride

We have seen that in the Orient a man has his wife chosen for him, and that it is thought wrong for him so much as to have seen her face till after they are married. Take the case of Isaac, who appears to have been about forty years of age at the time he was married. This abnormally late age is probably accounted for by the evidently weak health of the "heir of promise." Unlike his strong father Abraham, and his adventurous son Jacob, he was bedridden and feeble for many years of his life, prematurely aged and purblind some thirty-one years before he died, taken advantage of by wife and son; and we read but little about him. When his bride arrived, we read that Isaac was in a moody state, mourning inordinately after his mother's death, for we read "he went out to mourn [or 'lament,' *la-sooahh*] in the open land [*sadeh*] at evening" (Gen. xxiv. 63; compare v. 67); and doubtless it was this that led Abraham to conclude that it was as necessary for Isaac to be married now as it had been desirable before to postpone his nuptials to a later age than usual.

But when his father decides it is time that his son should marry, what step does he take? Does he send for Isaac, as would be the case with us, and tell him to seek a wife, or, indeed, consult him in the matter at all? No, he sends for the eldest servant of his house, "that ruled over all that he had,"

whom we learn from Gen. xv. 2, was "the possessor," or "steward," of his house, Eliezer of Damascus, and commissions him to go to Mesopotamia, and, from the patriarch's own family or kindred, select and bring home a bride for his son and heir. But is not Isaac to go with him, or have anything to do with the choice of his own wife? Certainly not, for, according to all Oriental ideas, this would have been highly improper, and would certainly have led to the failure of the expedition, difficult enough as it was.

When, returning with the bride, Eliezer arrived at Abraham's camp, Isaac is seen; and upon Rebekah's being informed who he is, "she took a veil and covered herself." Nothing could better prove the need of such pictures as we are showing in these pages, and the absurdity of so much that passes for Bible illustration, than that great artist Doré's painting of the meeting of Isaac and Rebekah. First, the latter is shown dismounting whilst the camel stands bolt upright, as if anyone in the East ever attempts to get on or off a camel till it kneels down. Then, though Scripture says she took a veil and covered herself, she is seen quite unveiled and looking into the upturned face of Isaac; and is actually stepping down, in an impossible acrobat-fashion, by putting her naked foot on the upturned palm of his hand, all of which in the East even a woman of ill fame would not dare to do publicly!

In the conclusion of this story we read that "Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent and took Rebekah, and she became his wife; and he loved her, and Isaac was comforted after his mother's death" (Gen. xxiv. 67). That brings us to the scene of our picture, the bridegroom's fateful look at his bride, when, after marriage—which throughout the East, by custom from the earliest ages, consists simply of receiving her into his tent or house—he lifts her veil and gazes upon her face for the first time. Thus the words "he loved her . . . and was comforted after his mother's death" mean that the first look was satisfactory, which is not always the case with Eastern marriages.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

A New Christmas Carol

Words by MARGARET LANE HUDSON.

Music by F. LESTER PRICE.

VOICE

PIANO.

Moderato.

p

rall.

p

1. A star swung out of
Babe lay in its
search-light swung from
star swings out of

hea - ven— High o'er the earth it swung— A lof - ty, gleam-ing sen - ti - nel, He
man - ger, And look'd with sweet sur - prise, And lift - ed up its lit - tle hands, To
hea - ven— A gleam - ing Christ - mas star; The Wise Men knew its mean - ing, And
hea - ven— A star of god - like birth— A mes - sen - ger of love and cheer, And

f marcato.

cres.

clouds in gar - lands hung,
hide the light from its eyes.
jour - ney'd from a - far,
peace to all on earth.

"Glo - ry to God," the an - gels sang, "Glo - ry to God in the

f

cres.

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

f high - est; Peace on earth," the mes - sage rang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men." *rit.* 3

f Slower, and in steady time. *cres.* "Glo - ry to God," the an - gels sang, "Glo - ry to God in the high - est; *cres.*

f *allargando.* *rit. molto.* First three verses. Peace on earth," the mes - sage rang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

f *rit.* *Dal 8.* Last verse. 2. A men." 3. A 4. A



"The colour flooded Hilary's sweet face, and she didn't answer, but kept her head turned away."—p. 181.

Drawn by
Harold Copping.

PRAIRIE FIRES

By ANNIE S. SWAN

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS

Robert Merrick—commonly called "Robin" by the chosen few—has all things on his side, youth, health, splendid manhood, an honourable name. But one thing he lacks: he has no money. He has won the love of Hilary Craven, a beautiful, warm-hearted, though inexperienced and impulsive, girl. But her mother, cold and ambitious, has other ideas for her, and determines not to let the match come off. Merrick goes to Canada to seek his fortune, and there is a tearful parting between the lovers, who vow eternal loyalty. Mrs. Craven, however, has made Robin promise that he will not write to Hilary for a year, and the prospect is indeed dismal.

CHAPTER IV

CROSS-PURPOSES

TOM CRAVEN, alighting from a third-class compartment of a Saturday afternoon train at Side Peveral Junction station, came face to face with young Lydgate as he emerged from the first-class portion of the train.

"Hallo," said Lydgate pleasantly, struck by the expression on the lad's face, "down on your luck?"

"Yes, beastly down on it," answered Tom rather rudely, and would have pushed on, but Lydgate detained him.

He was a kindly fellow, and even had Tom not been Hilary's brother, he would still have sought to sympathise with and help him if he could.

"Not so fast. Won't you drive with me? There's plenty of room."

"No, thanks; I'll walk. I prefer it," Tom answered almost sullenly.

"So do I and unless you positively won't let me, I'll cut across the fields with you."

"They'll be slugged in mud," said Tom discouragingly. "See what a lot of rain they've had this spring."

"A little mud won't injure me," said Lydgate cheerfully. "All right, Brisket. Just drive home; I'm walking by the fields with Mr. Craven."

The Clampsey groom touched his hat, turned the mare's head, and the cart rattled off.

Tom did not look in the least pleased,

though he had no fault to find with Francis Lydgate except one.

Devoted to Robert Merrick with that curious and fiery devotion a schoolboy sometimes displays towards an older man he has set on a hero's pedestal, Tom was jealous of every visit Lydgate paid to "The Folly" and of all the efforts his mother was making to foster the intimacy between them and the Lydgates.

Sundays were specially abhorrent to Tom, because he never could get away from Clampsey. Even of Hilary's loyalty in the last few months he was not so sure. To-day, however, his dullness was not due to any fresh development of his mother's campaign in the direction of Clampsey Manor.

"I don't often go up to town on Saturday. Do you generally come by this train?" inquired Lydgate, as they crossed the first stile.

"Yes; always by the two-fifty. I've had some clinking wet Saturdays this month, but I don't mind that. It's a beastly country—England—from climate downwards."

"Oh, come! There isn't anything the matter with the country, really. It's the best in the world."

"It's easy for you to say that. You don't know what some fellows have to put up with," said Tom rather savagely.

"You, for instance?" said Lydgate suggestively. "Sounds as if you weren't very lucky in your billet."

"I wasn't. It was loathsome, but it was the best I could get; and they've chucked

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me," said Tom, in a choking voice. "Things are slack in the city. Of course, we all know that; but I can't think how these beastly rich chaps can make slackness in trade an excuse to take the bread out of a fellow's mouth."

"Chucked you, have they? Hard lines!" remarked Lydgate, with a low whistle. "But there are other berths in the city and elsewhere. If you care for a different sort of occupation there would be nothing easier than for us to make a berth for you at Cawthorpe. I'll speak to my governor about it, if you like."

Tom did not answer for a moment. His future was dark enough, but he was in no mood to accept favours from the Lydgates. It would be but tightening the coil that seemed to be winding about Hilary, and it would deepen the sense of obligation all round. He had already seen several expensive presents at "The Folly" which he knew came from Clampsey. Fruit, flowers, and vegetables were matters of daily occurrence. Well, he would not be a party to it, since he believed that the whole object of it all was to wean Hilary away from Merrick.

But, though feeling hurt and sore, Tom was not really a boor at heart, and his voice had a softer ring as he respectfully, but none the less firmly, declined.

"Thanks, awfully. But if I can get out of England I will. What I want is to join Merrick in Canada. I've had one letter from him, and he said that if I could raise the passage money, he could make a place for me."

"Merrick—ah!" said Lydgate, rather slowly, "how is he getting on? Does anybody hear from him?"

"His own people do, of course. And I've had one letter from him," said Tom, and again the bitter note crept into his voice. "He has to work jolly hard, and he's had lots of setbacks at the beginning. The harvest failed through some beastly thing they called rust, and that has kept him short of money. But he's hoping for better things this year."

"It'll soon be a year since he went away, won't it?"

"He sailed on the eleventh of April last year, so it'll be a year in a couple of months or so. I've a jolly good mind to try and get out on a cattle-boat."

"Cattle-boats don't go from this side, do they? I mean they take different cargoes back," observed Lydgate.

"That's so," said Tom. "But I'll find out all about it. I must get there somehow. I can't stop in this beastly country. It just stifles a chap unless he's born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

"Like you," he was about to add, but his breeding stopped the words in time. Not that they would have offended Francis Lydgate. He was really a very good-natured fellow, and he rather liked Tom, though he had never been able to make much headway against his reserve.

It would have been quite easy for him to have offered Tom a ten-pound note for passage money. But, knowing the lad's pride, something kept him back.

"Does your mother know you want to go to Canada?"

"Oh, yes; and she wouldn't mind, if we had the money. I must think of a plan."

Lydgate, too, was thinking of one. But there was something about Tom, with his set face and grave, bitter mouth which prevented him from expounding it.

He began to speak about the work at the mills at Cawthorpe, pointing out to Tom what chances there were in a big industrial hive for those who were not afraid to work and who were anxious to get on.

"And it's interesting, too, you bet! I can never understand why old Jack preferred soldiering," Lydgate finished up warmly.

"That's what I should like to have been—what I ought to have been—a soldier! Only there was no money," said Tom bitterly. "All my relations are soldiers."

"Couldn't any of them have helped?"

"No, for there isn't a red cent in the family. They're all trying to live on their pay, and mostly not succeeding. But I've never been taught to do anything properly. I was mad when I was chucked to-day. But, of course, they were quite within their rights. When there's any chucking to be done, it's the superfluous beggar that gets his dose first. I'm the superfluous beggar, but I'm not going to stop in England and be like that any longer."

"I don't blame you. What does your sister think about it?"

"Hilary? Oh, I don't know! Women don't think—at least, not much. And they can never understand what a chap feels about things."

Lydgate had very little experience of women. His mother had died when he was a little boy, his father had never married

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again, and he and his brother had no sisters. This deprivation perhaps had made him more susceptible than most men to feminine influence, though it had also hedged him about with a good deal of shyness.

He thought "The Folly" an ideal home, and that the ladies in it possessed all the homemaking qualities which endear womanhood and sweeten life to men.

"They'd miss you at home, wouldn't they?"

"Not much, I don't think. Besides, that couldn't be helped. I'll have to turn out sooner or later. I've got to think hard for the next few days until I find a way out."

It was only a two-mile walk by the field-path from the Junction to Clompsey village, and Tom, aware of all the short cuts, was able to come out practically at the back of his mother's garden. As they vaulted the last stile, however, he ventured to point out to Lydgate that he was going a little out of his way, and that if he wanted to get home quickly he had better take another path.

"Oh, I don't mind! I think I'll drop in, if you don't mind. I haven't seen your mother or your sister for a fortnight. You see, I wasn't home last week-end at all. Things were so lively at Cawthorpe I had to stop over. There was a little bit of dissatisfaction among the men, and there were some threatenings of a strike. But it's blown over, as it generally does at Cawthorpe. We don't have any real trouble."

It did not interest Tom very much to hear that the relations between capital and labour at Cawthorpe were satisfactory, and he was not in the least anxious to take Lydgate into the house with him. But as there was no reason for refusing, or even being grumpy about it, he held his peace.

They entered the house by the garden door, and, hearing voices in the little drawing-room, proceeded thither at once. Entering without knocking, they found Mrs.



"' Chucked you, have they?
Hard lines!' "—p. 174.

Drawn by
Harold Copping

Craven and Mr. Lydgate, senior, apparently in the closest conversation. That their talk had been of a private nature was quite evidenced by the expression on their faces.

Mrs. Craven gave a small nervous laugh as she turned to greet her son and his companion.

"Dear me, Tom, how you startled me! Surely it can't be half-past four yet. How do you do, Mr. Frank?"

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It was rather an awkward moment, and young Lydgate, usually the least suspicious of men, had a sudden feeling that there was something unusual in the air. He dismissed the thought that occurred to him as wholly absurd, and he tried to greet his father in the ordinary matter-of-fact way.

"How is it you are walking, Frank? I saw Brisket take the cart out."

"Oh, he was there right enough. But, as Tom was walking, I thought a bit of exercise wouldn't harm me. How are you, father?"

"Quite well, thank you. How do you do, my boy?" said Mr. Lydgate kindly enough to Tom.

Then the suspicion of awkwardness and strain crept over them again. For once Mrs. Craven's perfect ease of manner seemed to have deserted her. The colour was high in her cheeks, her eyes were bright, her hands made little nervous gestures, indicative of some mental disturbance.

"Where's Hilary, mother?" asked Tom abruptly.

"Gone either to Miss Adeane's or to Hale End. She's been gone since lunch."

"I think I'll walk as far as Miss Adeane's and try to meet her," he said, and swung himself out of the room with a careless nod to the other occupants of it.

"The city does not improve the manners of the young, I am afraid," said Mrs. Craven, in a slightly apologetic voice. "Perhaps we had better have tea now, if you will honour me so far as to stay for it."

Father and son looked at each other for a second; then Francis said he thought he would follow Tom.

He could not have told why he felt *de trop*. But he most certainly did, and the whole affair was inexplicable, and, in his estimation, horrible.

He did not want to feel towards his father as he did at the moment, and the idea that he could possibly be courting Mrs. Craven—to use a vulgar expression—was singularly hateful. He liked her well enough, but the possibility of her as mistress of Clampsey was not attractive. Something told him that this possibility was in the air. When neither of them begged him to stay he felt sure of it. It gave rather a disagreeable turn to his thoughts, and most effectively diverted them from the object which generally occupied them at "The Folly."

When the door closed upon them Mrs.

Craven gave vent to another small, sweet, and very conscious laugh.

The two young men had certainly interrupted, if not a declaration from Mr. Lydgate, then something both interesting and important. She had been thoroughly chagrined and annoyed by their abrupt entrance, and she had therefore not made the smallest attempt to detain them.

"What restless creatures boys are, Mr. Lydgate!" she said sweetly. "Tom is really something of a trial. He simply can't stop indoors, wet or fine. It is tiring even to watch him."

"Must have plenty of energy. I suppose he does not get sufficient outlet where he is. Are you fairly satisfied with your son's position and prospects, Mrs. Craven?"

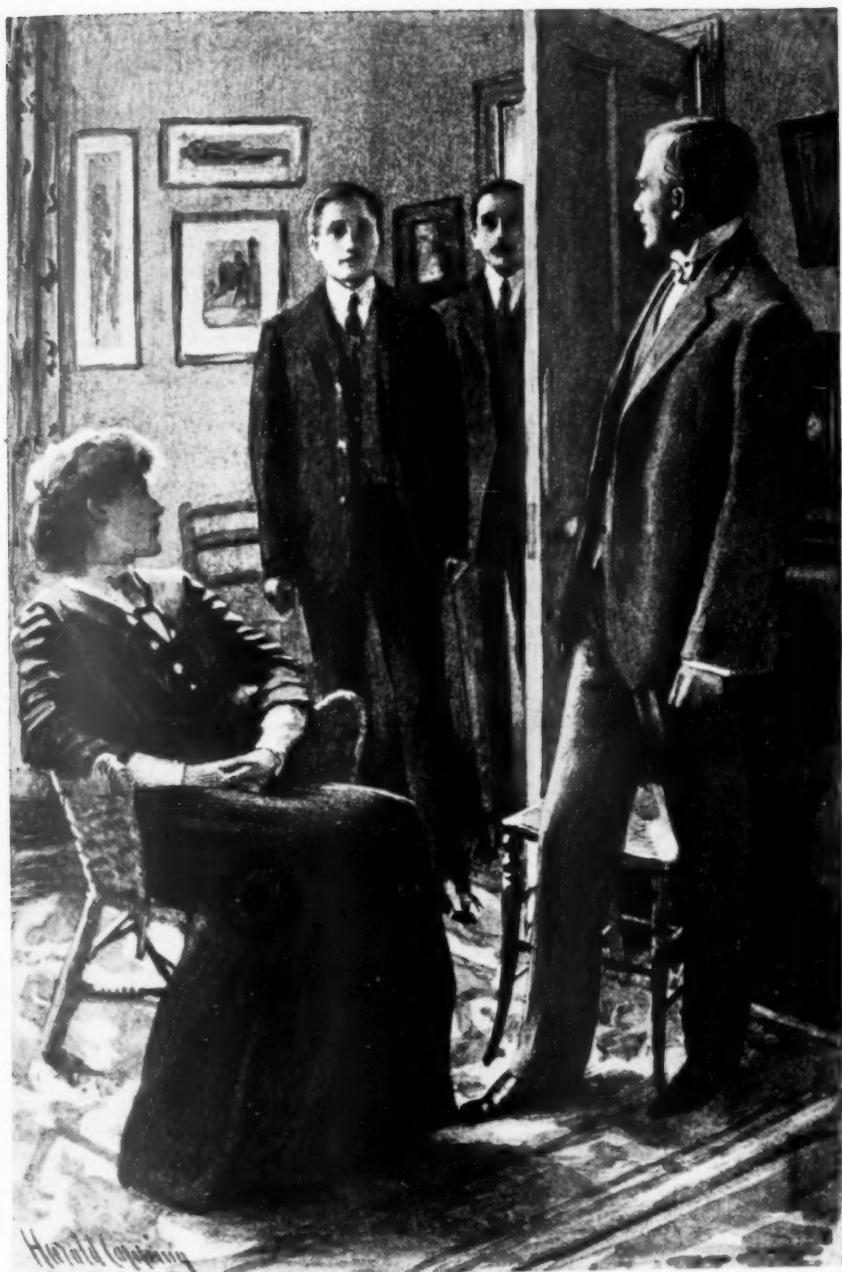
"Not at all; but what can one do?" she asked plaintively. "We have the misfortune to be very poor, and all our people are in the same condition. Tom will have to make his way entirely unaided, and I am afraid that in these days it is a very slow process. You are happy in having to be in no doubt about careers for your sons, Mr. Lydgate. This is where I miss the boy's father."

"Undoubtedly. But there are others willing to help, Mrs. Craven," he said pointedly, and stood leaning on the white-painted mantelpiece, against which his alert and still handsome figure showed to advantage.

If not exactly good-looking, the Squire of Clampsey was certainly interesting and presentable. He had strength, assurance, ease of manner, and very little of the self-made man's aggressiveness. And the idea of his wealth, of which he had been speaking casually at the moment when they were interrupted, had almost taken Sibella Craven's breath away. Why should he begin voluntarily to speak about his means and position if he had not some personal object in view?

She began to be pleasurably excited, and to wish that he would resume where he had left off.

"Oh, people are kind," she said vaguely. "But I have never found anyone willing to really help practically. Everyone has to bear their own burden. That is all. My children have been a comfort to me—oh, yes, especially when they were small! Now they have wills of their own, and will not always be guided. Still, I must not complain."



"It was rather an awkward moment, and young Lydgate had a sudden feeling that there was something unusual in the air."

Written by
Harold Copping

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"You don't. You're a very brave and a very sweet woman. Everyone says so. I should like to have some sort of right to help you," he said gallantly, and once more the genuine colour rose to her face.

"Oh, Mr. Lydgate, you are too kind!"

"Not at all. In doing so I should be making myself happy. Will you answer me a question simply and frankly, and at the same time acquit me of any vulgar curiosity in putting it?"

"Why, of course. Could anyone associate vulgar curiosity with you, Mr. Lydgate? Surely not," she answered simply and sweetly.

"Well, was there anything between your daughter and young Merrick before he went away?"

Mrs. Craven did not immediately answer, not being sure what would be the best, the most diplomatic answer. Perhaps he wished to be sure that she would not have Hilary too long on her hands.

Finally, she decided that in this case the truth might be best.

"I've often wished I could ask your advice upon this very point. I am a very lonely woman, Mr. Lydgate, and often in need of the advice of a friend like you. There are so few to whom one can speak."

"I shall be only too glad if I can be of the smallest use," he assured her warmly.

"Well, the young people had a sort of understanding before he went away. But, owing to Mr. Merrick's prospects being so very uncertain, I refused to countenance anything in the nature of an engagement. I put them on probation for a year."

"What kind of probation?" asked Mr. Lydgate eagerly.

"I insisted that there should be no letters. At the end of that time he has my leave to write and lay his actual position before me, and then I shall have to decide. I am dreading it very much. I am afraid, as they are saying so very little about it at Hale End, that the experiment is not turning out a very great success. Do you blame me very much, Mr. Lydgate, for wishing to see my beautiful daughter do well for herself? I am speaking quite frankly, but I have suffered so much myself that I dread poverty for her, especially the kind of sordid poverty there is in new countries, where people seem to be at war with everything, even with nature."

She spoke with both eloquence and power, and also with a little wistful air

meant to appeal to Mr. Lydgate's softer side.

It did. His tone was full of sympathy and understanding as he replied.

"Dear lady, nobody could blame you. It is the most natural thing in the world that you should wish to see your beautiful daughter in a fitting setting. Then, I take it, you would prefer that she should not marry Merrick?"

"I've no personal objection to him, of course, and his people are quite nice, but his position, I confess, seems to me quite hopeless. I have said very little to Hilary. I have left her wholly free during all these months."

"And how do you think she is feeling about Merrick?" he inquired anxiously.

"I don't know. She goes about a good deal with his people, I fancy. We seldom talk of the matter, however. But in a few weeks we shall have to talk about it, whether Merrick writes or keeps silence at the end of the probation."

"It will soon be a year since he emigrated, I suppose?"

"Yes; in a few weeks. It is very kind of you to be so interested in my rather tiresome children, Mr. Lydgate," she said, with a certain archness which she carried off very well.

"I am deeply interested. In fact, I have come to-day to speak to you about my own hopes, Mrs. Craven."

She sat very still, and for a moment her heart almost ceased to beat.

"I—I don't quite understand," she said, rather faintly.

"You must have suspected something. Mrs. Craven. A man of my years does not pay as many calls at a house as I have done at yours during the last three months without having some ulterior object in view."

"We were very glad to welcome you as a friend," she assured him, with an air of gracious softness.

"You have been as sweet as possible to me, and that has given me courage. The only thing which has deterred me from speaking is the disparity in years between me and your daughter."

Her eyes dropped themselves swiftly or the black folds of her dress, but so completely was she mistress of herself that her expression did not alter. It was undoubtedly a moment of acute painfulness for Sibella Craven, for she had fully

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expected that the Squire of Clampsey was about to make her an offer of marriage. And with what joy and haste she would have accepted it!

"Hilary?" she murmured, a trifle confusedly. "Oh, but you will never grow old, Mr. Lydgate."

She wiped her lips softly with her lace-bordered handkerchief. And, then, supremely mistress of herself and devoutly thankful that she had not made a fool of herself, she met his gaze bravely.

He shook his head.

"You are kind, dear woman. But nothing can alter the fact that I am fifty-one, and Hilary, I understand, is only twenty-two. But I could make her happy, I think. I have now time to devote to a wife which I had not when I was married in my callow youth. And I have the means, too. Hilary should lack for nothing, Mrs. Craven. If you will befriend me here, I promise you that I shall leave nothing undone to secure your future happiness as well as the happiness and future of your children."

"You are truly kind. But this, of course, has come as a very great surprise to me, Mr. Lydgate. I—I fancied it was your son Francis who was thinking of Hilary."

She was woman enough to enjoy that little home-thrust, the only one she permitted herself.

Mr. Lydgate bit his lip.

"Well, the thing has happened before. It's a fair field and no favour I ask. But as Frank has the odds on his side, I am within my rights in asking your suffrages, am I not?"

"Oh, quite. Will you give me a little time Mr. Lydgate—till to-morrow, perhaps? Then I will write to you. I shall have to think things over. It has come as a little shock."

"Not altogether a shock, I hope," he said earnestly. "I would like to point out to you that I have some few things on my side; and, though I have two grown-up sons, there are no other complications. I've not a feminine relative in the world."

"How delightful! What a lucky man!"

"I haven't made it a matter of congratulation before now," he said grimly. "It may seem foolish to you, but I am perfectly charmed with your daughter. And she seems older than her years. There is little of the frivolity of the modern girl about her. She is one to whom a man would not be afraid to speak of all that

concerns and interests him. I could give her a full and happy life. I have serious thoughts of entering Parliament, and she would have as much of that kind of life as she desired."

"I see all you would offer to her, Mr. Lydgate," said Mrs. Craven in a somewhat difficult voice. "And you may rely on my befriending you. Only, as I say, you must give me time, and be guided by me."

They talked over the tea-cups, and they parted half an hour later, fully understanding each other. At least, Mrs. Craven assured him she understood. She carried herself through what was, for her, a most trying interview with a dignity and a calmness which did her the utmost credit. But when the door closed upon her, she clenched her hands, and gave a hysterical laugh that was full of bitterness untold.

"Fool—fool—fool! You very nearly gave yourself away. But he's the bigger fool, or he would see where his best interests and happiness lie. I would have devoted myself to him, and have been grateful, which Hilary will never be. But she shall marry him, she shall! I'll compass heaven and earth to bring it about. I must have something out of it to compensate me for this ghastly day."

She dropped on the couch and, for the first time for many years, shed quite genuine tears of grief and chagrin.

CHAPTER V

THE FRIEND IN NEED

WHEN Tom knocked at Miss Adeane's door and inquired whether his sister was there, he was answered in the negative. As he was about to turn away disappointedly, Miss Adeane, who heard and recognised his voice, came out to the dining-room door and invited him in.

She did not know Tom very well, but the little she had seen of him she liked. She thought him a wholesome, straightforward, if rather churlish British boy.

"Your sister was here for a few minutes soon after lunch, Tom. But she has gone on to Hale End. Won't you come in and take a cup of tea with me, eh?"

Tom hesitated a minute.

"I want to see Hilary rather badly, Miss Adeane. I'd better go and try to meet her."

"You'll miss her as sure as fate, there

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being at least six roads to Hale End. Besides, they may just as likely as not drive her home. A cup of tea won't hurt you, and your business can't be so very urgent. Come in."

There was something rather compelling about the little old lady's manner, and her bright shrewd eyes had a kindly twinkle in them. Rather to his own surprise, Tom presently found himself inside, sitting at one side of the small oval table in the dining-room on which Miss Adeane's tea was laid. She always had it early, and nothing pleased her better than to have someone to share it with her.

"What a great creature you are growing, to be sure, Tom Craven! Let me see, how long is it since you came to Clampsey—a little chap in short knickers? How old are you?"

"I'll be eighteen in August, Miss Adeane."

"Eighteen! Bless me, how the time flies! Well, you're tall for your age; not far off six feet, I should say."

"I'm five feet eleven and a half," answered Tom, with conscious pride.

"And strong? Indeed, you look it."

"As strong as a lion."

"How you must loathe putting those long legs of yours over an office stool! Why, the land was made for such as you, Tom Craven, and you for the land. Why don't you go abroad?"

To Miss Adeane's surprise and the lad's own shame and dismay, his eyes suddenly overflowed.

In the whole course of his life he did not remember having been so soft in the presence of one who was a comparative stranger. He had always been a plucky boy, able to stand up to lads much beyond his age, and afraid of nothing under the sun. Yet, here he was "blubbing," as he would have described it, before one small woman whom he did not know very well, though she had shown him different deeds of kindness when he was a little chap.

He could not hide them altogether, for it was not one tear or two that might have been surreptitiously disposed of in the intervals of talk, but a whole damaging mist that simply overflowed. He dashed his hand angrily across his eyes, and then took out his handkerchief.

"I beg your pardon. I don't know what's the matter with me. I feel dotty, but I've had such rotten luck lately."

Now, these tears touched Charlotte Adeane more than anything that had come in her way for years. Moreover, she had a very soft heart for boys, and she would have made an excellent mother of sons. She had little patience with the vagaries and waywardness of women.

"Have some of these sandwiches, my dear. They're uncommonly good. I suppose you've only just come down from town. Short day on Saturday, isn't it?"

Tom nodded, replaced his handkerchief, and, smiling rather ruefully, attacked the sandwiches with a will.

"Don't know what came over me all of a sudden. I hope you'll excuse me and forget about it," he said, with an air of manly apology. "Yes; I do come down on Saturdays, early as a rule, but to-day I got the push."

"The what?" asked Miss Adeane interestedly.

"Been chucked, paid off, my services dispensed with; not that they were worth much, but they're all I have to sell at present."

He tried to make light of it, and smiled bravely across the table at her, but the bitterness in his voice and creeping over his face saddened her.

"We'll talk about it presently," she said cheerfully, "but not till you've had a good tea. I suppose you take your lunch in town? What did you have to-day? I've an insatiable interest in boys. I had five brothers myself."

"Had you? And where are they all now?"

"All dead. I'm the last leaf on the tree," she answered steadily. "I was the youngest child. Two of them were soldiers, and died in action. One was a tea planter in Assam, another a magistrate in South Africa. So you see, they were pretty well scattered, doing their duty in different parts of the Empire. Only one of them stopped at home, and died in his bed."

"I want to go abroad. You don't happen to know whether there's any way by which a chap like me could get abroad without paying his passage? I could work it if I knew how."

"I dare say you could, my boy, but that would seem unnecessary. What part of the world would you like to go to?"

"Oh, to the west of Canada where Merriek is," he answered without a moment's hesitation.

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"Have you heard from him since he went away?"

Tom shook his head.

"Only once, at the beginning. You see, there was a sort of promise my mater made him give that he wouldn't write to any of us. At least, he wasn't to write to Hilary, and I suppose he didn't want to write to me in the circus. But he promised to let me know if he could find me an opening."

"I see." Miss Adcane leaned her arms on the table, and looked thoughtfully at Tom's grave face, thinking how little of youth or brightness there was in it, and how soon the burden of mere existence had laid its heavy hand on him. "Tom, I don't think Robin Merrick is getting on very well just at present. Have you heard anything?"

"Nothing. But if he isn't getting on, it

isn't his fault," answered Tom, with an almost savage note of resentment in his voice. "It'll be the fault of that boulder Horace Gregory. Nobody need try to tell me it's any fault of Bob's."

"I'm inclined to agree with you. Your sister is very unhappy about it, Tom. What do you think of it all?"

"Think? Oh, what I think is that Hilary should just wait, and give him a chance. A fellow mayn't be able to hit it off just at once in a new country. He's got all the beastly new conditions to contend with. Then, you see, Bob has been hampered with his cousin. But he'll come out on top; you bet he will! He's that sort. I'd back him against a thousand."

"Your mother hasn't the same confidence in him?"

Tom swallowed something in his throat.

"No," he answered, with ominous quiet.



"It's only a business arrangement, my boy, and it gives me a lot of pleasure to make it"—p. 182.

Drawn by
Harold Copping.

THE QUIVER

"I, too, believe in Robert Merrick," she said cheerfully, "and he must be given a little time. So it is to Canada you would like to go?"

"Yes—out somewhere near Merrick. I don't want to sponge off him or be a worry to him. I can stand on my own legs. Only, he was my chum—the only chap that thought it worth while talking to me. And life has seemed pretty rotten to me since he left, that's all."

"Well, my boy, if that's how you feel, how would it be if you took a little loan from me on a strictly business footing? A little deed drawn up between us, eh? The money to be paid back by instalments in a given time. Would that do?"

Tom stared at her in utter bewilderment.

He had sometimes joined in the laugh at the little quaint old maid who was such a notable character in Clampsey. But that she would ever seek to act as fairy god-mother to him had been altogether out of his reckoning. But there she was, smiling across at him in friendly fashion, nodding cheerfully, and most certainly looking as if she meant every word of it.

"Oh, Miss Adeane, you wouldn't? You aren't in earnest!" he stammered.

"Yes, I am. If you really are determined to go out I'll lend you twenty pounds for three years, and let you off interest, because I happen to be a friend of the family, and interested in what you are going to do. Only, you must not disappoint me, Tom Craven."

"I won't," he said stoutly. "Twenty pounds!" he said, in an awe-stricken voice. "It costs sixteen to get to where Merrick is at the cheapest rate, and I'll have four pounds left."

"Hardly. For there are incidental expenses, and I understand you will require some food on the train. I didn't know it was such a long journey. We'll make it thirty. Let us get to the desk and draw out the deed."

Tom, now visibly and happily excited, helped to push the table back, and opened the bureau for Miss Adeane, and she sat down in front of it with a sheet of foolscap to draw out the momentous deed. She was smiling oddly all the time, and Tom, as he listened to her quaint, shrewd, friendly remarks, wondered how he had lived so long in Clampsey without discovering what a ripping good sort she was.

"What about your mother?" inquired

Miss Adeane in one of the pauses, looking up suddenly. "Shouldn't we have consulted her first?"

Tom shook his head energetically.

"She won't care. She doesn't take a great deal of interest in me. You see, I'm not a success," he said rather bluntly. "I'm nearly certain she'll be glad to get me off her hands. I haven't told her yet that I've been chucked. When I can tell her of your amazing kindness at the same time, it'll be an easier job. I can't believe my good luck yet."

"It's only a business arrangement, my boy, and it gives me an uncommon lot of pleasure to make it. Now, you will sign this when the money is paid over, and I'll lock it up in my desk. But don't let our little transaction be the beginning of borrowing, Tom. I'm obliged to say that, because as a rule, borrowing or getting into debt is to be avoided like the plague. But this time you can't help yourself."

A very different Tom Craven left Miss Adeane's house from the one who had entered it, and as she watched him wave his cap from the garden gate, and saw how the cloud had lifted from his face, leaving it younger and more boyish, she felt a little glow at her heart.

"One more item to the good, Charlotte, my dear. Bless God for money, and the heart to use it."

Cheerily, full of glowing visions of the future, Tom swung up the road towards Hale End, not caring very much whether he met Hilary, but glad of the walk to steady his excited nerves and summon order out of the chaos of his thoughts. The needful being now within his reach, all he had to do was to study maps and routes, write to steamship companies, and settle all the details of his momentous journey. Somehow he did not anticipate any strenuous opposition from his mother. He had been perfectly sincere in his assumption that she would be glad to get rid of him, for he had no conception of the wheels within wheels in a mind so active and tortuous as his mother's.

About half a mile from Hale End he met Hilary walking with Winnie Merrick, the youngest daughter of the house.

Both of the girls were struck by his high spirits, and Winnie had no sooner left them, with her dogs at her heels, than Hilary inquired the cause.

"You look as if you'd heard good news,

PRAIRIE FIRES

Tom. It's a long time since any came to our house."

"I've had the queerest kind of day," Tom answered as he tucked his hand through his sister's arm in a sudden little outburst of confidence. "First of all, I had a rotten morning in London, and was sent about my business. Fact!" he repeated, seeing the incredulous look on her face. "Then, when I got out at Peveral, I fell in with Francis Lydgate. Quite a decent chap—eh, Hilary?"

"Oh, quite, I suppose," she answered indifferently.

"The trap was meeting him, but he insisted on walking with me. And when I told him what had happened, he said there wouldn't be any difficulty in getting me a berth at their place in the Midlands. But after that I had the offer of something much better."

"All in one afternoon, Tom! How extraordinary—and we can go on for months in Clampsey without a single thing happening!"

"That's true, too. Well, when I heard at home that you were at Miss Adeane's—only it happened you weren't—I went there to seek for you, and she made me come in to tea, and was jolly decent. You won't believe what she offered to do?"

"No, what was it, Tom?" asked Hilary quickly.

"Well, she offered to give me thirty pounds to take me out West to Merrick. Honour bright! She even made out a sort of agreement between her and me about paying it back, and I can go whenever I like. I'll be able to tell mother that at the same time I'm telling her I got my marching orders from Tregellis."

Hilary suddenly turned her head away. Watching the profile of her face, Tom was suddenly struck by the fineness of its outline, its delicate colour. Hilary did not look so young or so fresh as she had done a year ago.

"I wish I were in your shoes, Tom," she said in a voice that wasn't quite steady.

"Oh, but the year will soon be up, and Merrick will write for certain," he said reassuringly. "Anyway, I'll be able to write and tell you all about him. The mater won't forbid that."

"I somehow don't think she'll be pleased about your going, Tom. Perhaps she won't let you go."

"I shan't ask her, Hilary. I'll just say

I'm going," said Tom, with a sudden hardening of his young voice.

Then an odd silence fell between them. When Tom spoke again it was in a different kind of voice, a little shy and conscious.

"Hilary, don't you think mother has been a little more difficult about us—I mean since the Lydgates came to Clampsey?"

"Yes, I do," answered Hilary, without a moment's hesitation.

"Of course, it's as plain as a pikestaff what she wants. She'd like you to marry Francis."

"Yes, of course. Don't I know it!" said Hilary, with extreme bitterness. "You think your lot hard in London, but it's nothing to mine down here. I never get away from it, day or night. Mother has such a queer way with her; she just manages to make you as uncomfortable and suspicious as possible without saying anything definite."

"You mean about Bob Merrick, I suppose? She wants you to chuck him?"

"Yes. And, while she doesn't say anything much against him, somehow she rubs it in that he is no good. If I couldn't run to see Miss Adeane sometimes and walk out to Hale End just when I like, I'm sure I don't know how I could stand it."

"What are they saying to things at Hale End?"

"There have been frightful difficulties," said Hilary with a sigh, "and twice Horace has run away to Vancouver and broken out there. Once he was away for five weeks, and Robin found him in a lumber camp. Of course, that took him away from his work, and the place has suffered."

"Of course. What he should have done was to have left the precious Horace in the lumber camp. It would have done him good."

"Ah, but you see, Robin couldn't, being under promise to his Uncle Gregory to look after Horace. The whole thing is wretched, and I do wish two years would pass by quickly. I'm afraid of the future."

"But you won't go back on Merrick, Hilary?" said the boy anxiously.

"I don't want to. But if he doesn't send for me soon, I don't know how I am going to stand it here. I think I'll go out and try and earn my living somewhere. This is such an idle, purposeless life, and somehow mother makes it seem worse."

Never in all their lives had they spoken with such freedom of their mother, and

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even now they did it with a sort of shame-faced air. But, poor things, they were face to face with realities and problems with which they did not know how to deal.

The year had seemed very long to Hilary Craven, and there had been times even when, in the depths of her heart, she blamed Robin for having kept his promise so literally. If he had known how hard it was going to be for her, surely he would have thrown all his scruples to the winds and sent her words of love and heartening to cheer her on her difficult way. She was a sweet, amiable, womanly creature, but she had no great strength of character, and just lately the forces surrounding her, so subtle yet so strong, had seemed to be too many for her. She felt the net of circumstance closing round her, and she was getting desperate.

"Tom, if you really do get out to Robin, you'll tell him how it is here," she said quickly. "Of course, I don't want to go before he is ready for me, but tell him, if you like, that I don't mind how hard it is so I can be beside him, and that if he doesn't send soon I won't be answerable for the consequences."

"I'll tell him right enough," said Tom, and on his young face the shadow deepened as he realised how complicated was life and how many forces it contained with which he had not yet begun to reckon.

Tom was not good at expressing his feelings, but his sympathy went out to his sister in a little warm rush and he blamed himself for ever having doubted her.

"I say, old girl," he said, with that odd little conscious air he had displayed before in talking of the Lydgates, "rather a queer thing happened this afternoon. I told you Francis Lydgate walked with me from Peveral. We went into the house together. Of course, we didn't knock or anything. We simply walked into the drawing-room. Who do you think was there? Why, old Lydgate; and I do believe—I do believe that he was saying something very important to the mater. It looked like—like love-making, don't you know? It's a rotten thing to speak about, but that's what it looked like."

The colour flooded Hilary's sweet face, and she didn't answer, but kept her head turned away.

"That would be a jolly good thing for us all, and solve all the problems, wouldn't it?" he said shyly. "Do you think it could happen, Hilary?"

"No, my dear, I don't——"

"But why? They aren't so very old. And the mater is awfully good-looking yet. She looked about thirty to-day—not a day more. Why do you think it couldn't happen?"

Hilary knew, but it was not to Tom she could speak of this further complication in the tangle of her affairs.

"What could they be talking about, do you suppose, then? They stopped dead short when we went in. Is it likely a man like Mr. Lydgate would come to a little stuffy place like ours unless he had a special interest?"

"Perhaps not. But it hasn't anything to do with mother," said Hilary positively. "I only wish it had."

Tom whistled, and as they came within sight of the head of the village where "The Folly," a little square of red and white, stood in its patch of garden ground, he suddenly stood still in the middle of the path as if something had dawned on him.

"Oh, I say, Hilary, you don't mean to say Lydgate père's after you too?"

"Don't speak of it, Tom," she said in a stifled voice. "You see it is necessary for me to get out of Clampsey somehow, and soon. I wonder—oh, I wonder whether Miss Adeane would advance my passage money too! I could take a situation in Canada and go out West when Robin was ready for me."

Poor Tom looked the picture of dismay, and there came upon his young face the baffled look of the man who feels that it is his place to help but who has not the power.

"Life's simply rotten—that's what I think!" he said savagely. "But there! Do buck up, Hilary. There's the mater waiting for us at the gate."

[END OF CHAPTER FIVE]



THE ONE THING SUPREME



A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

By THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

IT is Christmas Day, and I come to the reader with a Christmas message. Of Christmas messages there is no number, no limit, for though there is but one Christ, His significance is infinite, He touches everything. For the guilt-burdened conscience, for the defiled soul awaking to its need of purity, for the weak will, for the broken heart, for the solitude of age, for the mind almost worn out with its own questions, there is no answer, no message, like Jesus Christ.

On the other side, for the happy life, for the affectionate home, for the springtime of youthful hope and energy, there is no sky above the landscape like Jesus Christ, no such safeguard round our joys, no such wonderful antiseptic for true human felicity, as He.

Nor can our more public needs, our social problems, our unrest, our strifes of classes, ever, except at a fatal cost, dispense with Him. In vain will man seek to manufacture for himself a Golden Age on non-Christian principles. Not till society calls Him Master, Him the supreme truth, light, and law, will society be at once living, peaceable, and pure.

The One Supreme Fact

But to-day I bring, out of all the messages of Christmas, one which lies behind, or rather within, all the others. I invite my friend and reader to come with me to the inn at Bethlehem, and to ponder there the Child in His "swathing-bands,"

and think a little of one supreme fact there with me—namely, of God manifest, God seen in Jesus Christ.

A Prodigious Claim

Look yonder, and think what that cradled Little One has meant for nineteen long ages to the human heart. This Baby will pass by normal gradations into the Child, the Boy, the Youth, the Man; will develop character, put forth energy, exercise influence, teach, work, make friendships, gather followers, be loved, be hated, and at length be assailed by malicious violence, and be judicially murdered. Then, immediately after the fatal close, as it will seem for the moment, He will reassert His existence and His powers in such a way that within a very short time His followers will be telling the world around them that not only is He alive but is seated on the throne of the Unseen, wielding omnipotent authority, eternal in the heavens. With varying phrases, with developments from clear to clearer witness, but always in the same line, they will be saying in effect that the Infant of the manger, the Youth of Galilee, the Man of Golgotha, is nothing else or less than the Supreme Himself, made also Man.

Perfectly and truly human, He is also perfectly and truly, and in a sense equally strict and proper, Divine. A Person eternal and absolute, He has willed to live out His Personality through the organs of two Natures, not one only. He

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is God incarnate. God made Man, God with us, God manifest in flesh.

The claim is prodigious. But it is perfectly certain that it was made in its essence by the very earliest disciples. We have writings of theirs, for example a letter called the "First Epistle to the Thessalonians," written little more at latest than twenty-two years after the death of Jesus, and it claims all this, not by way of a dogmatic surprise, but as a settled and familiar certainty. The interval was too short for the growth of a purely imaginary view of Jesus Christ. And the morality associated with the claim, the sober and wholesome embodiment of all things true, pure, and kind, which we call the Christian character, is not in the least like the fruit of a root of delusion, illusion, fanatic exaltation. Human conscience, human nature, rebels against such a moral contradiction as would be involved in the creation of a type of virtue as absolutely sane as it is lofty out of the madness of a monstrous error. It was a monstrous error, that first Christian creed, if it was not truth.

Deity—or Madness

What the earliest Christians said about their Christ, and what they consistently declared, in the soberest of spoken and written narratives, to have been said by Him about Himself, reduces us to the dilemma that either He and they were mad, or He was God. "Deity or madness"; so I heard it put long ago. And the ethics of Christ and of His first exponents, with the long story of the power of His name ever since upon the world for its good, are adequate of themselves to settle that alternative.

Now look again at the cradle in the inn, and believe, and worship. Read Browning's "Karshish," that wonderful poem in which the Arab physician, botanising for medical purposes in Palestine, about A.D. 65, meets Lazarus of Bethany, still living there in his serene middle age; and feel with Karshish the unspeakable thrill that comes with the thought that it is true; that this Babe, this Man, is "the very God."

"So through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here:'

Thou hast no power, nor can'st conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me, who have died for thee."

An Authentic Portrait of Divinity

And now, what is the precise message of this holy Incarnation for me and my reader to-day? It is this, that in our Lord Jesus Christ, as we study His portrait in the Gospels, as we apprehend His personal character, watching Him as He acts and speaks, as He teaches and converses, loves and suffers, warns and promises, lives, dies, lives again, we have an exact and authentic vision of the Eternal Father in His personal character, in what, as to quality, He is. Does the statement seem bald and poor to you? Does it read like a matter of course, a mere reaffirmation in weaker words of the great creeds of Christendom? It may be so. But quite possibly you are one of many to whom this thought about the Lord Jesus comes, when thus quite simply restated, with the power of an old truth transfigured and made new.

Have you not sometimes felt that in the idea of God, of God the Father, God (if we may dare to say so) regarded in His invisible majesty, there is something paler and colder than in the idea of Jesus Christ? Does it not seem at such moments that He is more mysterious, with a mystery that goes off into regions intangible and utterly aloof, or that, on the other hand, thoughts gather round Him, as they do not gather round Jesus Christ, awful, formidable, inexorable, so that we would rather not approach Him? So that, even when we are thinking of the blessed Son, when we dwell upon His grace, His benignity, His peace and love, the soul still seems to see, as it were, behind Him a depth unknown and unknowable, cloudy and awful, the region of mere Godhead, holding elements hidden within it which may be altogether alien from those that are seen "in the face of Jesus Christ."

But all this, let us remember, once and for ever, is precisely what the Holy Scriptures, with their unique and radiant doctrine of God, which is the supreme evidence of their heaven-given truthfulness, would have us *not* think. "He that

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hath seen me hath seen the Father"; so said the Man of Nazareth to His disciples on that betrayal-night. He bade them be sure that the sight of Him, the knowledge of His Personality, authentically Divine, visibly human, gave a perfectly adequate view of *the entire personal Character* of His Father. And His apostles and prophets, when they came to write a few years later, took up the amazing, but most tender and satisfying, truth, and cast it into yet other kindred forms. Paul speaks to us of "Christ, who is the Image," the exact likeness, as it were the *replica*, "of God"; of "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. iv. 4, 6). The Epistle to the Hebrews opens with the magnificent affirmation that the Son, Eternal and Incarnate, is "the effulgence of His glory, the exact counterpart of His Being," for so the wonderful words (Heb. i. 3) may be closely rendered. Would we really see, not the inscrutable mystery of the mode of the supreme Existence, but the knowable wonder of the character of the Supreme? We have but to get acquainted with Jesus Christ, and there we possess what we want, full and true.

"Come and See"

Come to Bethlehem then, and on to the workshop at Nazareth, to the boats upon Gennesareth, to the marriage company at Cana, to the family circle at Bethany, to the well of Sychar, to the Emmaus road, and see the character of God. Come and see it, as Jesus moves up and down among men, annulling disease and death on the one hand as they come into contact with Him, and, on the other hand, rebuking with an ineffable reproof all that is evil, even more by what He is than by the tender awfulness of His warnings. Come and see Him upon the Cross of the atonement, suffering, sin-bearing, the just for the unjust, crying out under the unknown burthen of our sins' results, consenting to drink even that cup to the uttermost, so that the Holy One may holily forgive the unholy, and that the forgiven may be like Him and may be with Him for ever. As you look, and wonder, and worship, remember that exactly such is the character of His Father. Let the

word be spoken with awe, with faces bowed and veiled, but let it be spoken—that we have a God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, being Love, is *self-sacrificing Love*, even to the uttermost.

Read the whole Gospel story with this golden clue in your hands. Recollect that Christ is the Image of God, and then gather up with joy the sure issues of thought. As is the Son, so is the Father. The FATHER is just like the SON, just like JESUS, in His tenderness, in His sympathy for the weary, the weak, the broken-hearted, the dear little child. Just such is He, this Eternal and Infinite One, in His willingness to receive your confidences, to hear the utmost that you have to tell Him of your mistakes and failures, to walk with you by the way, to sit with you in the house, to enter into your domestic joy and sorrow, to understand and to share your tears.

The Royal Invitation

"No one knoweth the Father but the Son, and—he to whom the Son wills to reveal Him" (Matt. xi. 2). So says the blessed Son Himself, almost in the same breath in which He invites a world of weary beings to come to Him for rest. Does He not mean here exactly what we have been saying to ourselves as our Christmas message? Till we have "seen the Son," what is God to us but a mystery inscrutable, however radiant it may be, and whose radiance seems all too often hidden in the darkness that gathers round the words "Absolute" and "Infinite"? But the Son appears, God manifest, God with us, "Jesus, our Immanuel." And behold, we know the Father! He is not the First Cause only, the supreme Maker and Master; He is the Father, the true Father of that Son. So we can trust Him, with a faith which feels no misgiving behind its simplicity. We worship, we surrender, we give thanks, we rejoice, finding that God in His innermost self is thus perfectly lovable. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"The Father's word was, 'I am Love';
Then Jesus left the throne on high
To make this earth the message prove:
'I am His Son, and Love am I.'"

THE GUEST FROM THE SNOW

A
CHRISTMAS
STORY



BY
WINIFRED
GRAHAM

THE atmosphere of Christmas reigned supreme at Norton Hall. No one felt the joyful influence of the home more than Major Castle, who had returned from foreign travel to the warm welcome of English hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Vivian were his oldest friends, and, forgetting the flight of time, it surprised him to find their little daughter now a grown woman of some twenty winters.

In many ways the child he romped with seven years ago had not greatly changed. The same laughing eyes beamed at him from an open countenance, unmarred by a single thought of malice, or conceit of the fresh budding beauty which instinctively compelled admiration.

Major Castle had always been a hero to Joan. She loved to ask him questions of his thrilling experiences on active service, proud that such a notable soldier, decorated with the coveted V.C., deigned to be her friend. Tall and upright, it was hard to believe he was a score of years Joan's senior.

On Christmas Eve the Vivians entertained during the afternoon a large number of poor people to a lavish tea at the Hall. Joan was in her element, stripping a monster Christmas Tree for the clamouring children. The enthusiasm with which she worked appealed to this man from India, accustomed to the society of languorous, pleasure-loving women.

Darkness had fallen when the happy guests trooped away in the fast falling snow. The whirling flakes which filled the air since noon made walking so difficult that men from the stables carried lanterns, accompanying the gill-laden crowd down the drive.

Major Castle watched Joan as she stood over the great log fire in the hall, the dancing flames making her bright hair glisten

like gold. She reminded him slightly of a girl he had known in his youth, the one girl whose curt refusal of his love made him instinctively shun the

tender passion. He could never blot from his mind the deep feelings he experienced for the beautiful Miss Raynor, who, later, had married a wealthy man of title.

"She was the one woman for me," he told himself especially at Christmas time, for this season always reminded him of his life's tragedy. It was on Christmas Day she had spurned his eager love-making, sending him adrift a broken-hearted man. Miss Raynor never concealed she was fully aware of her beauty and charm—a distinct contrast to Joan's naturalness, and the quiet, unassuming grace of her youthful spirit.

"You were splendid to-day," he said to Joan. "I am sure you are never happier than when you are helping others."

"Well, it was rather fun to see the people eat, wasn't it? I never thought they could finish all those large iced cakes," replied Joan merrily. "I am afraid the journey back on this appalling night will cool their ardour and spoil the recollection of the feast. I am longing to look out again, but I simply dare not open the hall door, for the snow blows in, and Abbott will be furious."

As she spoke, the loud ringing of a bell was accompanied by three rapid knocks in succession.

Abbott, the butler, hurried to answer to this peremptory summons. No one was expected, and it was too early for the carol singers, who were due to arrive at ten o'clock.

Major Castle and Joan listened from the shelter of the ingle-nook.

A chauffeur in a long leather coat stood ankle deep in the white sheet which had fallen from the heavens.

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"My mistress's car," he said in a tone of evident agitation, "is stuck fast in a snow-drift. She is a very nervy lady, and is taking on dreadfully. I was having a rare time with her, when mercifully some men from the place came along with lanterns. She insisted they should carry her to the nearest house, where she could obtain food and warmth. She thinks she is collapsing. There's not much wrong, really. I was sent ahead to let you know she was coming. It's a bad job for the car; it's my engines I'm thinking of."

Joan ran forward before Abbott could reply.

"Oh! Poor woman! No wonder she is alarmed," cried the girl sympathetically. "Mother will be so glad they are bringing her here; we will soon make her warm and comfortable."

Joan flew off to tell her parents of the unexpected visitation, and give orders for the reception of this guest from the snow.

Before she returned the lanterns came in sight, and Major Castle went outside to herald in the wail from the derelict car.

A peevish woman of about forty, with fretful brow and a face not free from artificial embellishment, peered at him from under the meshes of a lace veil. Travelling in a luxurious landaulet, her ample form had been guarded from cold by a magnificent fur wrap reaching to her high-heeled shoes, which hid their charms in a wadded foot muf. Glistening jewels flashed from the chiffon at her throat, while the odour of French perfumes clung still to the garments, now wet from a pilgrimage in the arms of her rescuers.

"I could not stay there to be buried alive," she wailed. "I am sure in a

few hours the car will be completely submerged in the snow. Are you Mr. Vivian? I must have medical assistance at once."

She raised her veil, and, narrowing her eyes, stared at Major Castle with a gradual expression of dawning recognition.

"Why," she gasped, "I believe it is Bruce, my old friend of many years ago! You have changed so little, I should know you anywhere."

Major Castle could not say the same of the woman whom selfish indulgence had robbed of beauty.

"Surely," he gasped, "it cannot be Mildred Raynor."

Perhaps she detected in his tone of surprise the sudden flood of disillusionment which swept away the romance of a distant Christmas.



"Major Castle watched Joan as she stood over the great log fire in the hall."

Drawn by
Dustley
Tennant.

THE QUIVER

"I am Lady Pemberton now," she said, "and was on my way to Garth Court, for a very large social gathering at which a Royal personage was to be present."

At the thought of what she was losing she burst into unrestrained tears, which prevented her seeing the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Vivian and their daughter. Joan bent over the sofa with smelling salts, Mr. Vivian was carrying a steaming drink, while Mrs. Vivian appeared absolutely weighed down with hot-water bottles.

Major Castle introduced the moaning patient, who accepted all their kindly offices as a matter of course, without a word of thanks. Her mind was completely occupied with her own sufferings. Bruce noticed she instantly invented occupations for everybody. Mr. Vivian was to telephone at once to the nearest doctor, bidding him bring some tonic for the nervous system. Mrs. Vivian was begged to ascertain if a bedroom was now sufficiently warmed that she might retire, while Bruce Castle must go to the hall door and make sure the chauffeur had returned to his car, and was not dawdling about for refreshments.

"You must stay here," she said to Joan, "and hold the smelling salts for me. Fancy, they left my valuable 'Rolls Royce' merely in charge of one of your stable men."

The speaker paused, then suddenly bent forward, raising her hands to her head with a stifled scream.

"Oh! Heavens!" she cried. "My little Puffle! My prize Pom! He leapt from the car, and was following us in the snow. I called to a man to look after him, and then I must have swooned, for there was no sign of him as we entered your house. He will die in the snow, and he has taken more prizes than any Pomeranian in England. What can be done? Those men were eager to be home, I know. They will not bother to find a dog. Besides, Puffle would be terrified of them, and hide away in the dark. He will only come to women. See; he had not even on his little mackintosh boots."

She drew despairingly four strange coverings for Puffle's paws, adorned with ribbons which exactly matched the trimmings on her own gown.

"I nearly sent him with my maid by train," wailed Lady Pemberton; "but she is rather a careless woman, and Puffle and I are never parted."

For the first time Joan noticed a look of genuine anguish on the stranger's features, and the girl's heart went out in pity for the tiny dog wanderer perishing in the snow.

"I know how I can find him," she whispered quickly. "Neil, my Irish terrier, has a most wonderful nose for scent. Give me those little boots; he shall sniff them, then Neil and I will go together. Perhaps we shall discover Puffle quite soon. Don't say anything to my parents until I return. They might feel nervous about me, but I shan't come to any harm."

Lady Pemberton looked at the slim figure of this daring girl, and, despite the fury of the storm, whispered hastily:

"Yes, slip away, and be quick. Don't wait to change your things. See, there is a coat hanging up. Here are Puffle's boots; the darling wore them in the car. The moment you find him, put them on; the ribbons tie in front."

Joan did not wait for further directions. Seizing a wrap from a peg in the hall, she whistled for Neil, and darted out at a side door.

Snow was still falling; but the bold Irish terrier, with one of the miniature shoes in his mouth, faced the elements to Joan's encouraging "Go seek! Go seek!" The darkness would have appalled her had not the surrounding country been so familiar. Well she knew the track from where the car stood to the drive gates. Probably Puffle, if not already buried in the snow, might be wandering about in search of his forgetful mistress.

In quite a few moments Joan was soaked to the skin. The snow beating against her eyes blinded her movements; she had not fully realised the difficulty of this self-imposed task. Even Neil walked laboriously, and quickly dropped the shoe he carried as a useless impediment, though taking sundry sniffs at the three remaining bottles which Joan kept waving before his nose. Just as the girl began to feel utterly numbed and hopeless, the dog showed signs of sudden activity. A low growl broke from him, and despite the wet, his coat bristled. He pressed forward, Joan following hard on his heels. Before she realised they were no longer alone, she found herself face to face with a man clothed in rags. His teeth were chattering, and his eyes had an evil glint, as though for the sake of food and

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warmth he would willingly have committed a crime.

"Have you seen a little dog?" she asked. "Quite a tiny creature: it was lost about half an hour ago."

The tramp shook his head.

"No, indeed, lady," he replied: "seen nothing but snow for the last ten miles, and I've another five to go before I get to my wife and children. Looking for work takes one a rare distance."

While he was speaking, Neil suddenly rose on his hind legs, and, with a low snorting sound, was trying to force his nose into the man's frayed coat pocket.

"It's that bit of cheese I was keeping for supper," muttered the hoarse voice. "Get away; you are better fed than I am."

Neil gave a wild bark, as the rough hand pushed him down, and in response to the signal a little yapping sound came mysteriously from the stranger's side.

"Puffle! Puffle!" called Joan in uncontrollable excitement, as the man turned to dash away. "After him, Neil!"

The lusty terrier was too quick even for an escaping thief. He leapt up, fastening his teeth in the coat, so thin and patched. As the man drew his hand from his pocket to beat off the assailant, Joan made straight for the suspected spot, and seized a little mass of whining fur from the dark cavity. It was evident this was Puffle. He recognised his name by lavishly kissing the girl's face.

"Oh! how wicked of you!" she cried,



"Oh! Heavens!" she cried.
'My little Puffle!'"

Drawn by
Dudley Tennant.

with an indignant look at the man, pulling Neil away now that she had her trophy safe.

The thief stood before her, trembling.

"It's very hard," he muttered. "I was only going for a reward. The dog would have been dead if I hadn't picked him up, and I did think to make a bit on the find. The children are crying at home for bread, and the wife's been ill this six months. No Christmas fare comes our way, but I suppose the dog will turn up his nose at a mutton chop."

A wave of sympathy passed over Joan as she remembered the value of Lady Pemberton's pet. Only that morning Joan's parents had given her a five-pound note as a Christmas box. Surely Puffle's wealthy

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mistress would wish her to hand this to the man who, as he said, had probably saved the prize Pomeranian's life.

"See, here is your reward," cried this angel of forgiveness, overlooking the lie he had uttered and his thieving intent. "Take five pounds and make your family happy."

He grasped the crisp sheet of paper, and thrust it inside his collarless neck; then, his eyes alight with greed, he sprang forward, seizing Joan by the throat.

"I'll have the dog too, if I strangle you for it," he muttered. "I know well its value. A fortune to such as me is worth fighting for."

Joan could feel the cruel fingers tightening over her throat. Still she held Puffie's trembling form close to her breast, though feeling almost suffocated. But the murderous assailant had not calculated for Neil. With a shrill bark of distress, the dog leapt up and fastened his teeth in the tramp's wrist. A flow of blood reddened the snow, to be almost instantly covered by the perpetual fall of those ghostly white flakes.

II

"WHERE is Joan? I can't think what has become of her! Really, it is quite odd she should vanish like this."

Mrs. Vivian spoke in a worried voice. She had sent several maids to look for her daughter, since Lady Pemberton's presence was becoming somewhat overwhelming. Directly they announced the bedroom was ready, this querulous visitor said she was too weak to be moved upstairs at present, and must wait until her heart palpitations quieted. In reality she wanted to watch the hall for the first glimpse of Joan's return.

When the servants brought news that Miss Vivian could not be found, both her parents hurried in opposite directions, calling so loudly that Lady Pemberton complained their voices hurt her head.

"Such a fuss about nothing," she whispered confidentially to Bruce Castle. "Country girls are so strong and hearty, it won't hurt her to be out for a short time. She has really gone at my request to look for a beautiful little dog I lost on my way to this house, thinking she could trace it with the aid of her terrier. You had better not mention this to the Vivians, as they are worrying about her so unnecessarily."

"Not mention it!" cried Bruce, springing to his feet with a disdainful look at the unscrupulous visitor. "You were careful enough of yourself in the snow, yet you allowed a frail young thing like that to face the storm without a word of protest."

The keen anxiety in his voice annoyed Mildred, who realised the attention of the moment would now be turned to Joan. Bruce quickly summoned her father, and both men instantly started out on a hasty reconnoitre for Lady Pemberton's victim.

"How dare that woman send my child out on such a night?" hissed Mr. Vivian, the hot fury in his blood making him forget the chill of the snow-driven air.

Bruce could find no words in which to express his pent-up feelings. Keenly he realised all he would suffer if harm came to the sweet unselfish girl whose fine nature stood out in vivid contrast to that of his early love. These two seekers in the dark appreciated the full danger to which Joan had exposed herself, since, even for men, walking was difficult owing to snowdrifts. Presently a shrill bark of rage broke on the stillness of the night.

"That's Neil, in some distress," muttered Mr. Vivian, running in the direction of the sound.

Despite the eagerness of her overstrained parent, Major Castle outran his host, calling the dog's name that Joan might know help was near. The tramp, with his hands on that white throat, heard the lusty shouting of a masculine voice, while simultaneously he felt the fierce bite from Neil's snapping jaws. Dropping his prey, and thinking no more of the tiny creature she still clasped, he rushed away in the darkness, lest the truth should be told of him, having no fancy to spend Christmas in prison or lose the five pounds so generously bestowed.

Breathless and overpowered, Joan lay as one dead. Only the arms which grasped Puffie betrayed there was still life and tension in her exhausted form. Neil was scratching the snow from her feet, yelping loudly, when Bruce knelt down and raised her with tenderness.

"Oh! my darling, my darling!" he whispered. "Speak one word. Tell me you are alive."

The dim eyes opened wonderingly, his passionate words calling back Joan's senses; then her head fell upon his shoulder.



"'I'll have the dog too, if I strangle
you for it,' he muttered."

*Drawn by
Dudley Tannant.*

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"Yes," she murmured drowsily; "don't let me go—you see I have found Puffle."



"Hark! the Herald Angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!"

Thus the carollers chanted in the Hall.

Upstairs Mildred Pemberton lay in a large four-poster bed, hugging a warm and affectionate Puffle to her heart.

In a cosy boudoir Joan rested on a sofa drawn to the blazing hearth. Her parents had gone below to reward the singers, and Bruce Castle bent over the girlish form with a world of longing in his eyes.

"You said to-night," he whispered, "when I held you in my arms, 'Don't let me go.' I mean never to let you go now, if you will give me the right to love you as

a husband. I am so much older than you, little Joan. Perhaps you will only laugh and send me away. Of course, I shall understand."

He looked deeply into her eyes, drinking in all the purity and gladness of the happy, blushing face.

"You have been my hero—always," she said. "I thanked God that Christmas had brought me my hero. I little thought I should find something even better."

Locked in each other's arms, faintly the singing voices reached them.

"Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings."

The thought flashed through Bruce's mind that his life-wound was healed, and only a vision of peace heralded the coming of this blessed Christmas.



CHRISTMAS

YES, keep the feast—be glad, and let your laughter
Echo through banquet hall and oaken rafter,
But make, before you seek your generous table,
Room for the Glorious Babe within your stable.

*Ah, spare a corner, for the night is wild,
And keep you well the Birthday of the Child!*

Set the door wide, its welcome shall entice Him.
Yes, and your meanest lodging shall suffice Him.
What? In your house no room where He may hide Him?
Ah, let Him in, for there is none beside Him!

*Ah, spare a corner, for the night is wild,
And keep you well the Birthday of the Child!*

Lo! When He comes you shall forsake your table
And seek the lowly shelter of your stable,
And kneel with kings and shepherds at the manger
And with wise men adore the Humble Stranger.

*Then in your heart, although its night be wild,
You shall have kept the Birthday of the Child!*

Ivy Low.

RELIGION AND THE CRISIS

By HAROLD BEGBIE

(Author of "Broken Earthenware," etc.)

In his first article Mr. Begbie points out that Life is at a crisis—"whatever all this universal Unrest may portend, clearly it is the mission and bounden duty of Religion to labour now, as it has never laboured hitherto, for the salvation of mankind." He asks, "Is the Church adequate for these things?" In this second article he deals with the great Social problems that face us. The third article, in the January Number, will deal with "The Invisible World."

II.—THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

"MEN are made for happiness," says a character in one of Dostöevsky's novels, "and anyone who is completely happy has a right to say to himself, 'I am doing God's will on earth.' All the righteous, all the saints, all the holy martyrs were happy."

The World's Eternal Sorrow

But no one is completely happy. The unhappiness of other people prevents it. There are moments when we forget the sorrows and sufferings of our fellow-men, and in these moments we may be happy—marvellously and deliciously happy—like children waking to the first dawn of holidays. And I think it is after these great bouts of joy, when we laugh with the whole heart, when we play with a blithe confidence, when we are utterly unconscious of misgiving and distress, that we become most angry with the social order, that we most long "to shatter it to bits, and then, remould it nearer to the heart's desire."

For the misery of the world is a perpetual reproach to joy. No man could eat his dinner with delight if the servants who waited upon him, dressed in vilest rags and horribly dirty, bore in their faces all the marks of starvation. No man could play with his children in the nursery if in the next room other children were moaning for food and dying for want of air. But we cannot forget, we cannot oust from our minds the dreadful knowledge that thousands of women are living in penury, thousands of children perishing in slums, thousands of men falling into ruin and despair, even though no children are moan-

ing for food and dying for want of air in the next room, even though the servants who wait upon us at table are well clothed, well fed, and contented.

It is because the misery of the world interrupts and rebukes my happiness that I desire a social reformation. I feel that I am made for happiness. In my moments of happiness I am conscious of unity, aware of blessing. I am sure that everyone in the world is meant to be just as happy as I am in these moments of unshadowed and exalting happiness. Therefore, I resent the falling of the shadow of rebuke. I say to myself, What a wretched world it is that will not let a man enjoy with rapture this tremendous, this mysterious, this most glorious gift of conscious existence! And I set myself to get things altered so that I may be happy without shame, so that I may enjoy life without a feeling of guiltiness, so that everyone may be as grateful to God for existence as I am in these moments of joy at the flood.

An Impossible Prospect

Almost every post brings me piteous appeals for money. Not a week passes but someone knocks at my door asking for help. I cannot walk a mile from my comfortable home but I see children who are ill-clothed and ill-nourished, houses that are not fit for human habitation, men standing idle and dispirited for want of work. If I gave money to all the charitable societies that appeal to me, if I helped everyone who comes to my door for assistance, I should be beggared, and my children would be brought to want; and

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if I went out and worked all day among the poor and suffering, I should not be able to earn my living—moreover, I should but touch the edge of suffering.

But these reflections do not save my peace of mind. While I am earning my living, I think of those who stand at the street corner waiting for work; and while I am eating my meals, playing with my children, enjoying my garden, and spending money for the beauty and happiness of my home, I think of women in rags, children perishing for want of air, souls of humanity in a great legion going down to uttermost calamity. I save myself from pecuniary ruin by not giving to charity more money than I can afford; but I do not save myself from distress of mind, a feeling of shame, a sense of guiltiness. I am unhappy!

The Social Conscience

In this way there has come into existence what we now call the Social Conscience. This Social Conscience is not to be confounded with Public Opinion. Public Opinion belongs to morality; the Social Conscience is the creation of religion. Public Opinion says it is not right that one should feed well while another starves; the Social Conscience says, I cannot be happy while another is in want. And it goes much further. It will not let us pause in our duty to our neighbour to argue about political economy; it is impatient for millennium; it has no traditions, no precedents, no pedantry of the schools; it seeks heaven as a bird flies into the air; it believes that God meant existence to be beautiful, delightful, glorious; it will not rest till the Kingdom of Heaven is established on earth.

There has been no greater transition in history than this movement of the soul of man from Public Opinion to Social Conscience. I believe it is the beginning of the Kingdom of Heaven. I am quite sure that it is the working of Christ's heaven.

But just at this moment there is a tendency among men most active in the sphere of politics to claim the Social Conscience as the creation of morals. They do not believe in religion. They declare that organised Christianity is an obstacle to social reformation. They speak bitterly

and impatiently, and sometimes very contemptuously, of the Church. Their argument is that the moral consciousness has brought civilisation thus far upon its road, and that progress will be greater when all religious considerations are thrown utterly and for ever aside. The Social Conscience, they say, will protect civilisation from laxity in morals. We have only to trust the Social Conscience to bring heaven on earth—the only heaven we shall ever know.

Of course, they are wrong. You may have Public Opinion without religion, but not a Social Conscience. It is only centuries of insistence upon Christ's law of love which have created in the heart of the animal man this wonderful sensitiveness of soul which we call Social Conscience. In logic there is no justification for unselfishness; in political economy there is nothing but condemnation for benevolence; all the forces of materialism are opposed to sentiment, emotion, pity, sympathy, love, self-sacrifice; outside Christian countries there is no such thing as a Social Conscience. The supreme fallacy of these people lies in their first premise, that morality is independent of religion. Morality is the child of religion. Before religion there was no morality. Before the Christian religion there was no pure morality. In the darkest ages of the world to which we can go back, and among the most savage people now to be found upon the earth, record is borne to this truth—that faith in something superior to mankind has always been the sanction of the moral code. If we could destroy religion as we destroy an old building, our moral ideas, and the moral ideas of all posterity, would still be penetrated by the religious spirit which created them. A man may live to be a hundred, may have changed his mind a thousand times, and experienced every vicissitude possible to the children of men, but even at the last he is still the son of his mother, her blood is still in his veins, he is still flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone, and without her he could not have existed.

The Church and Social Reform

But these social reformers who would do without religion, and who say that we can with perfect safety commit the

RELIGION AND THE CRISIS

destinies of humanity to the Social Conscience, who seek, in fact, to ignore the imaginative and poetic faculty of man's soul, have truth and justice on their side in one most important respect. The Church has long been, and still very largely continues to be, indifferent to social reformation. It is a most curious and perplexing fact that while the great deeds of love and charity which distinguished the last century are almost entirely the work of her individual children, the Church herself, in her corporate capacity, has remained cold to political change, and indifferent to the inhuman conditions of the multitude. Men and women before whom we ought to kneel, the hem of whose garments we are quite unworthy to kiss, have breathed into the darkest midst of our cities' destitution the Spirit of Christ, have given, in Christ's Name, meat to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, have visited those who are sick, and those who are in prison, have sought, rescued and saved the perishing lost soul, have taken the fatherless children and widows into their care, have everywhere established, and on most permanent foundations, institutions of the purest Christian love, such as are not to be found in any other country throughout the world; and the Church, the great powerful mother of these her most devoted children, has done nothing to alter one single condition in that organisation of national life out of which flows nearly all the misery and destitution these faithful children are striving so heroically to succour and relieve.

The Underlying Cause

Men and women who work in the slums of great cities—Anglican clergymen, Catholic priests, Salvationists, missionaries, and district nurses—have said to me again and again: "As soon as a man is saved, as soon as he becomes conscious of the higher life, he leaves the slums and we never see him again; then we have to begin all over again with the man who comes to take his place."

This is the chief condemnation of Church apathy, Church inaction. And this is what we are doing as a State. We allow the very noblest of our fellow-beings to break their hearts and wear out their bodies in

devotion to those who are miserable, and we do nothing to remove the causes of misery, nothing to make the labour of those who work for the poor and suffering of universal effect. If the Bishop in the House of Lords, the Churchman in the House of Commons, and the Christian in the field of journalism worked for national reformation one half as hard as the curate or the district nurse in the slums works for individual reformation, how easy it would be to make the Social Conscience a force for righteousness, how soon we should be rid of all those things which shame our civilisation, which make it impossible for us to speak of Christian England, which prevent us from being happy.

Now, I am sure that one way in which religion can save civilisation in the approaching crisis is by claiming as her very own, and by actively developing, that sensitiveness of the modern soul which we call the Social Conscience. She must not allow the materialist to steal her child and usurp her place in the national life. On the contrary, she must insist upon her sovran rights, her sovran rights which are far older than the State, and must so organise her unequalled forces as to make by her own command the will of God binding on the conscience of the nation. She must be foremost. She must be first. She must be supreme.

Organising Against Poverty

If the Church of England, within a few months, can powerfully organise herself to resist the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, the whole Church of Christ in England can, surely, overwhelmingly organise herself to see that every little child in the land is given an opportunity to be good, happy, and worthy of immortal life.

Is her heart not torn by the awful destitution of the very poor? Is her spirit unmoved by children who from the moment of birth are doomed to iniquity? Is her soul not agonised by the meek and broken victims of sweating, the victims of the white slave traffic, the victims of a godless and gold-worshipping materialism? Ought she not to seize this moment of transition from Public Opinion to Social Conscience, in order to hasten the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth? Ought she

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not to be the bishop and pastor of democracy, the good shepherd of the poor and suffering, the Spirit of God moving with humanity to existence worthier of Divine creation? Ought it not to be her voice which exclaims: "These things have got to cease!—the land of England must be cleansed, the life of England must be purified, the soul of England must be made worthy of God?"

Think what it would mean for this great Empire and the world in general if we had a Church that declared with one voice for the utter and immediate abolition of slum dwellings, that condemned the sweater as an enemy of God, that warned the rich of their frightful responsibilities, that insisted upon the cleansing of London's central streets from their most abominable shame, and that placed righteousness—individual and national righteousness—before commercial gain and imperial glory. Think what it would mean if we had a Church as active for these things as the Church of England has been active against Disestablishment in Wales.

Is the Church Adequate?

But there is a feeling among men that the Church is not adequate to the great struggle which is about to take place. They feel that she is not very sincere, that she has compromised herself with the rich, that she is too aloof from the world to understand the spirit of democracy. Men say to me: "What sort of Church is it where one clergyman has a large income, a fine house, and enjoys himself along with the rich, while another clergyman gets less than a mechanic, lives in a mean back street, and breaks his heart over his work?" They feel that the Church is not sincere. For individual clergymen they have the greatest respect and very often the most devoted affection, but for the Church as an organisation they have little but suspicion.

Nothing could be more disastrous for a Church which can only exist so long as a nation believes in it, than the suspicion of democracy. The extraordinary popularity of Dr. Winnington Ingram as Bishop of Stepney was the East-End Londoner's faith in his absolute sincerity—it was like a transport of delight to the poor of London, a veritable rapture,

to feel that they had a Bishop living in their midst, visible to them night and day, busy incessantly for righteousness and love—a man who knew their children by name, who could withstand the Atheist lecturer in Victoria Park, and who helped them at every crisis of their hard and difficult life. The Englishman is a sceptic only when he has nothing to believe in. Give him something or somebody worthy of faith, and he believes with his whole heart. Give him a Church which is a visible expression of the Social Conscience, a visible moving of the Hands of God, a visible demonstration of man's Divine kinship, and he would not merely believe in such a Church, he would believe with his whole heart, joyfully, gratefully, passionately.

The first step to re-establish our fallen and suspected religion in the faith of democracy is a re-organisation of the Church. At least, among those who actually live by religion all things should be in common. There must be no rich parishes and no poor parishes; no idle clergymen and no overworked clergymen; no appearance of hypocrisy, no shadow of unreality; no inequalities that trouble men's faith. And when the Church is thus re-established, when she has recovered the zeal and enthusiasm of the first apostles, when the actual saving of men's souls is the central passion of her existence, she must make herself the good angel of the Social Conscience.

The Christian State

As an individual, I cannot obey the command of Christ: *Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.* But I do not by my disobedience elevate myself in wisdom above the Light of the World. I acknowledge that it is right to give, and right to lend, and because all my giving and lending would be of no avail, I insist that the State should be so organised that this giving and lending is done nationally. I say to the State: "I am willing to give what you ask, and to lend what you demand; tax me as you will, so long as you relieve distress, succour the poor, and educate little children in the way of righteousness; make England Christian England." That is to say, the individual is responsible to Christ, and the Christian State is responsible



PEACE

"PEACE on earth," Angelic choirs proclaimed,
 Yet men still seek for Peace and seek in vain.
 What then? Did Angels lie? Ah no, but men
 Forget the ending of the Angels' song.
 And where goodwill is not, how shall Peace come?
 For what of thee, O man, who dwell'st at ease,
 And carest not that these, thy fellow-men,
 Bow down beneath a load too great to bear,
 Of work and want, and speechless misery,
 To make thee rich. Wherein is thy goodwill?
 Dost thou find Peace in this? And thou, O man,
 Who toilest grudgingly to earn thy bread,
 Letting foul hate and envy fill thy heart,
 Peace cannot come to thee: she could not dwell
 With hate and envy; but she loves to be
 Wherever man doth seek to serve his God,
 Yield willing service to his fellow-men,
 And follow after Truth; and there, where Truth
 And Mercy meet with Righteousness, she will
 Be ever found; and when all men have learned
 Simply to live their lives in truth and love,
 All war and strife and bitterness shall cease,
 And earth be wrapped in universal Peace.

MABEL KYLE.



THE QUIVER

to the individual. We would do as a nation that which Christ could demand only of the individual. He has overcome not only the individual, but the world. The spirit of the Social Conscience, for instance, is straight in the direction of a Christian State. Men feel ashamed of living in comfortable houses, driving in luxurious carriages, cultivating beautiful gardens, and wearing fine raiment; none of these things is wrong—it might be argued, indeed, that all of them are of service to the State; but while millions of our people are in direst want, while thousands of children are born to an inheritance of moral corruption, while the chronicles of suffering and deprivation and despair fill our newspapers day after day and year after year, men can enjoy none of these good things as they desire to enjoy them. And, therefore, conscious that the individual can do little to assuage misery, and that by giving money he may do actual harm, while he certainly cannot alter the conditions which have produced that particular state of misery; conscious of this, men say that the State, which represents them religiously as well as politic-

ally, must act—they say that the State must execute the will of the Social Conscience.

And this spirit in the nation grows stronger. It is by no means confined to those who have great possessions or are very cultured and sensitive; it is to be found among well-off democracy, among working-men who know how frightfully those suffer who are not only just below them in the social scale, but who are their actual neighbours in the same street of life.

Religion can sanctify this Social Conscience, can save it from violence and folly, and shape it to the service of God. The opportunity of Religion with the individual is at the moment when conscience awakens, and the opportunity of Religion with a State is at the moment when national conscience bestirs itself and is uneasy. The moment has arrived. The opportunity stands now at the door of our national existence.

The Conscience of England is troubled. It is for Religion to determine whether England shall say, *I will arise and go to my Father.*



Northward Bound—Dr. Grenfell and his Dogs.

CHRISTMAS IN LABRADOR

By W. T. GRENFELL, C.M.G., M.D.,

Superintendent of the Labrador Medical Mission

WHEN I first went to the Coast, Christmas Day in Labrador was very little different from any other day in the year. For, notwithstanding a perfect setting for an old-fashioned Christmas—crackling snow, gorgeous sunshine and plenty of trees—what is the good of a Christmas tree if you have nothing to put on it; or of gathering your relatives together to eat a Christmas goose if you haven't even a seagull to offer for their entertainment?

In North Labrador, where the Meravian missionaries have been working among the Eskimo for something like 130 years, Easter is the great festival. At that time of all others in the year the people assemble at the Mission station. All the congregation is dressed in white, and they have a great feast together.

Here is a country where of necessity little or no attention is paid to child life, which is, of course, the very nucleus of the Christmas festival. The people are miserably poor, and even when a trapper or fisherman was so fortunate as to be able to afford a doll for his little girl, I have often seen it nailed up on the wall of his

cottage, well out of the reach of longing fingers. Not that the doll was much to boast of, for it was probably a wretched specimen at best.

Then, too, in the more northerly districts of Labrador the people live at long distances from each other; often purposely, that one man's trapping ground may not encroach on his neighbour's territory. Thus any sort of social life is next to impossible. If your nearest neighbour lives at a distance of sixty miles away, it is

unlikely that you will be running over to pay him a morning call every other day, particularly if you happen to be a woman, and have the duties of a house and a large family upon you. Moreover, even if the people do live nearer each other, there is often no school to serve as a centre, and where one does exist, as likely as not it closes with "the close of open water."

It is hard to realise the complete and utter solitude of children born in a land where, from November till June, they are cut off from all communication with the outside world, except such as comes to some places by an occasional and



Dr. Grenfell in Winter Dress.

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perfunctory dog mail. Even in summer, the mail boat may only visit certain settlements once or twice. In the winter months the sea, the people's main thoroughfare, is frozen for fifty miles out from the land, and the country itself is covered with a mantle of snow six to ten feet deep in places. Here and there are drifts which may surprise a householder any morning by forcing him to dig out his front door by beginning at the roof.

To us, born in England and accustomed to consider the winter utterly incomplete without Christmas, it seemed a deplorable

But there is no tinsel or lighted candles, no fruit or holly or flowers. The simplest of simple gifts will, however, evoke exclamations of wonder and delight from the small recipient, and often from his elders as well. I have seen a penny whistle regarded with as much amazed and grateful veneration as if it were a real Stradivarius.

One Christmas a half-breed Eskimo, by the name of Shuglo, started out two days before Christmas for the Hudson Bay Post at Rigolette, to buy some supplies so that his family might enjoy a "lassie loaf" on Christmas Day. Early in the winter he had



Dr. Grenfell's New Home.

thing that here were children with a capacity for the enjoyment of toys and games, and an appreciation for the meagrest of attentions which is unsurpassed in the children at home, with never a chance to own a doll or a tin soldier, and who had not so much as heard of Father Christmas. So we started in and collected some boxes of toys, which now we send around during the summer to as many settlements as we can supply.

When Christmas time comes, some local paterfamilias, or perhaps the doctor at one of the little hospitals, assumes the rôle of Father Christmas. Then the children who are by any possibility within walking distance—and walking distance in Labrador is something worthy of the name—assemble for the great event of the winter.

Sometimes a tiny spruce tree is dragged over the snow and the presents hung on it.

shot a white partridge (ptarmigan), which his wife had carefully preserved in our inexpensive and almost universal cold storage, so as to have some fresh fowl for the Christmas dinner.

In the second week in December he found a good lynx in one of his traps. Here was a Christmas indeed; for the pelt would bring in at least ten dollars at the Post, and that meant fats and molasses until Easter. There were only four in the family now, for, as it happened, two years before I had found them starving miserably and almost naked, trying to find shelter at the approach of winter under the lee of some rocks. At that time I persuaded the father and mother to give me two of the boys so that I might put them in our children's Home. Then we had moved the remaining members of the family to a place where the father could

CHRISTMAS IN LABRADOR



The Hospital in Summer.

get work for the winter. Since then their fortunes had bettered materially, till this year of which I am speaking, they were able to "reach to fats."

On Christmas Eve, Shuglo started home from the Post bringing with him the cherished molasses and oleo-margarine, and even six tins of milk. At sunset a driving blizzard set in, so he was unable to find the trail. Two days later his wife found him frozen to death, only a mile and a half from his own door.

Soon after I went to the Coast, I remember hearing of a trapper who lived just north of the Straits of Belle Isle. All communication between Labrador and Newfoundland is cut off during the winter owing to the running ice in the Straits.

The tide drives in with such force that the channel, though only nine miles across in places, is never completely frozen over. So a man catching furs in Labrador cannot cross over and market them in Newfoundland, but has to wait till the trader comes in the spring. Or, if there is a station near enough, he may be able to

sell them or exchange them for supplies at some Hudson Bay Post.

This particular trapper, MacKenzie, had caught three white foxes before Christmas. He was very anxious to spend the day with his family. So he toiled for two days and two nights through the drifts of snow and thick drogues

of forest, carrying his foxes with him. On the way he shot a rabbit, and added it to the collection in his "nonny bag."

When he arrived home he found his wife and children with nothing to eat in the house, no neighbours within twenty miles, and no chance of selling his three skins till the spring came, and with it open water. So the whole family had to take to the "komatik track," and spent Christmas Day trying to reach a neighbour's house, where they could, at least, get some dry flour to eat. There they stayed till his larder was empty, whereupon both families took to the road again, in search of the next neighbour. So they kept on till the winter ended.



Patients Convalescing in the Open Air.

THE QUIVER

One of my nurses asked a little girl this year if she had enjoyed her Christmas. "My, yes," was the delighted reply, "I had half an apple all to myself!"

One Christmas I was called to see a sick man living at a distance of some twenty miles from hospital. I was eager to get back in time to assume the rôle of Father Christmas in the festivities next evening. Christmas morning I was summoned to the village of St. Karl's to see a little boy who had been out on the ice the evening before trying to shoot a gull for the family's Christmas dinner. His foot slipped, the gun had exploded, and the shot had shattered his knee joint.

The short December day was already closing and the sun had sunk back of the line of hills which loomed up dark against a dull red sky, when we finally pulled up at the door of the shack. When I entered the house, the child was lying stretched out on the floor, his knee swathed in a mass of blood-stained rags, and his broken-hearted mother was kneeling beside him weeping.

It took only a moment's examination to see that if we would hope to save the lad's limb and possibly his life, we must get him to hospital at once. We laid the injured leg on to a board and strapped it fast, so as to run as little risk as possible of further

damage to it on the journey. I then started off on the first komatik, and the little patient, accompanied by his father and an elder brother, were to follow me on a second.

But what of the children and the long-delayed Christmas tree? Could we get back in time? It seemed as if the dogs themselves knew how eager we were, for as they raced over the crackling snow the miles rolled away behind us, and the moon rose over the hill at our left and appeared to watch us with friendly interest.

Then the lights of St. Anthony began to twinkle in the distance, and five minutes later we brought up at the hospital door. At first the children took me for Father Christmas, but I explained to them that I had brought him from the North Pole, and he would be along directly. Sure enough, at that moment up came the two men. They were dressed in furs, their beards covered with frost, and on their sleigh they had the unmistakable box. The children fell back rather awe-struck as the men carried their burden in through the hospital door. Surely that box must be full of toys for them!

Fifteen minutes later they were ushered into the room where the gaily decorated tree was standing. They had their Christmas toys, but we were given an even better present—the chance to save a little boy's life.



The First Kindergarten in St. Anthony—and in Newfoundland.



THE GREAT QUESTION



BY
ETHEL
F.
HEDDLE

SHE had been motoring back from Richmond, and the car had broken down. It was a dreadfully wet night, and not a cab was to be seen. People splashed through the puddles with a look of stern endurance—which is British courage in one of its by no means smallest expressions—and no one paid any heed to Lady Erncliffe in her sables, lifting one French shoe, with a shining buckle, out of the wet.

"Go on and get a taxicab," she said with royal indifference as to difficulties, to the chauffeur. "I see a church over there, I shall go in and shelter. Bring it there."

She disappeared then, leaving the young man by the car, touching his leather cap, and she picked her way daintily across the road and pushed the door open. The service was half through. A few meagre and bare evergreen wreaths decorated the walls. The curate, a pale, delicate man, with fair hair, pushed back from a face of almost womanly sweetness, was just entering the pulpit. There was the look of the sword wearing out the scabbard; there was, besides, great delicacy. He coughed as he clasped the edge of the pulpit for a moment, and Lady Erncliffe,

taking a seat at the end of the pew, gave a little start. Her look of languid, bored indifference changed to arrested attention.

"It is Nigel Bruce! How odd!"

The church was very ugly, but it was well filled even on this bad night. Lady Erncliffe, however, saw nothing of the bare walls, and the dirty pillars, and the faded gilt letters above the chancel. She was thinking of the last time she had seen Nigel Bruce. The years rolled back. She had flirted with him outrageously at a certain country house—led him on—played with him, on him, as if he were an instrument. He was there on a brief vacation. She had practised certain looks and tones. The instrument responded as an æolian harp to the west wind. His love had been a poem—an adoration. Then she laughed—threw him aside like an old glove. She married "*the rich Lord Erncliffe*," and he conveniently died, three years later; and she had drunk every drop of the great brimming chalice of life. Lord Erncliffe was old, and tiresome, and prosy, but he left her everything—estates and carriages and jewels. An exemplary husband, she said.

Yet now, at thirty-five, she was bored,

THE QUIVER

cross, weary, bitterly satiated. There was nothing left to do. Nothing to wish for! She had everything. People bored her, places, amusements, even dress. She had lost the power of enjoyment. The salt had lost its savour. How had Bruce fared?

She listened to the sermon with a curious, arrested look.

"*What think ye of Christ?*"

She had not thought anything of Him at all!

The sermon proceeded, and Ianthe Erncliffe heard every word. The man was so extraordinarily in earnest. Nothing else seemed to matter—except that! He pleaded so hard—was in such a passion of earnestness. What did we think of Him? How did we act? Had we realised that Heaven was here—here, in this dark, and sinning, and suffering world—if we carried Him in our hearts? That Heaven could begin here!

"Who is that? The Vicar?"

Two girls, whispering in front. Lady Erncliffe listened.

"Goodness, no! Only the curate! Looks at death's door. And he has a delicate wife and three children—one lame! Someone told me he is positively nearly starving! Really starving! He has about a hundred a year, and the wife has been ill and had a nurse. Mrs. Mylie found it out—but, of course, being gentlefolks, no one can do anything."

"He's so good! Why doesn't he get a charge?"

"Talks too much about the poor—people don't like their pockets picked. They say he's a bit of a Socialist."

"I'd be, too, if I were starving!" the first girl said.

Lady Erncliffe was aware, then, of the chauffeur at her elbow.

"A taxi is here, my lady."

She got up and walked out just as the churchwarden approached with a bag. She did not notice. She looked at the notice board: "St. Joseph's, Brackenby." She went out over the ugly mats, and the ugly door shut to behind her.

Lewis put her into the taxi, and gave the number in Berkeley Square. The taxi hummed off, and Lady Erncliffe sat, with her hands clasped in her lap, the diamonds flashing in her laces and on her white hands.

"*Starving!* . . . *No one can do anything for gentle people!* *Starving!*"

And then another voice, eager, pleading, wistful—a hoarse voice—a winning, hectic face:

"*What think ye of Christ?*"

He had been a dreamer—an idealist—a beautiful, ardent spirit. She had never come across quite such another. To him women were all angels. Somehow she remembered suddenly his face looking into hers. Men had admired her—many, many men—but never like that. "*Starving!*" The taxi stopped, and she got out.



She was in her boudoir next day opening letters, when one arrested her. The secretary waited, her hands in her neat lap. The lawyer wanted to know what she proposed doing about the Erncliffe living. The old vicar was dead. It was £500 a year—very good, for a country living—and a nice vicarage. Had she any one in view? If not, might he suggest—?

She suddenly stopped, and the letter fluttered out of her hand. Her secretary looked up from the machine.

"Write and say he is to communicate with the Rev. Nigel Bruce, of St. Joseph's, Brackenby," Lady Erncliffe said, "and offer it to him. He is to do it at once." She frowned, thinking. "I should like it settled before I go to the White Nile. That is all, Miss Young."

Miss Young typed the letter, and posted it. It was Christmas Eve afternoon.



At No. 7, Grainger Row, the curate had just let himself in with his latchkey, very quietly and gently. His face was absolutely pallid. There had been services all day, and there was one just now, but the vicar seeing his deathly look after the carols, had bidden him, kindly, go home.

"Mrs. Bruce is still ill, I understand. My brother is here. We can manage. Go home and rest."

But there was no thought of rest in Nigel Bruce's heart. The nurse was having her time off, and he must see after the children, and sit with his wife. He opened the door of the shabby sitting-room and looked in. A wretched fire burned in the grate. The children were crouching round; little Fan was trying to read to the boys. It was a story about Christmas, and her voice shook a little as she described the Christmas party,

THE GREAT QUESTION

and the Christmas stockings, and the Christmas pantomime.

Nigel could hear Dick's voice. Dick was lame, but usually very cheerful.

"Some day we'll go!" he said. "Mother promised we'd go to Drury Lane. The place is full of children on Boxing Night. And they laugh, and laugh, and laugh! It's 'Dick Whittington' this year, and the Cat is going to be a man who is awfully funny. The nurse told me so— Oh, father!"

He came in, and, tired as he was, tried to cheer them up. Somehow he coaxed the tired and cross maid of all work to bring tea then, and he asked for more coal.

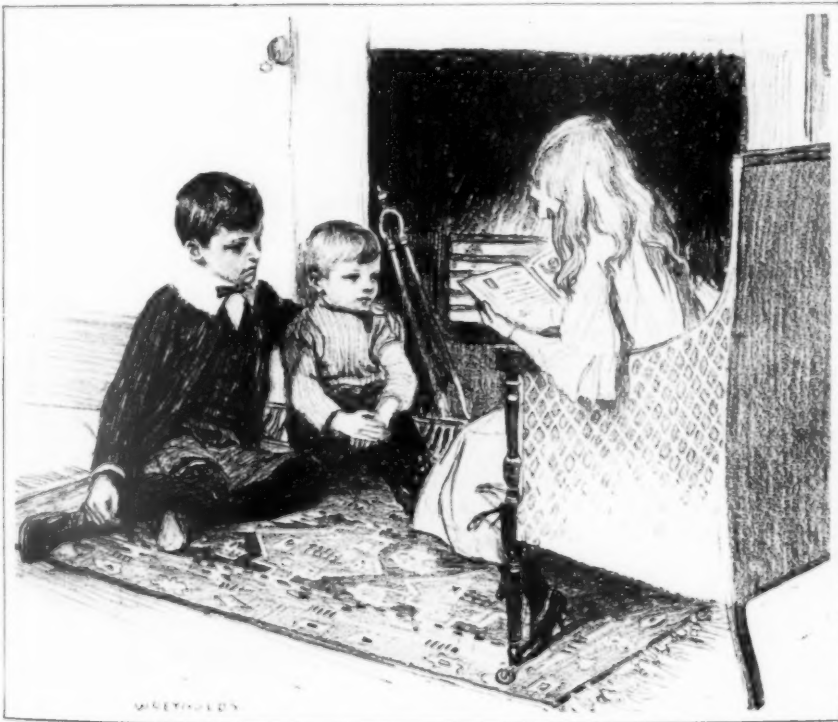
"There baint none, sir!" Gladys said, "not a bit in the cellar! Not so much as a handful of coal dust! And, if you please, sir, nurse says she can't eat bread and cheese for supper no more! She was real 'aughty about it, and about 'er tea." Gladys tossed her head. "I ain't used to serving duchesses,

and so I told 'er. 'I'd like to see you with clean 'ands,' she says, 'once a day!' 'Would yer?' I says, 'Maybe you'd like me with a crown on my 'ead, too?'"

Somehow he soothed Gladys, and they partook of weak tea and bread and scrape. Then, leaving Fan to put the boys to bed, Nigel Bruce went upstairs to Margaret.

She sat up, wild-eyed and hectic. His heart began to hammer at his side as he looked at her. If the nurse left? And how was he going to pay the nurse? The coal had given out; how was he going to get coal? People did things for the poor—the very poor—but he—he was a clergyman, and wore a black coat. Who did anything for clergymen?

"Nigel," she said hoarsely, "I want to talk to you—now that she is out I can speak! You had better let her go, dear. She isn't one of the ideal nurses. She grumbles at everything! Let her go!—An!



"The children were crouching round; little Fan was trying to read to the boys."

Drawn by
W. Reynolds.

THE QUIVER

what are you doing, dear? Who is looking after you? I hear Fan coughing at nights! Nigel, do you know I feel as if we had reached the very outside edge of things? I am going down in a sea of doubt! My faith has gone—it is slipping away! You have served God so well—what has He done for you?"

He tried to smile, and sat down and took her hands.

"He gave me *you*, Margaret," he said; "when my faith, too, seemed gone, and my belief in womanhood. You came—tender, and true, and faithful—one of the women who make the world a different place—who make it *possible*!"

"But now, Nigel, now! You hide it, but I know how poor we are—I know it! I lie awake hearing the traffic—the roar and the rush. In all rich London they are pouring out money—lavishing it around. I seem to see Regent Street and the motor broughams, and the women in their furs and jewels. One day *she* drove past—Lady Erncliffe—in jewels that cost a ransom; I could see the pearls at her throat. No, don't shrink! your sister told me; I know you never mentioned her name. What has she ever done for God? And yet He laps her round in luxury, and you are killing yourself—for Him! Is it fair?"

Margaret had never been like this before. Nigel gazed at her in wide-eyed amazement. He had never known she felt like this. Now she almost smiled at his look.

"You didn't know I could be so wicked!" she cried. "But you are starving—yes, starving—and starvation makes people wicked! Oh! yes, I sit in my front pew, and kneel and pray—a lot of us kneel and pray, and yet our 'little devils,' as Mrs. Carlyle said, may be very 'ill chained!' I am in the dark, Nigel, in the dark!"

But he brought her back to the light! Sorrow, privation, fear—the ever-present fear which dogs the footsteps of the poor, and seems to be behind life like a great octopus, always ready, with tentacle arms, to drag them down to an abyss—could not separate them. "Many waters quench not love"; fear could not quench theirs.

He rose to go as the knocker sounded loudly in the tiny hall. He would go and tuck the children up!

No Christmas stockings, alas! No Christmas! Santa Claus did not know No. 7,

Grainger Row, Brackenby! Perhaps he only favours more aristocratic quarters, where coals do not "give out," and nurses have no excuse to look like duchesses, and to disdain bread and cheese. He went and took out the letter, half absently. A question, a great question, was ringing in his ears. A fox was gnawing at his heart.

Must he beg—beg bread from the vicar? He had felt he would rather die! The doctor had told him plainly that Margaret must leave London. She *must* leave London. "Must go into the country." Doctors order things so superbly, and one smiles and says: "Yes, oh yes, of course!" And then one mutters half to oneself: "But it is quite impossible!"

He took out the letter. A typed letter, and he looked at it absently. He went into the chilly dining-room, and regarded the low fire. Gladys had said there was "no coal." No coal!—not a scuttleful of dross.

He tried to smile. Tried to face it all with a brave heart. God did not forget—never forgot! As his old Scotch nurse used to say: "*God is a rich provider.*"

He sat down suddenly, and covered his face with his thin hands.

"Daddy," little Fan said, coming in, "I've put them both to bed. And I rolled up an old chocolate box for Ted. It—it was better than nothing, dad! Here is your letter—fallen down."

He took it from her absently, and opened it. He was chilled through and through.

"*A rich provider!*" No coal, no food! Margaret would die!

Half absently he glanced over the type-written words. Slowly, numbly, took them in.

The Erncliffe living! Five hundred a year—in the country—the beautiful green country—he knew the part—remembered the rose-covered vicarage.

He startled little Fan by falling suddenly on his knees and hiding his face in his thin hands. He had no words to say—no words could frame the broken music, the sublimated essence of gratitude, which was filling his soul with fragrance. Only it sent him to his knees.

Then he went to see Margaret.



Lady Erncliffe, in her dahabceyah, floated up the Nile like a second Cleopatra, under silken sails to softest music. It was all

THE GREAT QUESTION



"Lady Erncliffe floated up the Nile in her dahabeeyah, like a second Cleopatra."

Drawn by
W. Reynolds.

rather tedious! She had done it before. She had done everything before! Only, sometimes, when the desert was golden and ochre and tawny, and slow camels paced by, and an unearthly glow of crimson and rose bathed the ripples and the white deck, she would see again, in a fleeting memory, the

white spiritual face, and hear the pleading words: "What think ye of Christ?"

"I must have been sent there!" Ianthe thought. "It was odd—odd! I wonder if there is anything in it—after all? I had never thought anything of Him at all. Never—all my life! I—wonder!"



(Photo: J. S. Howard, Littlehampton.)

O FRIEND, never strike sail to a fear.
Come into port greatly; or sail with
God the seas.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



The Star in the Soul

ALL that life meant to her was the tedium of listening to a peevish invalid, shut up in a close room. She wondered for a moment if love and romance were all just a beautiful dream. What chance had she ever had in life? Of what use was it to uphold a standard if there was no one to know or care? She made an effort, but to what end?

Now that her grandmother was dead what creature in the world cared for her or her standard at all? The dark house, with its atmosphere of hopeless illness, was like the thought of the grave to her.

Men have died of despair, she thought. Men have died in prison, and never got out. How, in such an existence, could she ever prevent herself falling entirely? Then she thought of her Aunt Clare, "the unlit lamp, and the ungirt loin," the mental and moral slackness that had never held hard to anything. She would never, she vowed to herself—she would never lead a life like that. Hers should be pure and righteous, even if it was spent, to her last hour, with the dullest of the dull. If she died making bead cushions with Miss Briggs she would die at least with a star in her soul.—MARY FINDLATER.



ONE with God is always a majority.—
Spanish Proverb.

In Straitened Ways

WHEN I am tempted to repine
That such a lowly lot is mine,
There comes a Voice to me which saith,
"Mine were the streets of Nazareth."

So mean, so common and confin'd,
And HE the Monarch of mankind;
Yet patiently HE travelleth
Those narrow streets of Nazareth.

It may be I shall never rise
To place or fame beneath the skies,
But walk in straitened ways till death,
Narrow as streets of Nazareth.

Yet if through honour's arch I tread,
And there forget to bend my head,
Ah, let me hear the Voice which saith,
"Mine were the streets of Nazareth."
—N. R.



Not Wasted

YOUR account of yourself reminds me of my own feeling when I was young. I thought my life was aimless, purposeless, and I wanted something else to do; but events compelled me to adhere to what promised to be a dull life and a useless one. The result has been that few men have had more interesting and useful work to do—whether it has been done ill or well—than I have had.

Man proposes and God disposes, and His dispositions yielded to and accepted turn out for our happiness.—RT. HON. W. H. SMITH, M.P.

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

No Waste in God's Treasure-House

"ALL I could never be," the poet says, "that I was worth to God"; and this story seems recorded to prove it. Jonathan is given us to answer the cry that rises from our hearts—when we see "the rich set in low place, and princes walking as servants on the earth"; when we see those who might have done so greatly for God and His cause cut off early, laid entirely aside, or imprisoned in narrow, uncongenial spheres—"to what purpose is this waste?" There is no waste in the treasure-house of God. Powers unrecognised, faculties undeveloped here, have found already their full recognition with Him, and shall find their full development in His kingdom. There is no room in the completed story of the sons of God for those "saddest of all sad words of tongue or pen," *it might have been*. For Christ has redeemed the "might have beens" of His servants. They are safe in His keeping.—DORA ALCOCK.

After the Fire at Serampore

CAREY walked with me over the smoking ruins. The tears stood in his eyes. "In one short evening," he said, "the labours of years are consumed. How unsearchable are the ways of God. I had lately brought some things to the utmost perfection of which they seemed capable, and contemplated the missionary establishment with, perhaps, too much self-congratulation. *The Lord has laid me low, that I may look more simply to Him.*" Who could stand in such a place, at such a time, with such a man, without feelings of regret, and solemn exercise of mind? . . . All was smiling and promising a few hours before; now all is vanished into smoke, or converted into rubbish! Return now to thy books, regard God in all thou doest, learn Arabic with humility. Let God be exalted in all thy plans, and purposes, and labours; He can do without thee.—REV. THOMAS THOMASON.

I HAVE lately seen two wonders—the first as I was looking out of my window and saw the stars in heaven and all that beautiful vault of God. And yet I saw no pillars on which the Master-BUILDER had fixed this vault; yet the heavens fell not, and the great vault stood fast. Now there are some who search for the pillars, and want to touch and to grasp them, and when they cannot they wonder and tremble, as if the heaven must certainly fall, just because

they cannot grasp its pillars. If they could only lay their hands on them they think that the heavens would stand firm.—MARTIN LUTHER.

In no Strange Land

NOT where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars;
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing.
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry; and upon thy sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my soul, my daughter,
Cry, clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Genesareth, but Thames.

—FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Athanasius Against the World

ATHANASIUS, by the space of forty-six years, from the time of his consecration till the last hour of his life in this world, they never suffered to enjoy the comfort of a peaceable day. . . .

Only of Athanasius there was nothing observed through that long tragedy, other than such as very well became a wise man to do, and a righteous to suffer. So that this was the plain condition of those times: *the whole world against Athanasius, and Athanasius against it.* Half a hundred years spent in doubtful trial which of the two in the end would prevail; the side which had all, or else the part which had no friend but God and death; the one a defender of his innocence, the other a finisher of his troubles.—RICHARD HOOKER.

I GATHER that your home is depressing. Everyone's home is depressing, I believe. It is your difficult duty to make it less so.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

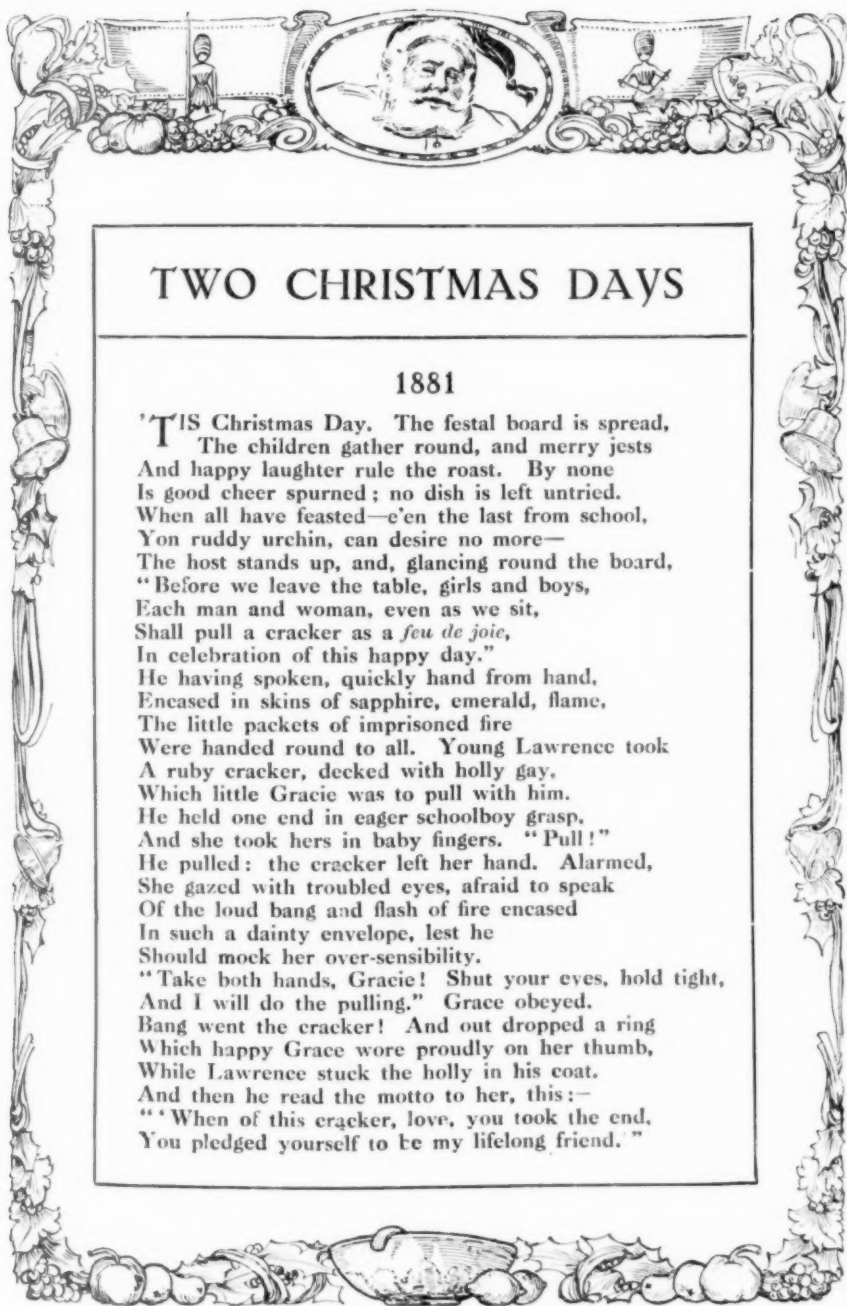
IT is not in the changing of our tasks that the pathway to true holiness lies, but rather in the changing of the spirit in which we fulfil them.—BROTHER LAWRENCE.

(Selections sent in for Quotations Competition by Miss Hilda C. Gregg, Kirkley, Eastbourne.)



"Bang went the cracker!
And out dropped a ring."

*Drawn by
Simon Harmon Vedder.*



TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS

1881

'TIS Christmas Day. The festal board is spread,
The children gather round, and merry jests
And happy laughter rule the roast. By none
Is good cheer spurned; no dish is left untried.
When all have feasted—e'en the last from school,
Yon ruddy urchin, can desire no more—
The host stands up, and, glancing round the board,
"Before we leave the table, girls and boys,
Each man and woman, even as we sit,
Shall pull a cracker as a *feu de joie*,
In celebration of this happy day."
He having spoken, quickly hand from hand,
Encased in skins of sapphire, emerald, flame,
The little packets of imprisoned fire
Were handed round to all. Young Lawrence took
A ruby cracker, decked with holly gay,
Which little Gracie was to pull with him.
He held one end in eager schoolboy grasp,
And she took hers in baby fingers. "Pull!"
He pulled: the cracker left her hand. Alarmed,
She gazed with troubled eyes, afraid to speak
Of the loud bang and flash of fire encased
In such a dainty envelope, lest he
Should mock her over-sensibility.
"Take both hands, Gracie! Shut your eyes, hold tight,
And I will do the pulling." Grace obeyed.
Bang went the cracker! And out dropped a ring
Which happy Grace wore proudly on her thumb,
While Lawrence stuck the holly in his coat.
And then he read the motto to her, this:—
"When of this cracker, love, you took the end,
You pledged yourself to be my lifelong friend."



1901

'TIS Christmas Day. The hospital is decked
With such green branches as the dusty veldt
Can offer as a substitute for box,
For berried holly, and for mist'etoe;
And such a feast is spread as best can fit
The hallowed day, seeing it is the best
That can be offered. Nurses to and fro—
Each with the Cross of suffering on her arm,
That small red Cross, the signal of relief—
Carry the food to those too ill to rise.
And now the feast is done. The Matron stands,
And holding up a box, she cries, "A treat!
Here is a box of crackers straight from home.
Enough for every nurse and patient here
To share." And as she spoke she, smiling, held
A cracker to a wounded major near.
Nurse Grace was standing by her. She picked up
A ruby cracker, decked with holly gay,
And took it down the ward to the last bed,
Where, sorely wounded in unflinching fight,
Lay Captain Lawrence. When he saw her come
A smile smoothed lines of suffering from his face.
He took one end in his weak grasp, and she
Closed her firm fingers on the bright fringe. "Pull!"
She pulled: the cracker left his hand. Alarmed,
She gazed with troubled eyes, afraid lest she
Had overtaken his strength. But he laughed back:
"Do you remember Christmas, years ago?
I'll take both hands, and you shall give a tug!"
Bang went the cracker! And out dropped a ring.
"How turns the wheel of fortune!" Lawrence cried.
"So chanced it twenty years ago to-day.
Do you recall our former motto: This:
'When of this cracker, love, you took the end,
You pledged yourself to be my lifelong friend,'"
"Well, we are friends!" said Grace. And he said, "Yes,
But yet I would that we were more than friends.
What says the motto here?" He took the slip
Of folded paper, decked with little hearts
And smiling Cupids. He the motto read:
"'I love you, dearest—will you be my wife?
The cracker's split, but we'll be joined for life.'"
Though Lawrence passed that night in sleepless pain,
He clasped the motto tightly all the while,
And in his heart there burnt a fire of joy.
While happy Grace wore proudly next her heart
The cracker ring that made her his for life.

D. AUSTEN LEIGH.



"Do you remember Christmas,
years ago?"

*Drawn by
Simon Harmon Vedder.*



"Strong and willing hands were ready to be extended to help and save"—p. 221.

Drawn by
E. S. Hodgson.

PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES

II.—THE PERIL OF THE CLIFF-CLIMBER

From the Narrative of Coastguard ROBERT BARNES

As Told to WALTER WOOD

This story tells of one of the most thrilling deeds of heroism of recent years. The Flamborough Head cliffs, where the rescue which is described took place, are known to many thousands of visitors, many of whom, in the nesting season, have watched with breathless interest the intrepid climbers who collect sea-birds' eggs from nests in the face of the mighty cliffs. The date of this event was June 6th, 1910, when Coastguard Robert Barnes was stationed at Flamborough.

IF you look down the coast from the spot where we are talking, you will see Flamborough Head, though it is twenty miles away. The Head is famous for many things—Paul Jones fought a big battle near it, and won a fine victory, and there have been vast numbers of ships and men lost on the rocks thereabouts, for it is one of the most dangerous regions on the British

coast. But I am not going to spin a yarn about ships or sailors—I am going to tell you what happened in the cliff-climbing season, when men hang fly-like over precipices and gather eggs from all sorts of nooks and crannies. The eggs are mostly blown and then sold to visitors, though sometimes they are eaten. But they are too strong to suit ordinary tastes, and serve best as

PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES

mementoes of a visit to a celebrated spot. The eggs fetch from a penny to four shillings each, according to their rarity, so the climber is very keen to get a good supply.

So that you may understand my story, I must explain what climbing really is, and how it is carried out. The climbing is done only in the breeding season, in the early summer, and as the period is not a long one the climbers have to make the best of it. The dangerous work has been in the hands of a very few people for many years, and I don't think there is likely to be much competition from outsiders, for the climbing needs a body of iron and a nerve of steel to see it through. A man's life depends entirely on a rope, and sometimes, when the rope gets frayed and worn, depends almost on a thread—at any rate on a strand.

The cliffs which the climbers work rise sheer from the sea four hundred feet—twice the height of a tall church steeple. The face of them is like an enormous wall of limestone, almost perpendicular everywhere, but abounding in ledges, nooks and crannies where the sea-birds build their nests and lay their eggs.

There is only one way of reaching the nests, and that is by being lowered by ropes from the brow of the cliffs, from spot to spot, so that the climber can collect the eggs and put them in a basket which he carries fastened to his body. When he has filled his basket he is hauled up to the top. The apparatus used is very simple. A derrick or davit is made fast near the edge of the cliff, and from this the rope is lowered and hauled, the climber being made fast in it, and the men on the cliff hauling or lowering according to the signals they get from the climber, who is furnished with a special rope for the purpose. By means of this rope, and the signals he makes on it, he can easily indicate his wishes. The first signal he sends up, after being lowered over the edge of the cliff, is that he has descended far enough for the time being, and is about to set to work to gather eggs.

Well, that will give you a general idea of the cliffs and the climbers. Picture the men fly-like in the air, looking almost like dots from the beach below and the brow of the cliff above, carrying on their work quietly and contentedly.

On this June day of which I am speaking four climbers were collecting eggs—three

brothers and a cousin. One of the four was a fine young fellow, named Joss Major, who was only about twenty-one years old. Major had gone over the edge of the cliff in the usual way, secured in his rope and with his signal rope all clear and ready for use, and the crowd of interested visitors on the top of the cliff had watched him disappear over the brow of the cliff and swing out into the awful nothingness four hundred feet above the sea. I dare say that many a heart went pit-a-pat as he vanished and the work of lowering began. Some people suppose that in such work as this a man may be lowered in a few seconds, or, at most, a very few minutes; but that is far from being the case, for the greatest caution has to be exercised, so that the climber shall not have his rope fouled or come into dangerous contact with the sharp edges of the cliff, or loosen stones or pieces of rock and bring them about his head.

Minute after minute passed; but still the rope was paid out from the davit, and there was no suspicion that anything was amiss. No thought of ill entered the minds of the visitors; they were simply waiting for the climber to come up again, so that they might see the end of the adventure and buy some of the eggs as mementoes of their visit to the famous Head.

But the men at the tackle on the brow of the cliff knew that something serious had happened, for when the climber had been lowered as far as it was usual to go there was no signal made to indicate the fact; yet they went on paying out the rope, for it might be that Major was making a longer descent than usual in his quest for eggs.

Then, when it was clear that something had gone wrong, they looked over the edge of the cliff, and saw that Major had met with an accident. More than three hundred feet below them he was bleeding and unconscious, because, in his descent, he had dislodged a piece of rock or a large stone, and this had struck him on the head. If he had not been securely fastened in the rope he would have fallen out and crashed on to the rocky beach below.

I knew the climbers were at work, but I did not know anything was wrong until I heard alarmed cries that someone was over the cliffs.

When the shouts were raised I was playing

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with my youngest child, but I put her down and hurried off at once to join my comrades of the coast-guard, who had been summoned to the brow of the cliff.

I did not know what had actually happened—it might have been a visitor who had gone over the edge. Not long ago a boy, thereabouts, who was craning over to photograph a sea-bird's nest, overbalanced and was dashed to pieces on the beach far below. But I soon learnt that it was one of the climbers who had come to grief.

By that time he had been lowered quite down to the beach, for, owing to the fouling of the ropes, it was impossible to haul him up again. On the beach he lay, tended by comrades who had been lowered to see what they could do for him. As a matter of fact they could do nothing but stand by, because anyone could see that poor Major was beyond ordinary aid.

Two things had to be done—first, get a doctor on the spot, and then raise Major up from the beach. To get a doctor meant to communicate with Bridlington, six miles away, and to get Major on the cliff again meant that he had to be hauled up by a rope or some other means.

You must bear in mind that at that particular place there are no landings for boats, and no boats. You cannot go to the beach except by a long, roundabout way; you just have to trust to a rope—and luck. Major, as a matter of fact, was lying in a little inlet, or sort of yard, and the tide was rising. It is hard to imagine anything more hopeless than his situation, or circumstances more difficult for rescuers to overcome. I am not saying that because I brought him up—any other comrade would have done that; but merely to indicate the difficulties in the way of help and rescue.

There are two rocket carts at Flamborough: one at Flamborough itself, which is about four miles away from the Head, and the other at the Head. When the alarm was raised that someone was over the cliff, it was decided that both carts should be taken, with our ladders—rope ladders, with wooden "spells," or rungs, the longest of which was about 120 feet; but it was quickly seen that these ladders were useless, as they would not reach from the top to the bottom of the cliff. The ladders were got out and held in readiness, but, as a

matter of fact, they were never used, nor even tried.

When we reached the top of the cliff we found that a gentleman who was watching the climbers had rushed away and telephoned to Dr. William Albert Wetwan, of Bridlington, urging him to come at once.

The doctor sped off in his motor-car, and soon covered the half-dozen miles between Bridlington and the lonely Head. When he arrived he did one of the most splendid things that doctors have done for a long time—and that is saying a good deal. If he had to be of any use at all he must see the patient, and to see poor Major meant being lowered over that terrible abyss—a nerve-racking adventure for even Navy men like myself, who are more or less used to such things. Dr. Wetwan allowed himself to be made fast in one of the ropes, and he was lowered down the 400 feet and landed safely on the beach, where he at once saw to the patient.

As Major's comrades, being otherwise engaged, had no chance of bringing him up to the top of the cliff, it was necessary to get a volunteer to go down to the beach and see what he could do in the way of helping the doctor. There were plenty of volunteers—I was amongst them, and I dare say the chief reason why I was chosen was that I was, perhaps, the biggest and strongest member of the coast-guard.

I knew that the climbers' ropes were fouled, and that the ladders were useless, because they were not long enough to reach the beach, so I set to work to choose a rope from our own supply. This was not an easy thing to do, because a very long, strong rope was needed. At last I selected what I thought was the likeliest, and this having been made fast to me and to the top of the cliff, the business of lowering began.

I was not particularly confident when I swung over the brow and knew that I was 400 feet above the rocks, for it was a good old drop in case anything went wrong, and there was always the chance of dislodging a big stone or piece of rock, especially with one who was not accustomed to climbing. Now that I am talking about it again, I wonder afresh at the doctor's pluck in taking the job on.

It was a slow and ticklish business to go down the face of the precipice, but after about twenty minutes' cautious work—it



"It was a slow and ticklish business to go
down the face of the precipice."

Drawn by
E. S. Hedgeson.

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seemed far longer than that—a third of an hour during which my heart was more often in my mouth than I cared about—I touched the beach and joined the doctor.

I had had a pretty adventurous time, and when I landed the doctor said, "You've broken more eggs in coming down than these poor fellows have collected in their climbing; but never mind the eggs. Let us get the patient up."

I looked at Major, and saw that his case was very bad. He was unconscious, and was covered with blood—a pitiful and dreadful sight.

"What's to be done, sir?" I asked. "How is he to be handled? And is he fit to be got up?"

"Signal up," replied the doctor, "and tell them to hold the car in readiness to take him to hospital as soon as we get him to the top."

I set to work on the beach at once to semaphore with my arms, going out as far as I could get, which was no great distance; but the signalling proved a slow and difficult task, for the message had to be sent letter by letter, and my comrades far above me read it slowly, too, because, they explained later, as they looked down from that great distance my arms seemed to be only about six inches long.

In the meantime the coast-guard above had got the anchor belonging to the rocket apparatus on to the beach, with the object of giving a hold to and steadying ropes which would have to be lowered for the raising of the patient. This anchor, however, had only one fluke, and was, therefore, useless for gripping such rocky ground as the beach, so I signalled up to them to send down a hawser. This they did, and the hawser was paid out and I made it ready for the most dangerous part of the work.

When I had got the hawser the coast-guard at the top began to lower the breeches-buoy, so that Major could be made fast in it and hauled up.

The breeches-buoy, as you know, is shaped like a life-buoy, with short, stout openings through which legs can be put, so that, with the lower limbs secured in this way, and the arms resting on the buoy itself, a person can be handled very skilfully and safely, so far as ordinary sea work goes; but in ordinary sea work the task is mostly

one of establishing communication between the shore and a wreck, and hauling the breeches-buoy and its occupant along a rope that is either horizontal or nearly so. You will readily understand that in the present case the matter was entirely different, because the patient had to be pulled up a great height vertically.

We set to work at once and did not lose a moment in getting Major into the buoy and making him fast. Then an unexpected difficulty arose, for the doctor said, "He's not fit to go up alone."

"Very well, sir," I answered; "I'll go up with him."

So it was arranged that I should do this, and I set to work to make myself secure above the patient, and so arrange myself that I should shield him from any falling stones or earth. This was not an easy thing, but I managed to sit astride the patient and the buoy and to get a good hold of the hawser, and these precautions having been taken, I made up my mind for a pretty long and bad time during the journey up. It had been bad enough coming down, by myself; but it was infinitely worse in the company of such a poor mangled fellow creature. Mind you, I had to be not only very near, but to hang on to him, and the sight, as I have said, was pitiful and dreadful. The unconscious man simply huddled up in the buoy like a lifeless thing.

Very slowly we began to rise from the beach, and it grew farther and farther from me as we hung from the hawser in the air. My great object was to keep the hawser from twisting round, which it could so easily do, and I had to steer up the cliff and at the same time shelter Major and see that his face did not turn towards the cliff.

In spite of all my care, loose stones and earth came raining down, owing to the contact of the hawser with the cliff, but I managed to keep them from touching or hurting my charge. Of course they were not big stones—if they had been I should not have been telling this story; but they were big enough to tear my clothes to shreds—I was wearing my uniform, of course—and to bruise and skin my back and shoulders. I did not notice these things at the time, but I knew about them afterwards, especially the skinning and the bruises.

Foot by foot we were slowly hauled up.

PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES

and the farther we got from the beach and the higher in the air, the more I became filled with horror, for I began to see that the rope, on which our two lives depended, was not strong enough to bear the great weight and the growing strain.

Imagine my sensations, if you can, when I found that out, and knew that when the hauling stopped, as it did from time to time, it was because the men at the top of the cliff were almost afraid to continue their operations. There was no going back, however: it was victory or nothing now, and so the task proceeded, both I and the men above knowing that if the rope parted the injured man and myself would be jelly at the bottom.

Despite all misgivings and fears, the rope held. Major, poor fellow, was fortunate in one respect at any rate, for he knew nothing whatever of what was taking place.

For half an hour, a period which seemed indescribably long, I and the unconscious man were suspended in the air, the danger of a breakage and a catastrophe growing with every haul that was made; but at last, most mercifully, I saw just above me the beetling brow of the cliff and knew that strong and willing hands were ready to be extended to help and save.

I was thankful beyond expression* when the hauling up ended, and I felt the good firm earth under my feet again. And I was particularly glad to feel that I had done what I set out to do—I had gone down to the beach and I had come up again, and I had brought poor Major safely with me.

One thing I noticed as soon as I reached the top was that a number of people walked

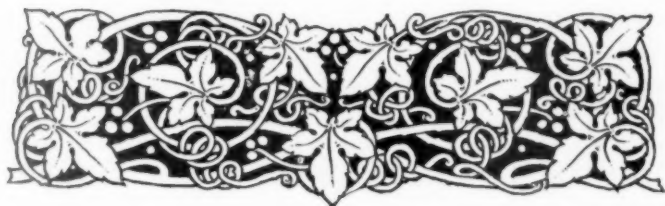
away, not daring to look, as I learned, for fear they should find that both men in the breeches-buoy were dead. And, truth to tell, those who did remain calm enough to look saw a distressing sight when Major, with tender care, was removed from the buoy and carried to the car. It had been a long and trying task to get the doctor to him from the beach below; but the telephone had saved much precious time, and now the motor-car was to do its share.

Without any loss of time Major was taken to Bridlington Hospital, where everything that skill and kindness could do was done; but he never regained consciousness, and died not long after we had brought him up. From the time he was struck, therefore, till his death, he knew nothing—he did not suffer.

Well, I don't know that there is much to add to my tale. When the rescue took place a good deal was said and written about it, and in one or two quarters recognition was made of what had been done. I think still that one of the grandest features of the whole affair was the courage shown by the doctor in going over the brow of that awful cliff and descending to the beach to see what he could do for the poor climber. As it happened, neither he nor anyone else could be of any use, for the patient was past aid; but it might easily have happened that prompt, skilled help would have saved a life.

What of my own share in the rescue? Well, I'm a member of the Royal Navy, and it is part of the day's work to do our duty. I never imagine that I did any more than that.

(The next Narrative will deal with "The Sorrow of a Christmastide.")





The HOME DEPARTMENT

CULINARY PREPARATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

WITH the dawn of the first day of December the thoughts of the practical housewife turn towards her preparations for the joyous festival of Christmas. It is very natural, considering the origin of the feast, that children should take the foremost place in all the arrangements connected with Christmas, and no party which does not include young people (be the grown-ups ever so gay and merry) seems to possess the true spirit of the festival of the Blessed Babe.

There are, of course, various kinds of preparations to be set in motion. Presents must be made or bought, parties be planned, and so on, but of all others it is, to a great extent, the culinary preparations on which the success of the occasion will depend, and the sooner the plans are thought out and commenced the easier for everyone concerned.

Fortunately for busy mothers, certain of the regulation comestibles can be prepared in advance, and are all the better for being kept for a few weeks before they are eaten. Puddings and mince-meat come first on the list, and these can be commenced fully a month before Christmas.

In most families these dainties are prepared from some carefully treasured recipes which have figured in the Yuletide menu for generations, but sometimes a change is desired, and in such a case I can cordially recommend the following recipes.

Christmas Pudding

Ingredients.—One pound of raisins, 1 lb. of currants, 1½ lb. of beef suet, ¼ lb. of brown

sugar, ¼ lb. of mixed candied peel, 6 oz. of flour, 6 oz. of breadcrumbs, 8 eggs, ½ pint of milk, a little grated nutmeg, and ½ teaspoonful of salt.

It is very important that the fruit should be thoroughly cleaned and dried before it is used. The housewife should also insist, when buying the ingredients, that she is served with the new season's fruit.

Stone the raisins, wash and dry the currants, removing the stalks, and place them on a large dish in a warm place until they are required. Skin the suet and chop it, not too finely. Shred the candied peel, and put all these ingredients into a large basin with the sugar, flour, breadcrumbs, nutmeg, and salt. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately; stir the milk into the yolks and moisten the pudding with them; finally add the whisked whites.

Much of the success of the pudding depends on the thoroughness of the mixing of the dry ingredients. It is best to use a large wooden spoon for this purpose and not to add the eggs until the flour, sugar, etc., are thoroughly intermingled. The final mixing should be of a beating character, the spoon touching the bottom or sides of the basin each time it is put into the pudding.

The above quantities are sufficient to make two good-sized puddings, which may be boiled in cloths or basins as preferred. In either case they should be cooked for at least four hours at the first boiling, then hung from some convenient hooks in an even and moderate temperature until they are required. The old custom of putting thimbles, coins, etc., in plum puddings is

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still kept up in some families, but it is better to insert these little articles just before the pudding is served than to allow them to remain in the fruity mixture for several weeks.

An Eggless Plum Pudding

Eggs are often very expensive and not particularly good at this time of the year, and this recipe, minus eggs, may be useful to some of my readers; if not for their own use, it is excellent for giving-away purposes.

For a very large pudding take 1 lb. of raisins and the same quantity of sultanas, flour, breadcrumbs and finely chopped suet, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of treacle, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of ground allspice, and the grated rind of a large lemon.

Mix the flour, breadcrumbs, lemon peel and spice together, then add the suet and fruit; stir the treacle into the milk (slightly warmed), and mix the pudding very thoroughly. Grease a large moulded basin, press the pudding into it, cover with buttered paper, and tie down with a well-floured cloth. Boil for five hours.

Family Mincedmeat

Many persons nowadays are abstainers, and object to the brandy or rum which our grandmothers considered essential to both Christmas puddings and mincemeat. The chief reason for using spirit was undoubtedly to ensure the good keeping of the comestibles. The immediate cooking of the puddings, however, enables the housewife to dispense with the preservative if she objects to its use, but if it is omitted from the mincemeat this must not be prepared until a few days before it is used, and it should only be made in small quantities at a time.

The following recipe provides a deliciously moist filling for pies:

Stone $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of raisins, wash and dry $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of currants. Put these together on a chopping board and mince them coarsely. Shred $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of mixed candied peel, skin and chop 1 lb. of suet, and peel and cut $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of juicy apples into dice. Put all these ingredients into a basin with 1 lb. of Barbadoes sugar, add three or four tablespoonfuls of orange marmalade, a pinch of powdered cloves, and any other spices that are liked. Stir well with a wooden spoon until the mixture is of the consistency of marmalade.

The grated rind and juice of a lemon is considered, by some people, an improvement to this mincemeat.

When making mince-pies, any that are to be eaten cold should be iced. Bake the pies in the usual way, and when the pastry has become quite cold spread the icing over them with a knife dipped in hot water.

Beat the white of an egg to a very stiff froth, add enough icing sugar to form a moderately stiff paste, and lemon juice to taste.

After the puddings and mincemeat have been made, the next thought will probably be for cakes.

It is well to bake these several days before the commencement of the Christmas holidays. They will keep perfectly if stored in tin boxes.

The making and baking of the Christmas Cake was fully explained in a former number of THE QUIVER, but this is by no means the most important of requirements. Cold weather promotes healthy appetites, and a good stock of "cut-and-come-again" cakes must be provided.

A Homely but Excellent Gingerbread

This is an American recipe, and the quantities are, as usual, in recipes imported from the country, measured in cups. The exact size of the cup need not cause any uncertainty as to the result, but it is essential that the same cup should be used for measuring all the ingredients. Another important point is that the cup should in every case be filled level with the brim, neither heaped above it nor leaving unfilled spaces.

Put 5 breakfastcupfuls of flour into a basin with 1 breakfastcupful of brown sugar, 1 oz. of ground ginger, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt. Measure 1 cupful of milk into a saucepan, and when it has become warm, add to it 1 cupful of clarified dripping and 1 of treacle; stir until these are well mixed. Mix the dry ingredients together, then add the melted dripping, etc., to them. Just at the last minute add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a little cold milk. Grease two shallow baking tins, put half the mixture into each and bake immediately.

Parkin

is a good stand-by for lunch. Rub $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of clarified dripping into $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour, add

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1½ lb. of coarse oatmeal, 1 oz. of ground ginger, and 2 lb. of treacle stirred into ½ gill of warm milk. Mix well and leave in a covered basin for twenty-four hours, then add 1 teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in 2 tablespoonfuls of milk.

This mixture will rise and overflow if too much is placed in the tins. It requires slow baking in a moderate oven.

A Lunch Cake without Eggs

Rub ½ lb. of clarified dripping into 2 lb. of flour; add 1 lb. of sugar, ½ lb. of currants, ½ lb. of sultanas, ½ lb. of finely shredded candied peel, a little grated nutmeg, spices to taste, and a seasoning of salt. Mix these well together. Warm ½ pint of new milk and pour over. When the baking tins are ready stir into the mixture 1 teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in 2 tablespoonfuls of cold milk. It must be remembered that when cakes are made with dripping instead of butter, this ingredient must be thoroughly clarified, and the cakes require well baking. If attention is paid to these two points the cakes are lighter and more delicious than when butter is used.

Before putting the cakes away see that the tins in which they are stored are scrupulously clean and fresh.

They should be first washed in strong soda water and scrubbed with soap, then freely rubbed with fine sand. Several rinsings and careful drying are also advisable. In order that no moisture remains in the crevices, stand the tins on the plate rack or in some other warm place after they have been cleansed.

Christmas parties will be in full swing on Boxing Day and throughout the succeeding weeks.

Children receive and accept invitations, and in the fulfilment of the sacred rites of hospitality they, in their turn, must welcome and entertain their little friends.

The idea of lavish expenditure, and the necessity of providing costly refreshments and entertainers, often deters mothers from giving the simple parties that were considered suitable for children during their own girlhood.

It is unfortunately true that the balls and dances given by some ambitious hostesses have to a certain extent ousted the pleasant, old-fashioned party, but from personal experience I have found that the

majority of children still respond to an invitation to "tea and romps," and that they attack the home-made cakes and simple sweets with relished appetite. Indeed, one small boy confided to me (I was assuring him that a third piece of my cake would have no disastrous after effects) that he was "so tired of So-and-so's cakes," So-and-so being the fashionable caterer of the neighbourhood.

Children always appreciate a pretty and daintily laid table, and any little novelty in the manner of presenting the most ordinary food pleases them more than a known rich and expensive dish.

Try the effect of sprinkling a homely trifle with pink and white "hundreds and thousands" just before it is served, or coating a junket with powdered chocolate and mounds of whipped cream and white of egg.

At one party my *pièce de résistance* was composed of bananas:

The skins were split open and half of each peel removed. The fruit was lifted out and divided in half, one half stood upright in the peel (which formed a little boat). A tiny cocked hat, made of paper, was placed on the top, currant eyes inserted, and a thin chocolate cigarette stuck in the mouth.

The remainder of each banana was cut into "logs" and arranged in the boats.

One boat per guest was allowed, and when completed they were placed on a large dish on which an art muslin "sea" was arranged. The children were so fascinated that they were with difficulty persuaded to commence their meal, and these were children accustomed to every luxury and satiated with expensive entertainments and rich food.

Jelly in Orange Baskets

This is another sweet which pleases little people.

Select well-shaped oranges, and from one side take away the peel, leaving a strip about half an inch wide to form a handle to the basket. Remove the pulp from the orange and convert this into jelly or orange sponge. When the jelly has set break it into pieces with a fork and fill the "baskets" with it, placing half a glacé cherry in each side. Arrange on a dish with sponge fingers, split, and spread with whipped cream.

THE WOMEN'S WORK BUREAU

Conducted by "WINIFRED"

This Advisory Bureau advises girls and women as to the best course to pursue with regard to their work, training for a definite calling, etc.

There are no fees, but those requiring any information must enclose 6d. postal order (which should be crossed), and a stamped envelope, when a reply will be sent them by post. Address all communications to "Winifred," THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

SOME SECRETS OF SUCCESS—II.

TO-DAY I have been reading an account of a tortoise—supposed to be 200 years old—which walked a distance of some nine miles, some kindly person carrying it into the town on the outskirts of which it was found—this being its imagined destination—and it struck me as being particularly applicable to my present homily, as it served to recall the ancient fable anent the hare and the tortoise, and I reflected how often it is slow and steady that does win in the race of life. At the same time I think this fable is capable of misconstruction, as there are a few people of the slow and steady order who imagine that because they are slow they are likely to get on—quite a fallacy, by the way—and who, because they take twice as long as someone of more facile and agile brain, they are likely in the long run to pass the latter. "No one," said a man to me one day, who had not been very successful, although undeniably brilliant, "no one ever attained success without a lot of drudgery." Perhaps he was reflecting that, had he added the power of steady work to his undeniable abilities, he might have won the fame to which he was entitled by his talents.

A Question of "Luck"

"Wonderful luck!" I heard the success of another young man described, who recently obtained a coveted post, for which close on 100 candidates of undeniable ability had applied, but on getting behind the scenes I was told by one who had had a good deal to do with his success that "he worked as much as any two men, and was all round excellent." It was the steady, often monotonous work that told, and which placed him, young, in a position older men envied.

I know, too, of a woman, an actress of world-wide fame, who gained that fame quite young, and yet who said that had she known the terribly hard work entailed she could never have done it. Here again the slow grind of persistent effort told, as it did in the case of an authoress whose books sell by the thousand, and who was seven weary years sending her MS. from publisher to publisher. 'Tis dogged that does it in whatever branch of work you may take up.

Wisdom Allied to Hard Luck

Then another secret of success is *not to knock your head against a brick wall*. If you find your work is not liked; that the public does not want to buy what you want to sell; that you are only one of many hundreds who want to do the same thing; that competition is exceptionally keen in your chosen branch; that, though it is harder than the crowded path you have chosen, there is another more profitable if you have the courage to follow it—face the odds and follow it. If your work holds out no prospect for middle age, abandon it. All these matters can lead—or *not* lead—to success. I think few people save those like myself, who are brought constantly into touch with the average woman wanting to do average work, can have any idea of how ostrich-like in her habits that woman-worker can be.

I will take a case in point. A girl wrote to me recently asking me to find her some change of employment. She had been a pianist at a cinematograph show, and had acquired a delicate chest as a result of the close, vitiated atmosphere. I had one or two posts of healthy, domestic life—one on a farm in Kent, with plenty of fresh air and good food, which would probably have

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made a strong woman of her, and which was just what was necessary for her after her previous occupation, but she thought I had "made a mistake"; she wanted a "refined occupation."

The Mirage of Affluence

There are women who imagine a comfortable living is to be made by doing crochet in spare hours at leisure; who think to typewrite and know shorthand is a short cut to affluence; who think there are countless old gentlemen who need housekeepers—soft berths, with a domestic to do all the work; women who must be their "own mistress," and who will never learn to cut their coat according to their cloth. Not one of these can conjugate the verb "to succeed"—nor ever will, so far as I can see. I do not blame many of these, who know nothing of the labour market, and who cannot tell that their little talents are so painfully mediocre, so painfully ordinary, that they are practically unmarketable. Where blame is due is that when this is pointed out to them so many of them do not believe, will not, till they have conjugated the verb "to fail" in all its painful moods and tenses.

No, success may be won along many lines, but generally speaking the demand for the practical, the utilitarian, will outweigh the demand for any other form of labour for some time to come. For instance, I get a good number of applications for working housekeepers, but scarcely ever an inquiry for a housekeeper with servants under her. There are certain things that must be done in life—children must be tended, beds must be made, meals must be cooked, rooms must be cleaned, and part of the competition and upheaval in the women's labour market of to-day is due to the fact that many who are well fitted for such work now consider it "menial," and fly to occupations which neither their tastes, abilities nor heredity—a powerful factor in the success or non-success of work—fit them. For instance,

I know personally a girl whose people are small farmers in Scotland—have been from generation to generation; by physique, by inclination, by habit that girl was born and bred to do work on a farm. But no; she took up typewriting and shorthand, earned a precarious income in London, was never happy, never very successful, and finally returned to her native heath a sadder and, I hope, a wiser girl.

The gentlewoman, whose ancestors have been waited on for generations, will never, with the best will in the world, make as good a servant as she whose ancestors have done domestic duties for centuries past.

No, choose carefully the path you will follow, but never violate reason and sense in your choice, for if you do, assuredly the path of success will prove too steep and too stony for you to climb.

Private Replies

Private replies have been sent recently as follow:—

Animal Painting (Mrs. R., Wellington); Knitting and Crochet (A. J. S., Salisbury); Work for Winter Evenings (Miss B., Chard); Gardening for a Livelihood (S. C., Isle of Man); Knitting (M. B. F., Barnard Castle); Painting on Silk and Satin (E. J., Salisbury); Story-Writing and Poems (E. K., Leeds); Blouse Making (K. R., Berks); How to Become a Hospital Nurse (F. C., Gravesend); Cookery and Housework (J. M., Aberdeen); Change of Occupation (E. F., Essex); Smocking (E. M. S., Wandsworth Common); Woolwork (A. G. J., Winchester); Designing and Fashion Drawing (M. D., Bangor); Housekeeper or Companion (L. R., Bristol); As Governess in France during the Holidays (M. G., St. Neots); Envelope Addressing (M. G., Buxton); Unfurnished Rooms (M. G., Bristol); Learning Dressmaking and Cookery (W. H., Heckington); Dispensing for Women (M. S., Donegal); Disposal of Fancy Work (A. D., Holloway); Cookery and Housekeeping (A. B. M., Co. Derry).

Employment Bureau

I received the following from a correspondent, and will gladly forward replies, if these are enclosed in a blank, stamped envelope:—

"Can you tell me of anyone who can undertake figure painting on silk, satin and cotton materials—good style essential?"



THE LOVE O' LIFE'S YOUNG DAY

LONG COMPLETE STORY BY HELEN WALLACE

CHAPTER I

THE NEW ARRIVAL

UNDER a high, cold March sky, marbled close with pale, hard clouds, the fishing village—or town, as its inhabitants preferred to call it—of Fordyce seemed huddling together and striving to turn its back on the keen wind shrilling in from the grey wastes of the North Sea. Many of the solid old granite houses were planted down gable-on to the Square—an irregular open space in the centre of the town—with a quaint effect of thrusting out a protesting shoulder against the salt blast, which was thrashing the shore with the discoloured foam of the breakers, and driving sand and straws and the litter of a not too tidy village in swirling eddies up the street. Every door was shut against the wind, and only an occasional figure,

head down against the gusts, tacked across the empty Square, the bleak dreariness of which was emphasised by the searching, shadowless light of early spring.

From such a prospect most people would willingly have turned away after a brief glance, to seek some relief or comfort within doors; but not so Jessie Baird. Her pale

face at the gable window of the Harbour House was as familiar a sight as the old house itself. Most Fordyce folk would probably have vaguely felt that something was amissing if Jessie were long absent from her post. In the little window recess, and close against the small panes, her chair was placed, considerably obstructing the scanty light from the only other occupant of the room—a woman stooping over a black skirt, which had very evidently been “turned,” and which she was now trimming with rather rusty crape.



Miss Helen Wallace.

THE QUIVER

Jessie Baird was an invalid, having suffered from early childhood from a mysterious disease, locally known as "spine i' the back." Whatever its exact nature had been, it had confined her to bed for many years, though now she was able to spend most of the day in her chair. Except for a little feeble and very intermittent sewing, the sole interest and occupation of her days was watching her neighbours' comings and goings, and what passed in the Square. As Fordyce was a remote, stagnant village, whose silted, decaying harbour now sheltered only a few fishing-boats, it may be imagined that its daily happenings were never specially exciting.

But if anyone should conclude from the deserted aspect of the Square that afternoon that the outlook from the Harbour House must have been very dull, that only shows that he was totally unacquainted with Jessie Baird's speculative and imaginative powers, and what large conclusions may be drawn from minute observation.

The Harbour House dull! Did it not command the Manse gate, the doctor's door, the bank, the emporium of Jeems Spence, the general merchant of the town, and last, but not least, the Lindsay Arms? But the climax of Jessie's day was the arrival of the coach from Kelty, the nearest railway station, some miles off. The said coach was advertised on a much-worn placard in the window of the Lindsay Arms to ply every "lawful" day at eight o'clock in the morning from Fordyce to Kelty, and it was a lasting regret to Jessie Baird that she could not be at her post early enough to witness its departure. She took all the livelier interest in its return in the afternoon.

"It's unco late the night, but here it comes at last!" she exclaimed jubilantly after some moments of tense, expectant listening, as the coach rumbled slowly into the Square and pulled up with a dislocating jerk at the Lindsay Arms. It was a quaint, composite vehicle, resembling a very dilapidated old-time Swiss diligence. Like those comfortless conveyances it had accommodation—of a sort—for first and third-class travellers, while on the roof one or two fishwives, a kind of deck passengers, were usually perched with their creels.

"There's no many in it the day," began Jessie rather discontentedly, while empty creels were being noisily flung down, and the cramped inmates slowly unpacked

themselves from the dismal interior. "There's auld Jock Pattullo; he's gettin' real tottery about the legs, puir man, but I doubt he's had a drappie at the Eagle afore settin' off. And there's Mrs. Stevison, how she's loaded—one, two, three, *lower* parcels and a big paper poke, that looks as if there were a hat in 't. It'll be a new ane for Leezie, and it's time she had it, she's worn Bell's auld ane with the ribbon turned, this twelvemonth. But ane would think there wasna a shop in Fordyce nor a creature that could stick in a needle. A'budy must be off to Easthaven now. Auld Jeems Spence has a guid penny laid by, and needna fash muckle whether the folk buy his merino and wincey or no, but it's unco hard on the like o' us, and after a' the goons you've made for a' they years— Eh! Guid guide us, wha's this?"

The sudden cessation of her sister's voice roused Marget Baird's attention, as probably a direct question would hardly have done. With her mouth full of pins, she glanced up from her work.

"Come here, lass, quick, or he'll be gone! Woman, you're that set in your ways! Fling doon that auld thing, and ne'er mind the pins," exclaimed Jessie excitedly. "And wha's this speakin' to him? It's Mr. Lindsay himsel', and keep us a', he's shakin' hands as if they were sib. Maybe, I'm mista'en, for it's so many years ago, and he's quite the grand gentleman noo, but I think I'm richt."

With her face flattened against the panes, Jessie was intently watching the last arrival, who seemed also to be an object of general interest, as the group of loiterers, always attracted by the lumbering in of the coach, instead of gradually dispersing, lingered about and looked on from a little distance. He was a broad, burly man, with crisp, curly hair and a bronzed, ruddy, jovial face. His whole appearance and manner in some way suggested the sea or some roving, open-air life. There was a smack of adventure about him, hardly in keeping with the very excellent clothes he wore—clothes which seemed absolutely new, and were much too good for the occasion.

For the rest, he was the sort of man whose hands, if unoccupied for a moment, would find their way to his trousers' pockets, from which would presently proceed a cheerful jingling sound suggestive of much loose silver; a man who, when occasion required, would produce a brilliant silk pocket-hand-

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kerchief, and whose hat was never quite straight upon his head, but was ever raking easily backwards or cocked to the one side or the other.

The gentleman who, to Jessie's fathomless surprise, had saluted him was the very reverse—tall, thin, aquiline featured, with a slight stoop and a certain pallor suggestive of the student, and which hardly accorded with his country laird's attire of riding-cords and easy, well-worn tweeds.

The two sisters gazed in silence for a moment, for Marget, so eagerly adjured, was now looking out over Jessie's head.

"Is 't?" inquired the latter, a world of eagerness and excitement in the monosyllable.

"Ay," said Marget laconically. "I maun get faither's tea, though," she added, turning away from the window as the two men went into the hotel together.

"Keep us a', lass, wha can think o' tea the now? Let faither wait. Awa' ben and light a bit fire in the parlour, and put on your Sabbath goon, and gie your head a bit snod. If Duncan Forbes is no owre here in a jiffy my name's no Jessie Baird. Where else should he gang?"

"He wasna made that welcome once, and I'm no the lassie I was then, any more than he's the lad he was. You may take your tea in peace, Jessie, for a' we're likely to see o' Duncan Forbes for a while to come." She spoke in a level, contained voice.

"Oh, if you're gaun to gie up the game in that way; but you ne'er had the spunk o' a hen"—scornfully. "Still, you hae his promise and all his letters."

"Ay, and how lang is it since the last aye came?" replied Marget, in the same dull, even voice.

She went on clearing her work off part of the table, without paying any more heed to her sister's stream of eager talk. Tea did not take long to prepare. When a woman has to sew from morning till night to support an invalid and a father who furnished no model of sobriety to Fordyce, she has little time even for needful housework, and none at all for the niceties of life.

The room was dark and low-ceiled, and a heavily patterned, drab paper did not help to brighten it. A dull fire smouldered in the grate, at which Marget had always an iron or two heating. The air was close and heavy with the smell of black stuffs and coarse cotton linings, while fluff and

threads and cuttings rendered such pattern as the old carpet may once have possessed indistinguishable.

Marget was a tall, gaunt woman, apparently verging on middle life, though she probably looked older than her years. She was round-shouldered and flat-chested from constant stooping over her work. Any charm she may once have owed to the roundness and ruddiness of hearty, healthy youth was long gone. In the harsh climate of Fordyce, with its biting east winds, these soon wither and vanish, leaving the framework of the face and the high Scottish cheek-bones too prominent; but the eyes, though reddened by much sewing, were good. A deep grey blue, they may once have glowed and softened like the blue of her native skies, shining through and conquering the veiling clouds; now, as they looked straight and full out of the worn face, they spoke of steady, unflinching endurance. It was the look of one who, having weighed and estimated the burden allotted to her by life, has taken it resolutely up and trudged along beneath it in stoical, uncomplaining silence. That air of tacit acceptance, which was neither submission nor resignation, and far less contentment, gave a certain dignity to her tall figure, though, like many people who are always occupied over other folks' clothes, she had little time or thought for her own. Her old black gown, its bodice liberally patterned with pins and spare needles, was put on, as her abundant sandy hair, which may once have had a sunny gleam, was evidently arranged, with hardly a glance into the looking-glass.

She had spread a crumpled cloth on one end of the table, and set down the thick cups, a loaf, a bit of salt butter, and the remains of a skim-milk cheese, when a heavy step was heard in the passage and an elderly man came noisily in.

"Weel, lasses, hae ye heard the news? Here's our Marget's joe come hame wi' a' the gold and diamonds o' Africa in his pouch, so they're sayin'. Hech, lass, ye may make a bonfire o' they auld black duds; ye'll hae your ain silks and satins afore long," and he gave his elder daughter a sounding slap on the back.

Marget was stooping over the fire, filling the brown teapot from the kettle, which had been singing on the hob. There was a spot of red on each fallow cheek as she turned round.

THE QUIVER

"Ay, I'm a braw lass for any joe to come hame to, am I no?" she said as she set down the teapot.

Her father looked at her with a scowl. It was evidently not only the new arrival which had excited him.

"I'll see, at least, that he does what's right by ye, though ye were ten times aulder than ye are. Ye've got his letters, mair nor ane, I ken, and when a thing's in black and white a man's bound to stand by it, or make it good some other way. He owes ye something for a' the years he's been awa'."

"And wha sent him awa' and keepit him awa'?"

"And if I did, how was I to ken?" retorted her father. "A bit sailor loon wi' naethin' but the brecks he stood in, and me harbour-master and the trade brisk, and money comin' in fine. Ay, they were guid times," his hands seeking his pockets meditatively, as if in the vain hope of finding some remains from these years of plenty. "But it's ye'r ain fault that ye're left here a sour auld maid, sewin' ye'r een oot owre auld dirty duds. If ye'd had the sense to take Neil Cameron ye'd hae had a guid down-settin', and could ha' gien ye'r puir auld faither some comfort in the end o' his days," biting viciously at a thick slice of bread.

"Ay," burst in Jessie, almost desperate from her long silence, "I used aye to tell Marget that she could hae had Neil for the wag o' a finger; and even now if she'd but tosh hersel' up; she's no that deid auld—"

"You needna stir auld stour," said Marget, and then, with a new note in her voice: "I'll hae nae mair meddlin' nor makin' with my affairs, do you hear, faither? There was enough o' that once. If Duncan Forbes has come back to Fordyce after a' they years, it's no likely it's for me he's come. Now"—her voice falling to its usual colourless note—"if you've had a' the tea you want, I'll clear awa', for I can do naethin' wi' crape once the daylight's gone, and Mrs. Crierar canna get to the kirk the morn if I dinna get her goon done. She's been craikin' for it a' this week."

She swiftly rattled the dishes aside and sat down determinedly at her work in a silence which for a time even Jessie did not attempt to break. As the light faded, the strong outlines of her face, the firmly moulded mouth and chin, the bent head with its thick knot of hair, stood out dark

and clear against the dull twilight square of the little window. Drunken old Jock Baird's daughter, the village dressmaker, plain-faced and rough-handed, so the Fordyce folk would have seen Marget; but at that moment a sculptor would have recognised something fine and grim and tragic in the still face and the bowed, resolute figure. When at last, in the deepening dusk, she laid down her work and cut her thread short with a snap of her big scissors, she might have been a Fate relentlessly severing a life-thread—but how Fordyce would have laughed at the thought!

CHAPTER II

AT LINDSAYLANDS

A COUPLE of hours later the new arrival was forming the topic of conversation at another table in very different surroundings. The cold twilight of the bleak spring evening had long been shut out, and the dining-room at Lindsaylands was a picture of sober, stately comfort. The fireglow showed in warm, ruddy flashes glimpses of the pictured faces on the panelled walls—a judge in his ermine, a soldier in scarlet, a grave divine in lawn neckcloth and bands, and powdered women in long, stiff bodices, or belles of the Empire in their scanty, high-girdled muslin robes. In the place of honour hung two admirable Raeburns, the pride of the house, the Laird and the Lady of Lindsaylands in their day—he, mellow, dignified, good-humoured in his green yeomanry uniform and frilled shirt; she, with a crop of silky curls on her young brow and a gleam of coquetry and mischief in her dark eyes.

A tall silver lamp, rose-shaded, shed a pleasant light on the flowers, the delicate linen, the fine old Sheffield plate, and on the four faces round the pretty table. Mr. Lindsay suggested a weak copy of his grandfather, the judge. He had the same high, aquiline features, but in him they seemed over-refined, and hinted at a dwindling of the old vigorous stock. His face lacked the pith and the power, the native force and shrewdness of the men and women looking down from the walls upon their latest representative.

His wife, opposite to him, was a bright, pleasant-faced woman. Her keen grey eyes, her brisk, alert manner, her quick glances and deft movements proclaimed the capable woman. "Pity that Lindsay wouldn't leave



"You'll wait for me, ma ain bonnie lass;
you'll wait'" p. 231.

*Drawn by
Steven Spurrier.*

THE QUIVER

his affairs to her; she'd straighten them out, if anybody could," was the general opinion in the county.

On each side were the two elder daughters of the house, girls about eighteen and twenty, in the simplest of little white frocks. Sheina, the elder, was a very gentle, sweet-looking girl. The pale, pure oval of her face was framed in hair flaxen almost as a child's. Her eyes were a light, limpid grey, clear as running water. But her chief distinction, and one as singular as it is rare, was a little air of maidenly reserve, of dreamy, cloistered aloofness, which seemed to surround her like an atmosphere, and to set her apart from the hail fellow, good comrade modern girl.

Her sister, with more vigour of body, and perhaps of character, was of the latter type. Essentially an outdoor girl, her breezy entrances suggested a gust of the bracing winds rioting without. Slammed doors announced her departures, and a trail of golf clubs, hockey sticks, hunting crops and riding gloves followed her comings and goings, which were usually attended by as many barking puppies as Mrs. Lindsay would permit in the house. She regarded her elder sister with a sort of affectionate compassion.

"Sheina's a dear little saint strayed somehow out of the Middle Ages," she would say. "It's to be hoped that an admiring Somebody will set her high up in a nice, safe, gilded little shrine, where she need only smile down upon him and us ordinary people for the rest of her life. She's quite too fine spun for everyday wear." No such accusation could be brought against Miss Pat—to which obvious and handy monosyllable she had joyfully reduced her name of Patricia—life, so she declared, being altogether too short for four syllables, as well as all the things one wanted to put into it.

Dinner was nearly over. It was well cooked and daintily served, perfectly sufficient but by no means abundant. Mrs. Lindsay, who had the knack some women possess of keeping up a stream of pleasant talk about nothing in particular, had been chiefly sustaining the conversation, with some help from Pat.

"Now," she said, when dessert was on the table, "I really think I've done my share. I don't think anyone could have made more out of my letters and Mrs. Ferguson's visit. Did you not see anyone

in Fordyce to-day?" addressing her husband.

Mr. Lindsay started as if he had not been listening. "I—oh, I—well, I was only at Jamieson's, seeing him about the Whitsuntide leases. Meikle, and Brown too, have given up theirs—don't want to renew; and, really, what with repairs and these constant reductions—"

"We won't talk of that just now," said Mrs. Lindsay hastily; but her eyes wandered to the two Raeburns, and she seemed to be making some rapid mental calculation based on this disquieting information. The possession of a good Raeburn did not, then, imply a small fortune to its lucky owner; still, it meant a handsome sum. Mrs. Lindsay, however, like a wise woman, did not care to have uncomfortable discussions at dinner. "Didn't you see anyone at all—Dr. Grant, Mr. Menzies?" she added.

"Yes, by the by; I had quite forgotten. You won't, of course, remember Duncan Forbes. He was just one of the fisher lads when you came here; but you've heard of him lately."

"Of course. Who hasn't? He has been making thousands—or millions, is it?—in Africa; has a gold mine in one pocket and a diamond one in the other—or so the good folk of Fordyce seem to think."

In those days, which are not far off in years, though they already seem remote, it was still possible to make a fortune in South Africa by sheer blundering good luck sometimes, as well as by the shrewdest and most daring speculations.

"There's a great deal of truth in it, it seems. Jamieson was talking about him to-day; said there was no doubt of his having made money, and plenty of it, and told me he heard he was on his way home, and that there was some talk of his coming here, buying a place, and settling down. I had just left, and was going to the Arms for my horse, when whom should I stumble on but Forbes himself, just arrived by the coach."

"Why on earth did he not hire from Kelty? Imagine a millionaire arriving on the scene of his penitential infancy in that old mouldy rattletrap!" exclaimed Pat.

"He seems a simple sort of fellow; said the old coach seemed quite home-like."

"Where is he staying?" asked Mrs. Lindsay.

"At the Lindsay Arms, I suppose."

"Oh, poor fellow! I'm afraid he won't

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be very comfortable. Why did you not ask him here?"

"Here!" ejaculated Mr. Lindsay. "Of course you haven't seen him, my dear, but he's—well, you see, he's a good bit of a bouncer."

"Rather a rough diamond, is he? He may not be the worse for that. If he has so much money to spend, and really thinks of settling here, it might be only right to take him up and show him some kindness. So much depends upon a man of that sort getting into the right hands. So many people will hang on him only for his money, and may even tempt him back to low ways and all sorts of foolish extravagance. Really it seems quite a duty to prevent that. And if he wants a house, there are only too many standing empty. Why not Redgorton?"—with a careless laugh but a keen glance at her husband's face. "If Mr. Forbes is at church tomorrow, we might bring him home to lunch with us, at least. Your advice might be so useful to him."

Mr. Lindsay's thin face had flushed slightly. At the mention of Redgorton a sudden gleam of relief awoke in his eyes, like that of a man who, steering a difficult way through shoals and reefs, sees open water before him at last. Then the light as quickly faded.

Had he not thought, when Redgorton had fallen to him on the death of a far-off connection—one of the younger branch—that his increasing difficulties would be at an end; and it had only been a millstone round his neck ever since—another impoverished overburdened estate added to his own, with a great empty barrack of a house on it for which no tenant could be found. It was idle to hope for such luck as that Forbes might fancy it, he was thinking drearily, as he said slowly:

"Well, I've no objection to having him to lunch, and then you can see for yourself; but Pat must not laugh when he puts his knife into his mouth"—trying to smile.

"Pat knows better than to laugh at a worthy man simply because he's not had much training in his youth," said Mrs. Lindsay in an admonitory tone.

"What's up now? When the mater talks like an Early Victorian parents' guide, I always know she's got something in that wonderful mind of hers. We'll hear more—a good deal more than we want, likely—of this knife-swallowing hero, see if we

don't," whispered Pat to Sheina as they followed their mother to the drawing-room.

"Knife - swallowing *whom?*" echoed Sheina, rather vaguely. "I didn't notice."

"Do you ever notice anything?" snapped Pat. "Why, this red-pocket-handkerchief, half-crown man all Fordyce has been talking about. Evidently, from what dad says, he hasn't got beyond the red pocket-handkerchief in one way, but if he has plenty of half-crowns that's all that matters nowadays."

"Sheina dear, was that a letter from Will Abercrombie you got this afternoon?" asked Mrs. Lindsay, when she was comfortably settled by the drawing-room fire. "I had no time to ask his news, poor boy. Mrs. Ferguson has always so much to say. Will you let me see his letter, now that I have a little peace to look at it?"

Sheina flushed slightly and hesitated for a moment.

"My dear Sheina, surely your mother may look at your cousin's letter. He cannot have anything to say to you that I may not know. Poor, dear boy, I feel very anxious about him. I wish we heard that he had the prospect of some good opening; but it is growing harder every year to get boys put out in the world, as I am sure your father and I know to our cost"—with a sigh. "Thank you, dear," as the girl slowly drew out the letter. "Never hide anything from your mother. There is nothing so foolish as the making of needless little mysteries."

There was nothing in the letter which might not have been read by anyone, but Sheina looked uneasy while her mother read the scrawled pages with a little pitying smile.

Pat leaned forward and whispered in her sister's ear:

"Oh, Sheina, you soft, *soft* thing!"

CHAPTER III

AT THE KIRK

THE old kirk of Fordyce was filled that Sunday as it had not been for many a day. No modernising hand had yet attempted the vain task of beautifying its bald four-square ugliness. Round the front of the steep gallery or "loft," as the Fordyce people called it, were the pews of the principal "heritors." The Lindsays made a brave show in the great centre pew with three fair daughters and two little boys—

THE QUIVER

two elder sons were at school and college. The row of bright young faces quite lit up the dim, dusty old gallery, and during the service a good many eyes would usually wander thither.

The bell was jerking out almost the last of its harsh, metallic strokes. Tam Gilmour, the precentor, was already in his box.

"Will he no be comin', think ye?" one whispered to another, while heads were turned uneasily towards the door. "Folk get awfu' loose in their notions awa' in they heathen parts, but it would be an unco pity if he were to break the Sabbath now he's come hame."

The insistent bell stopped, and presently Mr. Menzies, in his well-worn black gown, appeared with Andrew Reid, the beadle, in close attendance. This decorous little procession seemed somewhat increased to-day, for a big, burly man entered so close upon the beadle's heels that he appeared to form a part of it. Mr. Duncan Forbes was apparently in no way abashed by his prominent position. He walked down the narrow aisle, took a seat near the pulpit, and concealed his broad countenance for a moment behind the glossiest hat ever seen in Fordyce kirk, while from behind Bible and Psalm-book every eye was furtively fixed upon him.

There was one of the congregation whose gaze followed Forbes's every movement with more than curiosity. From her dim corner far away under the gallery, Marget Baird watched him with almost painful interest. She could seldom get to the forenoon "diet"; there was so much to do in the house; but this morning Jessie had fairly driven her out.

"Now, for once keep your een open, and tell me what he's like, and what the folk are sayin', and a' about it. Odd, I wish I could gang."

"It's a queer like thing to gang to kirk for—to spy and speir in that way," said Marget.

"Hoot, lass, we canna aye act up to the height o' oor profession. It couldna be expected of us," said her sister practically.

In spite of her steady insistence that she had no claim upon Forbes, it need not be supposed that inwardly Marget was quite so philosophical. There was plenty of room in the old Harbour House, but Jessie did not like to be alone at night, so Marget slept with her, and until she was

fairly asleep there could be no peace nor privacy from her eager tongue and roving eyes. On one pretext after another Marget had lingered the night before, until Jessie's eyes had closed at last, and then, carefully shading her candle, she drew out the few scrawled letters she had received from Duncan Forbes. The last one was dated long years ago now, and though once upon a time they had been read and re-read, and the blotted lines splashed with big hot tears, it was many a day since she had looked at them. She had treasured them as one does the sacred mementoes of the beloved dead, and to her they were the memorial of her youth and of the brief brightness which had once visited her toiling existence, and then for ever vanished away.

Was it for ever vanished? She could not help asking herself during the long, black hours of that wakeful night while the old days lived anew, and she was a red-checked, bright-eyed lassie again, stealing out in the starry dusk to meet Duncan, or standing with him in the chill rain of that dreary morning when, with his scant bundle in his hand, he had gone out into the wide world to seek his fortune. The wet wind had plucked at her shawl and stirred in her hair, but what did that matter while Duncan's arms were around her, straining her close—close, and his kisses raining on her face?

"You'll wait for me, ma ain bonnie lass—ma bonnie May—you'll wait. Ne'er mind what anyone may say, for I'll come back—I'll come back, before God, I will, and we'll hae braw days yet," a hoarse voice had stammered in her ears; and then it had suddenly broken, and there were more tears than her own upon her face.

Well, he was here again, but it was a very different Duncan Forbes, of whom she had caught a brief glimpse, from the lithe lad whom she had watched with sick heart and straining eyes down the long, straight Kelty road, till the receding figure lessened to a mere speck and then vanished away.

"He would come back!" For how many a year she had stayed her heart on these words! Now he had come, and the poor, faithful heart sank like a leaden plummet in deep waters, for if he were changed, it would be a sadly altered Marget Baird he would see, if he thought about her at all. Oh, the years—the cruel years—the

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robber years! She buried her face in her poor pillow, and Jessie, wakeful for the moment, asked sharply:

"What's the matter? Hae you eaten onything that's disagreed wi' you that you're groaning like that?"

If Marget had ever cherished any illusions about herself, they would have been ruthlessly dispelled as she stood that Sunday morning before her old, cracked looking-glass, and viewed herself by the unflattering light of the clear spring day and by the still more searching light of her own common sense, which had re-asserted itself after the dreams of the night. She had no aid from dress to soften the changes time had wrought. A gown once of a light cinnamon brown, a short black jacket, and a nondescript black "toque"—the word had reached even Fordyce—had formed her Sunday toilet for years, and she had donned them week after week without a thought whether they were suitable or not. "Becoming" was a word which had long ago dropped out of her vocabulary. Thus attired there was certainly little suggestion in her appearance of that brooding, fateful figure which had been outlined against the growing dusk, and Fordyce seemed so far justified in its opinion.

Jessie voiced her sister's inward dissatisfaction.

"Lass, couldna you tosh yoursel' up a bit? The man will think you're his granny in that auld black thing. Haena you a bit flower you could pin intil 't. It's the Sawbath I ken, but there'll be no harm if you'd only pin it. There's Leezie Simpson, she's five year aulder than you, weel chap-pit too, and yet there she is wi' a hat like a flower garden."

"Ay, and a bonnie sight she looks—clatching roses on your heid winna hide your wrinkles," said Marget grimly, and turning away, regardless of poor Jessie's eager offer of her only ornament—a massive brooch of florid pattern and set with large stones of very lively colours.

The sight of Duncan in church made Marget sink still lower in her humble enough estimate of herself. In her unsophisticated eyes he appeared "a very braw man, quite like the gentry." They were as unlike each other now as his glossy broadcloth was to her threadbare greenish-black jacket. If she could have forgotten him as he had forgotten her, she need not

have been Marget Baird that day, she said to herself with sudden bitterness. She had wasted her youth for him, but what would that matter now?

Mr. Menzies' sermon got but scant attention that day, and the last word of the benediction had hardly been uttered when his hearers rose and clattered out with even more than the usual haste once customary in a Scottish country church. It was not often they had such an exciting subject to discuss before taking their homeward way.

Marget did not join in the stampede, but lingered a little behind. Everything was common property in Fordyce, and she knew that her "chances" would be a subject of debate. Had she wished to escape unnoticed she would have been wiser to have gone with the crowd. As it was, she emerged into the kirkyard just as Mr. Lindsay was introducing Forbes to his wife and daughters with all Fordyce standing round and staring open mouthed. Mrs. Lindsay's bright comeliness, the girls' tender grace, the fair-haired younger children, made a charming family picture, in which Forbes was so absorbed that he never noticed a shabby, almost elderly-looking woman hurrying past.

Fordyce was more observant, though, and when it had seen Mr. Forbes—as he was now scrupulously called—seated opposite Mrs. Lindsay and Sheina in the landau and whirled away, it came to an immediate conclusion:

"Marget Baird 'll be an auld fule if she thinks she has the ghost o' a chance!"

CHAPTER IV

A ROUGH DIAMOND

THE impressions of childhood and early days are not easily effaced. Scottish folk are never guilty of any exaggerated reverence for those who in birth or purse may be their superiors, but young Duncan Forbes had always heard the Lindsays of Lindsaylands spoken of with respect. They were the great people of the neighbourhood, and he had regarded them as being on quite another plane of existence from his own. In the same way, their big, grey, granite-built house in its wide bare park, where the sparse clumps of trees were clipped level by the sea winds, had always seemed to him a princely and imposing mansion. Though since he had last seen it he had been in many countries and

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had mingled with men of every rank, he still experienced a thrill of awe and gratification as the carriage passed through the big iron gates and between the massive pillars with the Lindsay lion ramping heraldically on the top. Little had he thought twenty years ago that he would be driving up to "The Big House" in Mrs. Lindsay's own carriage, seated opposite to her and her daughter.

To them he was profoundly, overwhelmingly deferential. In those new regions to which his sudden wealth had wafted him he would have said that he could manage the men, but the women were a different story. Of them, it may be supposed, he had had as yet but little experience. London had not had time to lay hold of him, nor any woman to exploit him for her own ends—an easy task enough. Mrs. Lindsay he had last seen as a bride, and he now recalled it with a clumsy attempt at a compliment on her youthful appearance. She smiled on him:

"Come, Mr. Forbes, don't try to impose on me with a tall daughter like this beside me. You will have to pass on your compliments to the next generation."

Forbes would willingly have done so if he could. To pay her a compliment was his only idea of making himself agreeable to a woman, but he could not summon up courage to speak to the pale, graceful girl opposite to him. "A genty bit thing like a wisp of moonshine," was his private comment.

Lunch was hardly a success. Forbes addressed Sheina, who sat next to him, as "Miss," *tout court*, and said "Thank you, sir," to the old butler when he handed him a dish. The consciousness of his success, the robust self-esteem it had engendered, and the bluff bonhomie which had often successfully carried him through similar ordeals had for the time wholly deserted him. It may have been the wave of old recollections or Sheina's silent, aloof presence which disconcerted him, but he was as nervous and awkward as if he were the Duncan Forbes of old transported straight from the fishing boat or the mining camp to the Lindsaylands dining-room.

In charity, Mr. Lindsay carried him off as soon as possible for a cigar and the inevitable saunter round the place. When they came back to the drawing-room Mrs. Lindsay rang for tea, and then regretted that she had done so when she saw how

hopelessly embarrassed the big man was with his cup and saucer. Pat came to his relief, and put a tiny table at his elbow, and when he had set the dainty old Worcester on it he seemed to breathe more freely.

"We shall see a great deal of you, I hope," said Mrs. Lindsay, when at last he rose to go. He would willingly have done so sooner, but he seemed unable to get himself out of the room. "You are to be one of our neighbours, I hear, and I am so delighted. People have been deserting poor old Mearns in the most shameful way, and I have always been hoping that someone would take pity on one or other of the empty houses that are positively crying out to be lived in. There is Craig and Mount Meldrum, and—well, why shouldn't I say it, though it's like puffing our own wares?"—with a smile—"there is Redgorton. You would *really* be a neighbour then, and it would be so pleasant for Mr. Lindsay to have you there. But, of course, you can't have made any plans yet. We have been hoping you would come to us for a while till you could look about you. Do—for I am sure you cannot be comfortable at Fordyce."

Forbes flushed and stammered something incoherent about "old friends—too much honour." He felt as if he dared not refuse such a dazzling offer, but could not endure the oppressive ceremony and formality—as it seemed to him, "The need to be always on his P's and Q's."

Mrs. Lindsay graciously accepted the plea, but only for the meantime, she assured him. Yes, of course, he must have old friends who would be very grateful to know that he had not forgotten them, and then somehow Forbes got himself away, treading on Sheina's skirt and knocking over a glass of flowers on his progress doorwards.

"How relieved a bull must be to get out of a china shop! That view of the case never occurred to me till this afternoon," exclaimed Pat as she picked up the pieces. "Mother, how could you have the cruelty to ask the poor man to stay here? And to suggest Redgorton to him, and that poor old dad would find it pleasant to have him there? I wonder which of them was readiest to hang himself by the time they had wandered round the stables today, a thing dad hates at any time—mis-taken man?"

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"I hope Mr. Forbes will come by and by," said Mrs. Lindsay calmly, and ignoring Pat's outspoken criticism, as she usually found it wiser to do. "He was very nervous to-day, of course. But I think it quite wonderful to see him so modest and unassuming. Many a man coming back with a fortune to his native place would be so blatant and self-satisfied."

"Give him time," murmured Pat, with a grimace, but Mrs. Lindsay went on:

"I think it shows a fine simplicity of nature that he should be so unspoiled after all he must have seen and done. What did you think of him, Sheina?"

"Him?" said Sheina, lifting her eyes from the book she had taken up as soon as the door had closed upon Forbes. "Oh, Mr. Forbes, of course," indifferently. "Is there any reason why we should think of him?"

"H'm, I'm afraid we'll have to," said Pat significantly.

Back in Fordyce, Forbes wandered about for a while rather uncertainly. There was the long, light evening before him, and he hardly knew where to go nor what to do with himself. He had no relatives in Fordyce, nor anywhere else that he knew of. His father, in far-away Caithness, had met the fisherman's fate before his son could remember him; and when, after a few toiling years, the widow had given up the struggle of life, no one had been eager to claim kinship with the orphan boy. Thrown on the world, he had drifted from one fishing station to another to Fordyce. There he had remained, and made a few easy, careless friendships, and there he had met Marget Baird.

As he stumbled over the rough cobbles of the old quay, he glanced up at the Harbour House. He had not forgotten old days, only he looked at them now through the reverse end of the telescope. Yes, he even remembered the gable window from which Marget used to hang out a towel or something as a signal that the coast was clear. She had been a bonnie lass in those days. No doubt she was married long ago. She might even have a daughter nearly as old as she had been then. He smiled, and then sighed a little. Yes, she had been a bonnie lassie, and he had been fair daft about her—his bonnie May he had called her. He must ask about her and the old man, though he had got scant kindness from him, and there had been

a dwinning daughter, too—most likely she would be dead.

Then he looked with interest at the fishing boats rocking in the shelter of the quay or left grounded by the ebbing tide on the encroaching sand. A new idea struck him. Why should he not have a boat of his own? It would be grand to be handling the ropes again and taking a turn at the tiller. He must see about it, but it must be a decent one. He could please himself now; he could have anything he chose from the smart little cutter he fancied to a racing yacht. The knowledge had not yet lost its novelty, and as he thrust his hands into his pockets, the better to savour it to the appropriate accompaniment of the jingling coins, his thoughts travelled away along the vista which the afternoon's events had opened before him, and along which his wealth could carry him far.

He, Duncan Forbes, the fisher lad of old days—the Laird of Craigs or of Redgorton, as Mrs. Lindsay had suggested. Well, why not?—his big chest expanding at the thought. Redgorton!—yes, he had seen it once with its long, red, ivied front, and its broad terrace with its carved balustrade and its row of huge urns alternating with mouldering statues. He saw it all as plainly as the day when he had gone there with a lad who had a sweetheart in the servants' hall. The family was away, and they had walked along the terrace in giggling awe under the stern, sightless stare of the lichened statues. Now, if he chose, he might walk that terrace as master, and with all Fordyce, which had once held him cheap enough, looking on.

Master!—the word instantly suggested another. Such a house would need a mistress—ay, and a mistress suited to it. Again—why not? If he wanted a lady wife he was not a match to be sneezed at, that he knew. Then suddenly there flashed before him the vision of the white, unapproachable maiden who had sat by him that afternoon. He caught his breath—Miss Lindsay of Lindsaylands—that genty bit thing! No, no; he was daft even for a moment to think of her.

"Hallo!" Someone smote him on the back with such force that he staggered under it. He turned angrily round and encountered a waft of very alcoholic breath. A battered, disreputable-looking old man was leering affectionately at him.

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"Hech, man, it's a sicht for sair een to see you in Fordyce again. Siccan a braw fellow too!" holding him at arm's length. "An' the pockets o' that braw coat are weel lined, so they tell me," with a wink. "Weel, Duncan, I aye said you had it in you. You'll mind that, I'm sure, and it was a guid day for you when you took my advice and gae'd awa frae Fordyce. This is no place for a lad o' spirit, and it's sair changed since your day, and a sad change it is for me as you may guess—no a sail comin' in but a wheen fishing smacks. But come awa ben the hoose. There's ane there'll be fain to see you. She's waited weel for you, Duncan, and she's been a guid dochter to her puir auld faither, and toiled weel for him and that puir lameter thing, Jessie. But now you're hame it'll be a' richt, and I'll see my lass in a braw hoose and wi' her carriage forbye—wha kens?"

"You've changed your tune since last I saw you, Captain Baird," said Forbes, shaking the detaining hand roughly off his arm. He was still tingling from the shock of having been so suddenly brought down from his bright dreams. "I remember you ordered me out of your house then instead of inviting me into it."

"Aweel, Duncan, if I did I'd be sorry for it soon enouch. Hoot, man, I'd maybe had a glass, and surely you can excuse that to a man oot in the wind and wet, day and night on the pier-head. But there's the lass wi' a' your letters—black and white, you ken. You'd ne'er go back on your ain written promise."

"Oh, rot! It must be nearly twenty years ago—"

"Ay, and wha's to blame that it's nigh haun' twenty years? Come, Duncan, there's no need o' words. Come and see Marget and it'll be a' richt."

He lurched round, and after a moment Forbes followed him. The rustic idyll of long ago took on a very different complexion now. He had perhaps better see the woman, and if she had any such absurd notion in her head, put an end to the affair once and for all. She might hear reason better than her old fool of a father, and there was always one way of settling these matters. Doubtless that was at the bottom of it, and they wanted to make what they could out of him. He turned in at the familiar door, a very different man from the one who had blushed and stam-

mered when Sheina Lindsay had looked at him. He was the man of affairs now, conscious of his power and his wealth. He was quite willing, for old days' sake, to settle a preposterous claim generously, but he would not be imposed upon.

The old man strode before him down the flagged passage, shouting, "Marget, where are you? Here's 'Duncan Forbes cam' here to woo,'" breaking into the song.

"Faither, it's the Sabbath day," said an admonitory voice.

A door opened and the one-time lovers stood face to face again.

CHAPTER V

AFTER LONG YEARS

AS usual, it was the woman who recovered her self-possession first. Marget had had the advantage, besides, of having seen Forbes before, and being in some degree prepared for the change in his appearance. In spite of the revulsion of feeling in which he had entered the house, and the knowledge that his girl-love must now be a middle-aged woman, the reality struck him speechless.

"Come ben, Mr. Forbes," she said quietly. "You've maybe no forgotten Jessie, though I dare say you'll hardly ken us after a' they years."

Forbes shook hands silently with Jessie, sat down, and looked blankly about him. The room wore its usual Sunday aspect. Marget's work was folded away as much as might be, and the most of the rags were swept off the floor. Tea was over, and the fire had been "happit-up" for one evening, which means that it had been all but extinguished by a shovelful of wet dross. So far as he could think at all, Forbes was contrasting this room, its smouldering fire and sordid, workroom air, with the one he had lately left, with its soft colours and warm, flower-scented air, and its indefinable atmosphere, which he had felt—though he could not have described it—of a long continuity of gentle living. And the inmates of each!

Marget sat bolt upright on a hard chair facing him, her work-worn hands folded on her lap. A spot of dull red on each high cheek-bone was the only sign of any unusual emotion she showed. For a moment there was an awkward silence. Jessie, overcome with the greatness of the occasion,

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was silent for once in her life; but old Baird was not to be long repressed.

"Hech, lass, d'you ken wha's this I've brought you. You maun keep a tight haun' on him this time. Better late than never, eh? No use losing any more time, though; but you're baith in your prime; you'll hae mony a braw year afore you yet."

The flush on Marget's cheek deepened. She rose.

"Faither, you maun let me speak; it's my turn noo."

"Weel, speak to the purpose, then," in a sudden splutter of weak rage. "Get oot your letters. Use warrant they're no far off. Haud him to his promise, noo that you've a hold on him, and if he winna keep his word like an honest man, see that he makes it worth your while to gie 't back to him. That's the point—marry or pay up. Am I to be left with twa withered runts o' auld maids on my hauns just to pleasure you, sir?"

Forbes sprang to his feet. "You old——"

"Stop, faither, and you too, Mr. Forbes!" Marget's steady voice cut through the angry outburst. "There's no need o' more words. Me and Mr. Forbes 'll settle anything that needs settling."

A moment's silence followed; then old Baird, half ashamed of his futile and impolitic outbreak, grumbled out: "Aweel, dinna let him off too cheap. You'll be no gentleman, Duncan Forbes, if ye take advantage o' a silly woman."

As if she did not hear, Marget led the way out of the room. She opened the door on the other side of the passage.

"Bide you there a wee," she said, and closed the door.

Forbes sat down on the edge of a bristly horsehair chair. The air of the unused best room, with its funereal old mahogany and mildewed prints of forgotten divines, struck chill. He was desperately embarrassed. This grave, quiet woman was as different from the mercenary bargain-maker he had prepared himself to meet as she was from the Marget of the vanished years. Why had he not settled up with the old man, after all? He'd be only too glad to do something for them. Poor Marget! She must have had a bitter, hard time of it with an old drunkard and that poor cripple to support; but, surely—getting uneasily to his feet—she wouldn't attempt the sentimental.

Sentiment and Marget seemed far enough apart when in a few moments she returned

to the room. The dull flush was still on her cheeks, but she looked steadily at Forbes as she said quietly:

"You winna mind what an auld man says?"

"It's not that. I say, look here," began Forbes desperately. "We were very fond of each other when we were boy and girl, long ago; but when I stopped writing years ago I had no prospects nor for long after. It seemed a downright shame to keep you hanging on. I thought you'd forget. I—I—of course, I don't mean that you haven't——" He floundered and stopped.

"I havena forgotten," said Marget. "But though we dinna forget the dead, we look for nothing from them. See, there's the bit letters puir faither makes sic a wark about. I thought there was no harm in keeping them, but it might be as well to put them in the fire now. I thought o' burning them mysel' but you'd maybe better do it. That's them all."

She held out the few soiled, worn papers, her fingers lingering tenderly on them even as Forbes took them awkwardly enough. He was conscious of cutting a very poor figure.

"Marget, we're old friends," he said uncomfortably. "I've had my ups and downs, but the world has gone well with me at last. I meant to do the right thing by you, Marget, and if luck had turned a little sooner——" The words stuck.

"We'll say nae mair o' that," said the woman dryly. "It's a' by, save a wheen auld papers to burn."

"But you'll let me help you a bit, for auld lang syne; you'll do that, at least, Marget."

She threw out a hand as if he had struck her.

"What d'you mean? What do you take me for?" she cried harshly.

"Marget, you're thinking of what your father said. Dinna mind him, lass. It's for auld times; you maun hae had a sair fecht," lapsing into the old speech as he grew more excited. "Why winna you let me help you a bit—if no for yoursel', for puir Jessie's sake? I could gie her comfort for a' the rest o' her days. Think o' it, Marget; you wouldna grudge it to her."

"And what for should you gie her what I can work for—ay, and have worked for a' my days?" broke in Marget. Between their reddened lids her eyes flashed steel-bright

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and sword-blue into his. Then, voice and eyes softening, "You dinna understaun', and like enough never will. I lo'ed you, Duncan Forbes; ay, I lo'ed you weel; and I think no more shame to tell you that than to say I lo'ed my mither that's been thirty year in the kirkyard; but if ye think I'll take plack or penny from you for that or any other reason, then you never kenned Marget Baird, though weel I mind the day when you said you lo'ed her too."

The blue-grey eyes were serene again; undaunted and unabashed she fronted him. Before the dignity in face and voice and in the gaunt, stooping figure, Forbes stood dumbfounded. Neither money nor success could serve him here. He muttered some sort of an apology, and got himself out of the room and away from the Harbour House—how, he hardly knew.

CHAPTER VI

A BRAW WOOFER!

FORDYCE had food for gossip for weeks to come. All Forbes's comings and goings were watched with breathless interest. Soon a smart little cutter was brought round for him from Aberdeen, and the whole town had to inspect her as she lay at the quay. From any of the back windows of the Harbour House, Marget could see her in all her bravery of snowy deck and glittering brass. Often she watched the white sail beating out to sea amid the "white horses" that flecked the salt blue with foam, or drifting in with the tide over the sunset-dyed waters. She cherished no bitterness against her one-time lover. Life can separate at times as effectually as death, and with her usual uncompromising good sense she recognised this. All the same, her pulses would beat faster when the wind rose and roared in the wide chimney, and she would find, ever and again, some pretext to leave her work and steal to a back window, in the hope of seeing the *Enchantress* come scudding in before the blast, till Jessie would fretfully say:

"What ails you, lass? You're like a hen on a bet girdle, jumpin' up and down like that. No but what you're the better o' steerin' about a bit, and no sittin' at your work as if you were glued to the chair. And to think you might have put that weary work awa' a'thegither if you'd but let a man that's rolling in wealth put his hand

in his pocket for you. What would a hunner or twa have mattered to him?—and think what it would have meant to us. I canna unnerstaun' you."

"Maybe no," was all Marget's answer.

What had transpired at that final interview in the best room Marget had never revealed, but it was soon plain enough that the Harbour House would reap no profit from Forbes's return. Her father's coarse rage she bore in silence, but Jessie's complaints were harder to endure. They recurred on every mention of Forbes's name, and as hardly anything else was talked of, Marget had little respite. Presently Jessie began again, this time on a subject which to a mind like hers is inexhaustible:

"I wonder wha he'll marry. He'll can get the pick o' the country-side noo, and just yestreen Mrs. Macduff was saying—But maybe you'd rather no hear about it"—with an air of sudden discretion.

"What for should I no? I've aye wished him well; and a good wife, if only a man has the sense to pick the right one, is the best thing a man can have," said Marget, stooping to bite off her thread, since the big scissors were not immediately handy.

"Ay, but it's *wha* he'll pick—that's the point," exclaimed Jessie, and the possibilities of the situation carried her well through the afternoon.

And that very question was agitating minds in far other circles than poor Jessie's, though it was not so crudely discussed as in Fordyce. In a very brief time Forbes had been accepted everywhere, and the tongue of rumour once let loose, his name was coupled with every marriageable woman in the county.

It was inevitable that the question should have early occurred to the quick mind of the mistress of Lindsaylands, and the inevitable answer grew more and more insistent as the days passed. It was clamorous as she sat one morning opposite her husband in the business-room. For years her task had been the Sisyphean one of keeping the family fortunes from rolling utterly downhill, but the effort, she knew, was fast getting beyond her. As if falling rents and empty farms were not enough, Mr. Lindsay had an incurable belief in his sagacity as a speculator, and while his dealings on the Stock Exchange invariably left him a sadder and a poorer man, they never made him a wiser one.

Now from the eldest boy, about to pass

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his final exams. at Sandhurst, had come a desperate appeal—the old dismal story of a young man's folly; debts concealed from fear of avowing them, till the total had mounted up like a gathering snowball. It did not need her husband's incoherent words to tell Mrs. Lindsay what this blow meant. And that Walter, her first-born, her darling eldest boy should have been the one to deliver it! Her mouth was very set and bitter as Mr. Lindsay paced up and down, uttering broken ejaculations of wrath and dismay; but when she spoke her suggestion was practical, as it was sure to be.

"We must sell the Raeburns—they will bring a good price."

"I suppose we must, but that's only a drop in the bucket," said Mr. Lindsay gloomily. "This is the end. I have done all I could, but we can't stave it off much longer."

"At least it will gain a little time," said his wife, with the same dry brevity.

"I own I had some hopes about Forbes and Redgorton," said Mr. Lindsay. "It would have cleared our feet once and for all, but now that everybody's got about him, it's likely to be a will o' the wisp like everything else. It's too good luck to come our way; still, if anything could induce him—"

Two shadows fell across the stream of pale April sunshine without: one big and broad, the other tall and slim—Forbes and Sheina. Mr. Lindsay stopped short; his eyes met his wife's. For a moment husband and wife looked at each other; then a slight flush rose on Mr. Lindsay's thin face, and he bundled the papers before him impatiently together.

"Of course, she's—she's very young," he stammered shamefacedly; "but—but if it should come about, it would mean so much—everything."

Mrs. Lindsay said nothing, though even better than her husband she knew "how much it would mean"—the salvation of her boy, the future of all these growing sons and daughters assured, the old home saved to them; no wonder, perhaps, that she thought a girl's fancy, a girl's whim, a light price to pay for such a deliverance. If she had put it as a woman's life, a woman's heart, a woman's all, it might have altered the values, but there was too much at stake for her to consider the alternative too seriously.

Her husband's eager but hesitating "if it should come about" became in her more

vigorous mind "It *must* come about." There was no more said, but the question of the immediate sale of the Raeburns was tacitly dropped.

And out in the thin white sunshine, Redgorton was the subject of talk too. In Pat's absence on a golfing visit, Sheina had taken the dogs out for a run, and the brisk wind had whipped a faint colour into her cheeks. Her delicate face and neck rising from her dark furs suggested the fragile wind-flowers now starring the moss in the shelter of the pine woods. The flush deepened slightly when Forbes met her. There was no ignoring his loud greeting, and she had to resign herself to his company, though she hastily took the shortest way back to the house.

"You're in a great hurry, Miss Sheina," said Forbes, lengthening his step to keep pace with her quick, light movements, when the little trickle of talk about the weather had died out between them.

"The wind is very cold," said Sheina, drawing the fur more closely round her neck.

"It's more sheltered at Redgorton," said Forbes. "I was there yesterday, and there wasn't a breath of wind on the terrace."

"That's a great deal to say of any place in Mearnsshire," said Sheina, since he evidently expected some response.

The past few weeks had given Forbes more confidence in dealing with women in general, but Sheina's near presence always reduced him to awkward bashfulness, and it was with an effort he went on:

"You know, I've been thinking of buying a place here."

"Yes"—carelessly.

"There's plenty to choose from, but would *you* like it to be Redgorton?" he blurted out.

Sheina glanced at him in surprise. "I? Really, I don't see that that matters," she said coldly.

"It matters a deal to me," muttered Forbes; then, as Sheina continued her swift walk: "The old folk are keen about it, but I'd like to ken—to know what *you* think—if *you* would be pleased."

"I've never thought about it at all. Why should I?" said Sheina, annoyed by what seemed to her mere senseless persistence.

"But I want you to think about it," urged Forbes. "It's *you* I want to please, if only I can do it. I'll buy Redgorton to-morrow, if you'll but lift your finger. I canna say

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more than that," coming a step nearer, and looking eagerly at her.

"It's—it's very kind, but I can't see why you should say it at all," said Sheina, rather bewildered, and conscious only of a vague alarm. "If you mean my father and mother by 'the old folk,' I think I've heard them say they would be pleased to have you as a neighbour; but whatever you do, I trust you will do it to please yourself, and leave us—at least, leave *me* out of it."

The slight, aloof figure, the averted eyes, seemed even more than her words to mark the distance between them. But they were now at the hall door, and courtesy compelled her to add: "I think my mother is at home, if you would like to see her."

"No the day," Forbes answered gruffly; and after standing, staring blankly, for an instant, he thrust the frisking dogs aside and strode away.

Mrs. Lindsay was crossing the hall from the business-room, and paused at sight of Sheina.

"You've brought quite a colour from your walk," she said, smiling, and lightly touching one cheek which had the pale glow of a wild rose. "But what have you done with Mr. Forbes? Why didn't he come in?"

Sheina did not detect the veiled anxiety under the question. "I don't know," she said indifferently, "but I think you'd be as glad to be relieved of him as I was. He was talking in the oddest way about Redgorton, and if I would be pleased if he bought it—!! As if that mattered!"

There was a silence, while mother and daughter gazed at each other; then the girl's wild-rose tints flamed a shamed, burning crimson.

"Mother!" she cried, in a voice which Mrs. Lindsay had never heard from Sheina before, "tell me he didn't mean—that! He can't—he wouldn't dare!"

Till now her unconsciousness had been absolute. She had regarded Forbes simply as a rather disagreeable acquaintance to whom her parents chose to be civil, but that he—*he* had been thinking of her, Sheina Lindsay, as a possible wife! Her slight, shuddering body seemed wrapped in a sheet of fire.

"My dear Sheina," said her mother gravely, "I fear I have let you live too much in a world apart. I wanted you to have your youth free from the anxieties which are wearing out your father and me,

but I think you must know what a deliverance it would be for us all, if your father were freed from such a burden as Redgorton. I own that ever since Mr. Forbes came I had hoped for this, but I did not dream that he would want my little Sheina with it. But there is no need for you to feel alarmed or ashamed"—as Sheina shrank away from a caressing touch—"There is surely no wrong done if a brave, honest man of sterling worth, which you don't always find under greater polish, should be attracted by a sweet, pure girl like my Sheina. I at least can't be very angry with him for that," with a smile. "Now, run away, and don't let your father see such a woeful face. Poor man! he has enough to trouble him without that!"

CHAPTER VII

THE LAST STRAW

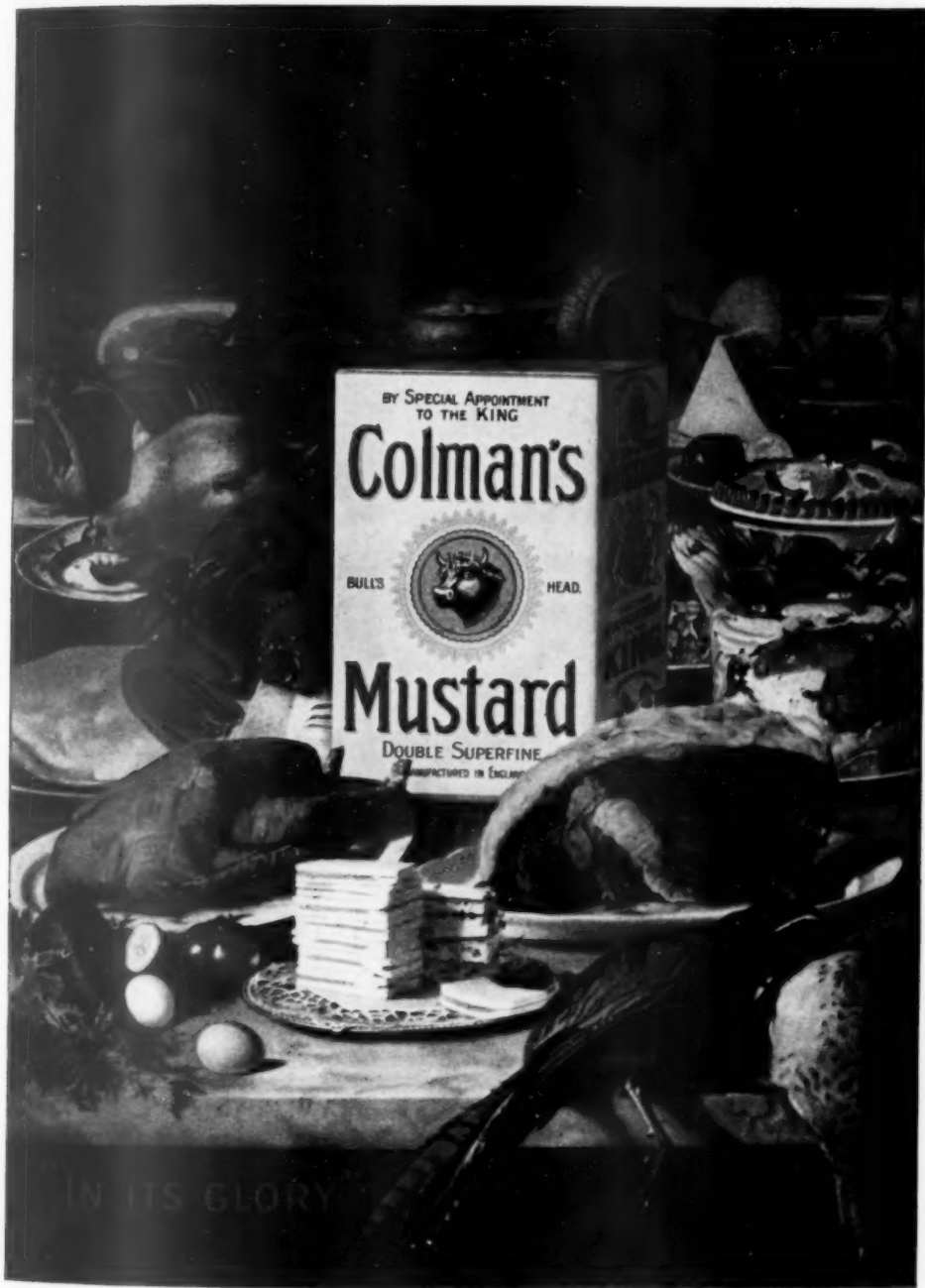
FORBES, in his own way, required almost as careful handling as Sheina.

"I suppose I was an old fool—at least, it was plain enough Miss Sheina thought so," he said, rather sulkily, as he confided the tale of his rebuff to Mrs. Lindsay.

"Indeed, you are quite mistaken," she answered, smiling confidently. "But Sheina, dear child, is so painfully shy, and she is not like some girls. She has never given a thought to marriage or anything of that sort, and when you spoke the other day, she positively did not understand you. I know that, for she hides nothing from me, so it would be unfair for me to give even a hint, or to betray a girl's little secrets. I'll only say that a gentle stay-at-home girl, like Sheina, is sometimes more interested than she knows in one who has led an exciting, adventurous life. Give her time to think about it, and I hope—yes, I trust I can promise you—"

"All right, you'll give me the wink at the right time. It's a grand thing to have a friend at court. I should have come to you first," exclaimed Forbes, when rising to go at last, and shaking Mrs. Lindsay's hand with a vigour which brought the blood to her face.

It was a pity Mr. Forbes had not a little more breeding, she had to admit. He really made her feel for the moment as if they were engaged in some vulgar plot, though she was only trying to secure Sheina's future and that of the whole family—her plain duty, surely.



IN ITS GLORY



H.M. THE KING'S DAIMLER CAR

THE LOVE O' LIFE'S YOUNG DAY

So Sheina soon found herself in a very changed world. She had always known that there was very little money to spare, but her tastes were simple, and the knowledge had affected her but little. Had she been blind or asleep to the growing troubles around her? she asked herself now, as by degrees she heard of Walter's debts, and of the long-accumulating difficulties, which, like the tide creeping up the sands, were slowly but surely bringing ruin on all that had seemed to her most stable. Now, too, she noticed, as she had never done before, how grey her father's hair was growing, and how the lines were deepening under her mother's brave smile. By and by several dealers came to view the pictures, and especially the Raeburns—Lady Jean, with her haunting eyes under the silken tangle of her ringlets, and her suave, courtly husband. Sheina's whole little world seemed tottering round her; the breath of ominous change was in the air.

To many a woman self-sacrifice seems the natural law of life, and the part of Iphigenia has its attractions to a generous young heart. But, after all, she had only to die. That would be easy enough, Sheina, in her young ignorance of life and death, was ready to think. Iphigenia had not been asked to spend her life with Mr. Duncan Forbes. Try as she would to see him only as the deliverer of the family, she could think of nothing else but his red handkerchiefs, his creaking boots, his big, coarse hands. Was it—could it be—her duty?

She had plenty of time to ask herself the question. As spring brightened to early summer she was very much alone, since Pat was encouraged to extend her round of visits. On the other hand, Mr. Forbes came ever and again to Lindsaylands, and though he did not renew his clumsy assiduities, and Redgorton was not mentioned, yet all the time Sheina was conscious of a slow, steady, unrelenting pressure, forcing her on to but one decision. It could not be otherwise. Home was still all in all to her, and the chord of duty, strongly struck, vibrated through her whole nature. Will's letters, which had been beginning to stir a strange, vague, disquieting life, she now feared to read. In the new consciousness which had come to her she dared not even in thought turn to him for aid. The balance still hung doubtful, but a touch would sway it; and that touch was soon given.

One morning she went into the library in

search of her father. Unlike Pat's, her movements were always quiet, and as she opened the door softly the room was so still that for a moment she thought it was empty. Then she saw that her father was seated at the writing-table, his grey head sunk upon his arms, which rested on the scatter of loose papers before him. An awful fear gripped her heart. Could anyone living be so still? Had the burden of his troubles—that burden which she would not help to lighten—at last overwhelmed him?

She stole cautiously nearer. Dare she touch him? Would there be any response? Her breath stopped as she put out a trembling hand and touched his shoulder. The bowed figure started, stirred from its despairing attitude, and all her pulses leaped in the enormous relief. Then her father lifted his head. His mind was still far away in dreary, hopeless wanderings. Taken unawares, he had not had time to call it back or assume his everyday look. At the sight of the dear, worn face Sheina's resistance suddenly gave way. There seemed but one path open before her.

"Daddy dear," she whispered, "would it be a relief to you, a help, if—if I were to—to marry Mr. Forbes, as you and mother wish?"

Over the grey face, the dull eyes upturned to her, there passed a sudden, involuntary flash of relief—relief almost as great as hers had been. Though he instantly tried to check it, Sheina could not but see it, and it strengthened her purpose.

"My dear," said Mr. Lindsay, sitting erect and trying to smile, "what's this about marrying? You mustn't marry anybody only to help me or to please your mother. That would be dreadfully unfair to the poor man. But"—hesitating—"Forbes is a good fellow, though he's rather rough outside; not the man to take a girl's fancy at first; but—but if you thought you could—"

He could not put it into words, could not meet his daughter's eyes; but he need not have feared. Sheina was still uplifted by the thought that it would be her hand, and not the chill, final touch of death which was to smooth her father's path. Her voice was firm as she said:

"Yes, dad dear, I can, and I will, if—he still wants me"—with a sudden half-hysterical sob of hope in the last words.

"No fear of that," said Mr. Lindsay, with a faint laugh; and through all her throb of excited preoccupation, Sheina

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vaguely wondered when she had heard her father laugh before.

So, Iphigenia being ready, in some way "the wink" was given to Mr. Forbes. In other words, the intimation was most delicately conveyed to him that he might try his luck again, and he lost no time in doing it, for the girl's shy, pale beauty had a strange attraction for him—the attraction of opposites indeed.

Poor Sheina! She was very young, and probably got some consolation from her sense of new dignity and importance as the saviour of her family. All the same, she felt a qualm of sheer fright when her mother sent for her to come to the morning-room. Summer had come at last, and when the sun does shine on these bare coasts it can be very hot indeed. Sheina wore a white dress, and when she appeared, her sweet young face as white as her frock, the contrast was almost painful between her and the stout, red-faced, perspiring man waiting for her.

"Sheina, darling," said Mrs. Lindsay, pressing the girl's cold hand, "here is Mr. Forbes wanting to take my little girl away from me. What do you say to that?"

She was gone, and the couple were left facing each other.

"It's a hot day," exclaimed Forbes, looking despairingly after Mrs. Lindsay.

Sheina, struggling with a sudden hysterical desire to laugh, breathed out "Yes"; and then there was a long silence. A tiny clock ticked in thunder tones. Forbes wiped his forehead, moistened his dry lips, and then blurted out without further preface:

"Miss Sheina, I dare say you know what I'm here for. Will you marry me? I'm no so old as maybe I seem to you, and I'll do all man could do to please you. I'm a bit rough"—with an apologetic, downward glance, and yet with a pleased consciousness of new, too new, London clothes—"but there's many a braw young lad would make a waur guidman—a—a worse husband than me; and you'll have a' I've gotten if you'll but take me. Will you, Miss Sheina?"—pressing nearer. This time, at least, he had left no room for doubt.

Sheina lifted her eyes from the carpet. Oh, how hot he was! Would he always look so red? The silence was growing dreadful. She must do it. Convulsively, she tried to swallow something in her throat, but no word would come. She bowed her head and timidly held out her hand. Forbes caught it and held it tight between his big,

moist palms, and then again there was a pause. What next? Why was it that he could think of nothing but that windy night long ago, when he had caught Marget Baird, his "bonnie May," behind the quay wall.

"Is this ma ain lassie?" he had said, and Marget's "Ay," between a laugh and a sob, had hardly been uttered when their lips were together and he was hugging the breath out of her. Why should that come back to him now? Miss Lindsay had promised to be his wife. What should he say to her? Dare he kiss her?

Sheina solved the question by snatching away her hand and darting out of the room.

Well, it was all right, he supposed, as he drove away after a long talk with Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay—a talk in one way very satisfactory to them. Redgorton was to be bought at once at Mr. Lindsay's own price; the proposed settlements were far beyond what they had expected. Still, when their son-in-law elect had left, the father and mother had little to say to each other. And Forbes meantime was trying to think of the fine match he was making. Who would have thought it was not old Baird's daughter, but Miss Lindsay of Lindsaylands, he would marry after all? Yet there was something to be said for the old days, too, remembering the kisses Marget had returned as heartily as he had given them. Now all he carried away with him was the recollection of a tall, slim figure he dared not for his life have touched, a proud, frozen young face, and the momentary touch of a cold little hand. Was that enough? he asked himself uneasily. But what did he know of young ladies and their ways? In another moment he began discussing the horse—the motor had not yet conquered the world—with Saunders, the groom.

CHAPTER VIII

THE AWAKENING

"WHEN thou doest well by thyself, all men shall praise thee," and Sheina Lindsay soon learned the truth of this. All the neighbourhood came to congratulate; in her own home she had become at once a person of the highest importance, whose tastes and wishes were consulted on every point. The wedding was fixed for the end of August, since there was no reason for delay. An army of decorators and up-

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holsterers was launched upon Redgorton; it would soon be ready for its mistress. Forbes was eager to exchange his irksome wooing for marriage, though how that would better matters he did not pause to inquire. Meantime the betrothed pair saw as little of each other as possible, and that chiefly in Mrs. Lindsay's presence. Sheina's days were a whirl of presents, visits, note writing, choosing of patterns, and, above all, having dresses fitted on—more dresses than she would ever wear in a lifetime, as it seemed to her. Where was there time to think?

The chorus of congratulation was not wholly without its jarring note. Pat, whose one comment when the engagement was announced was an aghast and emphatic "Good Lord," assumed a Mordecai attitude and refused to join in the adulation with which Sheina was surrounded.

"How could you do it—how could you?" she upbraided her sister passionately. "I always told you that if you went about with your head in the clouds and never noticed anything, you'd find other things settled for you than the shape of your spring hat. Good heavens, why don't you take your life into your own hands; why have you let yourself be talked into this dreadful thing?"

"I have not been talked into it," asserted Sheina with some dignity. Poor thing, she was clinging desperately to her one consolation. "It is my own doing, and for the sake of dad and mother, and of you all——"

"Leave me out," broke in Pat. "I'd scrub floors before I'd——"

Mrs. Lindsay's laugh rounded off the sentence. "Wait till you try it, my dear, it's not a pleasant task; and, meantime, here are the designs for the bridesmaids' pendants—or do you think bracelets would be more unusual?"

Pat flounced from the room, banging the door with a slam that made the solid old walls quiver. Mrs. Lindsay shook her head with a smile and a sigh.

"Poor Pat! She doesn't understand; she doesn't know what life means yet; but she'll learn by and by what we all owe to you, dear child."

But such scenes did not occur often. Mrs. Lindsay made short work, as may be supposed, of Pat's further attempts "to unsettle her sister's mind," and the younger Miss Lindsay's company was in somewhat unusual request amid relatives and friends that summer.

In Fordyce the news created an immense sensation. Jessie Baird talked and speculated about it all day long. From her dim corner in the kirk, Marget gazed with new and painful interest at Sheina's fair, unconscious face. No, no, she did not envy her; she wished them both well, but "how was a bit lassie like that to fend for a man like Duncan Forbes—she would just be a bit toy for him?"

So the days ran on till mid-August was past. The wedding guests were arriving, and the last preparations being made. Amid the band of Lindsay connections one was omitted. Will Abercrombie had not been invited.

"Poor boy! it would be no kindness to ask him to come all the way from London, and put him to an expense that he could ill afford; besides, he is not really a cousin, though in childish days they had called him so," said Mrs. Lindsay.

Sheina said nothing, and her mother was secretly thankful for that apparent acquiescence, but in her heart the girl wondered wistfully what was the meaning of the silence which had suddenly fallen between her and Will. His letters had abruptly ceased; but surely—surely he would understand the sacrifice she was making. He could never imagine that she was making such a marriage save for her family's sake.

A day or two before the wedding there was a great dinner-party at Lindsaylands. To Forbes these festivities were a weariness of the flesh. He would greatly have preferred a good steak or chop, which he could have eaten with his elbows on the table, and a good stiff tumbler and a pipe afterwards; but with a great house, a lady-wife in prospect, and, above all, a butler, such indulgences could no longer be, and at Redgorton he manfully strove to live up to his new position. Thanks to Mrs. Lindsay's hints, he could, as a rule, avoid the worst pitfalls of a modern dinner, but to-night, whether it was the champagne or the company of Lady Bab Seaton, a rackety young wife, who delighted in shocking "the old dows," as she called the Mearnshire ladies, he seemed to commit every solecism within the power of man.

Lady Bab, a bold, laughing brunette, in a startling scarlet gown, set herself to "draw the badger," as she called it, and soon all eyes were fixed on the couple.

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Flushed and excited, Forbes was telling tales of the Pacific and South Africa, which Lady Bab received with shrieks of strident laughter. Mrs. Lindsay rose as soon as might be. Lady Bab declared it was a shame to take her away so soon from Mr. Forbes, but he shouted after her:

"I've a good one or two yet, but they're for your ladyship's private ear. I'll keep them for you."

Tingling with shame and mortification, Sheina stole away from the drawing-room and slipped out of doors. The night was warm and still. The broad harvest moon flooded lawn and park and the distant sea with its lambent lustre. Would she ever feel cool again, she thought, moving away from the lighted windows. A veil seemed to have been swept away from her mind. For the first time she saw clear and plain the life that lay before her. She had had a glimpse to-night of what Duncan Forbes would be in his own house when the first constraint and awe had worn off. There was the husband with whom she must spend her young days! What was she to do? How could she go on with it; and yet how draw back now? She pressed her hands to her burning face, and then burst into a cry of terror as in the shadow of a great laurel bush a hand was laid on her arm.

"Hush, Sheina, dear, don't! You're not afraid of me, surely. It is I—Will. Oh, my poor darling, did I frighten you so?" For the overwrought girl, with her head on his breast, was sobbing her heart out. In a moment his arms were round her, and he was holding her close, then suddenly she wrenched herself away. She was almost a wife, and Will—what was he to her? Merely Cousin Will no longer, that she knew and felt, though the light that was breaking in upon her was so blinding, so bewildering that she could see nothing clear.

"Oh, Will, I mustn't—you shouldn't—you never—I never—" she broke out in confused protest.

"No, I never told you I loved you—more shame to me, since it might have saved you from this," said the young man passionately. "Oh, Sheina, how could you do it—how could you *think* you could do it? When I heard of it, I thought I must have made some ghastly mistake—that the Sheina who could give herself to a fellow like Forbes couldn't be the Sheina

I had always loved, though I hadn't plucked up courage to tell her. I tried to keep away, to hold my tongue. What business was it of mine if a girl chose to sell herself? I was an ass to think I could do anything; but, ass or no, I *had* to come. I've been prowling about for the last two hours, wondering how I could get a word with you, but now—thank God—thank God—" The eager, impetuous young voice choked.

"Thank God, indeed!" echoed Sheina softly. "Now that I can explain, you will understand, you won't blame me—that will make all the difference."

"All the difference!" exclaimed Will. "I should think so, indeed. To-night or, better, perhaps, to-morrow, when he's got his senses back, you'll send that fellow to the right about."

Sheina broke into a cry.

"Will, I can't. It's all settled. He's bought Redgorton—he's going to do so much for the boys—dad and mother are so pleased—you don't know—you don't understand—"

"I know this," said Will, with sudden sternness. "Whatever he has done, whatever he's bought, he is not going to buy *you*. You can't marry that man now—you know you can't."

Sheina gazed at him with wide, startled eyes. Her lips parted, but no words came. In the white shower of moonlight her delicate fairness was heightened to pure, spiritual beauty, and the young man, looking at her, ground his teeth as he recalled the glimpses he had caught of Forbes through the open dining-room windows, emptying glass after glass, and leering into Lady Bab's bold, black eyes. Before God, this sacrilege should not be.

"You can't, and you daren't!" went on Will, and his voice, though low, rang like an impassioned command. "You love *me*—you belong to me; we belong to each other, and you dare not sin against us both and degrade yourself by letting that coarse brute have you. I'm not much of a fellow. I've precious little to offer you compared with him"—breaking into an inarticulate sound, something between a curse and a groan. "But what man can do I'll do. Oh, Sheina, we love each other—what's the use of saying more? Come to me, my darling—I claim my own."

His arms were about her. With a sigh



"Why did you ever promise to marry me?"
 "Why, indeed!" exclaimed Sheina."—p. 249.

Drawn by
 Steven Spurrier.

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of utter contentment she yielded herself to his clasp, and then and there this rash young pair gave themselves to each other, and vowed to defy their world, and Mrs. Lindsay, more formidable still.

In that immortal moment, "ecstasy's utmost they clutched at the core." If only it could have lasted! But the flouted world soon thrust itself in. A strident laugh echoed from the open windows. Like some fair ghost at the cock-crowing, Sheina started and shivered in Will's arms.

"I—I must go," she said tremblingly.

"Yes, I suppose I must let you go," said Will, reluctantly loosening his clasp; then, clutching her hands desperately, "For God's sake, for both our sakes, don't give way, Sheina; don't let them frighten you and talk you over. I wish I could take you away now—this very night. I know you'll have an awful time to go through, but what will that be compared with a whole lifetime?"

CHAPTER IX

THE DAY OF RECKONING

HOW awful a time poor Sheina anticipated Will could hardly realise—perhaps no man could—nor what sheer heroism was needed to make such a stand and to break with every standard and tradition of her life. Here was a girl, gentle, yielding, dutiful by nature, who had hardly chosen a ribbon or read a book save under her mother's direction, about to set her whole world at defiance, and, with a house full of wedding clothes, wedding presents and wedding guests, risk the scandal of breaking off a wealthy marriage.

No wonder Sheina was like a ghost next morning. She felt like a murderess, when, having told her mother that she was going to take a run in the pony-cart, Mrs. Lindsay stroked her white cheek, and said it was the best thing she could do, and she must try to bring back a little colour. Mrs. Lindsay had had an anxious night, too. She had made no comment on her daughter's disappearance after dinner, thinking she knew the reason, and she had been fearing some protest or appeal in the morning.

"The dear child was taking it so well," she thought, as she watched Sheina drive away in the trim little cart.

Little did the poor lady guess her daughter's errand—an errand which assumed more awful proportions as every mile of the long flat road was left behind. She was bound for Redgorton, to tell Duncan Forbes that she could not marry him. She had thought of writing to him, which would have been an immense relief, but that might not have been decided enough; and, besides, she was to blame, not he, and she owed him what explanation she could offer.

This ordeal over, Will was to join her, and together they would break the news at Lindsaylands. But how was the next hour to be lived through? Mr. Forbes would be very angry—indeed, he had every right to be. What would he say? Would he *swear*? Sheina had no idea what people said when they swore, but she supposed it was something very dreadful. When she drew up at the great arched porch of the old red house which was to have been her home, she could hardly frame her inquiry for Mr. Forbes.

Yes, Mr. Forbes was at home, the butler admitted, glancing at her rather curiously as he led her through the long pillared hall and into the newly furnished drawing-room.

"Here's a rum start," he muttered, as he went to rouse his master.

Sheina waited what seemed an eternity in the drawing-room. These panelled walls, these silken hangings, chairs and couches, amid which she had expected to spend her life, seemed to photograph themselves upon her brain, and haunted her for years afterwards. She was speechless with fright when the door opened and Forbes came noisily in. He had all the appearance of a man who has dined too well, slept too long, and made a very hasty toilet. He was flushed with hurry and with the surprise of hearing that Miss Lindsay was waiting to see him. Even he had a dim sense that it was rather an extraordinary thing for her to do. Had he said or done anything very much amiss last night? Could she be offended by his attentions to Lady Bab, who had been so pleased to listen to his stories, and she an earl's daughter, too? Was it possible that Miss Sheina was *jealous*? Ha, ha, that would be a joke!

But any idea of joking vanished utterly at sight of the girl's face.

"Miss Sheina!" he exclaimed, blunder-

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ing forward and stumbling over a footstool by the way. "This is—is quite an honour. I take it very friendly—I do, indeed. Sit down, it's your own house, my—my dear." The last words were shot out like a bullet.

"Let me ring for a glass of wine now, or—or tea, or something to 'hansel' it, you know," plunging towards the bell.

Sheina stopped him by a gesture. It was well that his appearance aroused anew her sense of utter repulsion and revolt, or she might not have had strength to go through with her task.

"Mr. Forbes," she began tremulously, in a very low voice, "I thought of writing to you, but I felt that I ought to come and tell you—it was the least I could do. I know you have every reason to be very angry with me, but I hope you will not be, for I know I could never have made you happy. I am very sorry—but I cannot marry you."

As she said the last words she lifted her limpid grey eyes to his face. There was a new expression in them.

Forbes saw it, and, amid his utter amazement, vaguely recognised some change in her. Not only in her eyes, but through the utter pallor of her face, a new light seemed to be shining like the radiance of a lamp through a screen of alabaster. She could not be in earnest, though.

"Come, come, Miss Sheina, is it not rather late in the day to come and tell me that? And you cried in the kirk, and all the wedding braws bought? What does your mother say, eh?"

It was a home-thrust, and Sheina quivered under it.

"She does not know yet," she faltered. "I came to you first. She will be dreadfully angry, I know, but nothing could induce me to change my mind *now*."

"*Now*, eh? What does that mean?" catching at the word with the quick suspicion of his kind. "Is there another fellow in the case? Has he come forward at last? Speak up; I've a right to know the truth."

He thrust his hands into his pockets; his heavy brows were lowering, his under lip thrust out.

"Indeed, indeed, I meant to keep my promise to you," cried Sheina, clasping her hands tight in her terror and distress. "I had never thought of Cousin Will save as one of ourselves, but—but he came last night, and—and then I knew all at once

that I couldn't—that it would be dreadfully wrong if I married you. I didn't know I cared so much for him."

She paused, breathless. Forbes kicked savagely at the stray footstool.

"Well, better late than never, I suppose. It might have been awkward if Cousin Will had turned up afterwards. It would have been a pity to have had to divorce a delicate madam like you. Such things have happened. But don't you think you've made a pretty fool of me among you all?" thrusting his flushed face nearer. "You don't mind about that, though, now that your father's got Redgorton off his hands, and at the top price, too; and paid his debts out of my pocket."

Sheina uttered a low cry; the hot blood drowned the pallor of her face.

"Serve me right for looking too high, eh?" Forbes stormed on unheeding. "A good lesson for me to keep my own place. But who tempted me out of it? Answer me that! D'you think I'd ever have lifted my eyes to a white wisp of moonshine like you if I'd been left to myself? But dear Sheina was so interested in me," in a mincing voice. "The dear child was so shy. Was she?" derisively. "There's not a shy inch in you, miss, or you couldn't come to a man's own house, whom you were to marry before the week was out, and tell him about your Cousin Will. A fine story! Come, tell me," gripping her arm, "were you ever *interested* in me? Why did you ever promise to marry me?"

"Why, indeed!" exclaimed Sheina, snatching away her arm, a sudden flame in her eyes. The physical contact seemed the last outrage. "You show me what a dreadful mistake I made, and how *wrong* I have been in trusting you and coming here at all. I came here very sorry and deeply ashamed, but I go away thankful that I need never see you again."

She walked out of the room, her face set, her head high. What could hurt her after this?

Forbes heard the rattle of the light wheels as the cart spun past the long range of windows. Then he sprang to the bell and rang it furiously.

"The dog-cart this moment! Get me my hat!" he shouted to the amazed butler. "Lunch? Bother it, no; I'm off to For-dyce."

Yes, he would pay them off; he would make the whole pack of gentry laugh on

THE QUIVER

the wrong side of their faces. He would go straight to Fordyce and offer himself and all he had to Marget Baird. Ay, and he would marry her, the old maid, the Fordyce dressmaker, on the very day that he was to have made that white-faced jade Mrs. Duncan Forbes. He would show them whether it was he or Miss Sheina Lindsay who was left to wear the willow.

CHAPTER X

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

"**L**OSH, here's Duncan Forbes comin' drivin' into the toon as if the deil were after him—that I should say sic a word," exclaimed Jessie Baird excitedly.

It had been a very dull morning so far; the broad, parching sunshine of the Square had been broken by but few passers-by.

"He's awa into the Arms," she announced breathlessly. "He's oot again." Then, in a crescendo of excitement: "He's comin' owre the Square; there maun be somethin' up; he's lookin' awfu' queer; Marget, he's coming straight here."

"He'll be for his boat; he maun pass our door, anyway, but it's no likely he'll be comin' here," Marget was beginning composedly, when her words were given the lie. A hasty, uneven step rang in the passage without, the door was flung noisily open, and Forbes burst into the room.

"Hey, Marget; hey, Jess; I've come to settle an old score; but better late than never," he exclaimed boisterously. "I've come for you, Marget. No more o' your gentry for me. I'm done wi' them, and wi' pickin' my steps and mincin' my words and hardly darin' to breathe. They've bled me finely among them. I've paid high for my lesson, but I'll pay them out—see if I don't. There need be no waste o' time or words between such auld joes as you and me. Awa wi' that auld dud!" twitching the half-made skirt from Marget's hands. "We'll awa to Easthaven, and you'll buy the braws and I'll get the licence, and then, 'Up, let's to the weddin'!"

"Duncan Forbes, you maun be either drunk or daft, and I should be sorry to think either of you; and you to be married come Saturday," said Marget sternly.

Sheer amazement had kept her silent till now. His appearance justified her words. The flush of fury had not died down during the headlong drive under the broiling

August sun. In his rage of baffled desire, of disappointment, of bitterly wounded pride and vanity, the man was beside himself, and the coarse, fiery whisky which he had hastily swallowed at the inn had completed his overthrow. All the trappings of convention, of the ordinary usages of life, were stripped away, and it was raw humanity in its ugliest aspect which fronted Marget's stern gaze. He was too self-engrossed to be conscious of it, and while Jessie, forgotten by both, sat astare, he went on:

"Ay, there'll be a weddin' on Saturday—no fear o' that; but the bride won't be Miss Sheina Lindsay—not if I know it. You and me 'll make these fine folk laugh on the wrong side of their mouth; and you can bring Jessie to Redgorton—ay, and your father, too, if you like; there's room enough and to spare; and you can have a' the gowns you want—"

"You'll speak wi' more sense and decency or you'll leave this house," broke in Marget. "You've had some quarrel wi' your bonnie young leddy; it's as weel she canna see you the now; but awa back and make it up wi' her, if you can, and nobody 'll hear from me the daft-like things you've been sayin'."

"No, no; that's all by. It's you that's to be the leddy of Redgorton. Am I no speakin' plain? And how will the Lindsays like that, think ye?"—with a laugh of triumph.

"It's time, then, I was speakin' plain." Marget's resolute voice bore him down. "I'm neither young nor braw, but I'm an honest woman; and what have I ever said or done that you should daur to think that you can throw me aside and take me up when you please—that you've but to whistle and I'm ready? You'll marry me on Saturday and set a plain auld wife in Redgorton to spite the Lindsays and shame Miss Sheina—that's your meaning"—grimly; "and a bonnie tale to bring to a decent woman. I marry you—!" The rare blue flash kindled in the tired eyes. "I'd sooner marry a deid corpse; ay, and it would be but a corpse I'd marry, if I took you at your word, which God forbid; for the brave, honest lad, the Duncan Forbes I lo'ed, is deid and gone lang syne, and noo I maun bury the very memory of him. Awa, oot o' my sight! If you're no ashamed o' yoursel' and this day's work, then I am, and sick-sorry for you too. I've nae mair to say."

She flung out an imperious hand towards the half-open door in austere command.

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THE LOVE O' LIFE'S YOUNG DAY

The tall, stooping figure, strung erect and tense by long-repressed passion, took on again the boding, sibyl-like majesty of the brooding twilight hour. From the flame of outraged womanhood in her eyes, Forbes turned and dashed out of the room. His heavy footfalls sounded in the passage and on the uneven cobbles without. Then there was silence. Jessie sat staring at her sister as if at someone whom she had never seen before. Marget lifted her work from the corner to which Forbes had flung it, sat down, and tried to re-thread her needle. But nature was too strong for the hard-won stoicism of half a lifetime. She folded up the skirt, said briefly to Jessie, "You maun fend for yourself for a while," and left the room.

She went up to an unused attic at the top of the house, and, sitting down on an empty box, put her worn hands over her burning eyes. She was not a woman to whom tears came easily, nor did they come now to relieve the inward, searing fire.

"He micht have spared me this," was her one articulate thought as she sat there trying to bury, as she had said, the last illusion of her lost youth.

A spiteful dash of hail on the dim window panes, a peal of thunder which seemed to rattle close above the low roof, made her raise her head. She looked round in bewilderment. How long had she been here? The room was almost dark. She hurried to the window, which, like a beacon tower, commanded a wide expanse of sea and sky. The hot, hazy blue of the August day was covered with dark, towering clouds, whose brassy edges gave a strange, lurid tinge to the fierce breakers, from which the shrieking wind was sweeping the spindrift in sheets of foam. Then her glance fell on the quay pool. The *Enchantress* was gone!

She rushed out on to the quay, but her appearance there caused no surprise. Half Fordyce was already there, looking eagerly seaward. She found herself beside her father.

"He couldna be drunk, for he had but ae glass at the inn, I'm tell't; but he maun ha' been fair daft to go oot his lane, wi'oot a man to help, when a bairn micht ha' seen a storm was comin'. She's owre big a boat for ae man at any time, but in a wind like this——" He shook his head.

There was no need to ask who was meant. Marget stood breathless amid the silent, watching crowd. At last a sudden cry rose

and rang out above the wind. Out of the black trough of a mighty wave rose a gleaming mast, a white hull, clearly seen for a moment on the mountainous crest in that strange, lurid light. It vanished, rose again, again, coming ever nearer, nearer, with fell, awful swiftness.

"He was a braw steersman once, but no a man in a hunner could mak' the harbour the day. I'm dootin' there'll be no weddin' come Saturday," muttered old Baird.

Not a sound escaped from the crowd as the doomed boat came speeding to its fate. Forbes could be seen quite plainly now as he stood grasping the all but useless tiller. His face was set but quite calm, wholly changed from the flushed, convulsed countenance on which Marget had gazed with stern sorrow—was it hours or years ago? The man was looking into the eyes of Death.

Every breath was held as the boat neared the harbour mouth, and Forbes jammed the tiller hard down in a last effort for life. For a moment the issue hung doubtful. The frail, white boat, like some live thing, seemed to make one convulsive struggle to obey—to escape; then an engulfing wave swept her away like a straw. A bursting cry broke out as the men scrambled over the quay wall on to the rocks and shingle below. For one instant the boat was lifted high on the summit of the wave, then the great grey wall of water curved over and crashed, thundering, down; and amid the welter of raging foam and of tossing, splintered spars the rescuers rushed down into the track of the receding wave. Another broke over them ere they could regain the shore, but they stood firm and staggered back, breathless and blinded, through the spray and the broken water. Something dark and heavy was supported amid them.

"Take him to the Harbour House; it's the nearest," commanded a woman's voice, and Marget Baird was instantly and instinctively obeyed. The salt water streamed from her own hair and gown, as well as from the rough, dripping clothes of the men who bore the motionless burden carefully over the cobbles.

"He may as weel dee there as anywhere else, if he's no gaun a'ready," muttered one.

"She's the richt to speak," said another. "Man, I thoct it was Jamie Davidson's haun' I grippit when the big wave cam' owre us, and wha was't but Marget Baird! Eh, she's the fell pluck!"

THE QUIVER

CHAPTER XI

"THE LOVE O' LIFE'S YOUNG DAY"

THERE was no wedding in the old kirk of Fordyce when Saturday came round; but neither was there a funeral, as everyone had expected. Forbes was still living, in spite of the frightful injuries he had received when dashed upon the rocks. The Harbour House, from which he could not be removed, save at the cost of such flickering life as was left him, was besieged with inquirers, chief among whom was Mrs. Lindsay. What her feelings had been when Will and Sheina had confessed their "madness" can easily be imagined, but the full vials of her wrath were not immediately discharged, as the accident to Mr. Forbes was really "providential"—a word which some good folk quite sincerely use when the circumstances of life fall comfortably in with their own plans. It amply accounted for the delay of the wedding. The ruptured engagement need not be made public; the buzz of talk and scandal might be averted yet. By the time Forbes was a little recovered she might get that big, blundering bumble-bee within her silken web again, and Sheina would be brought to see how outrageous her foolish rebellion was. Mrs. Lindsay had reason to be confident in her powers of overriding others; but she had not yet fully reckoned on the new forces she had to contend with in her daughter. She was not only most assiduous in her inquiries, but endeavoured to take command of the sick-room.

"It's absurd that Mr. Forbes shouldn't have properly trained nurses. What can a woman like Marget Baird know of nursing?" she complained to Dr. Grant, when her efforts were baffled by Marget's stolid calm.

"It's what he wants, my dear lady, and in the state he's in there's no denying him," replied the doctor.

"But he's getting better, you tell me," urged Mrs. Lindsay impatiently.

"Yes, he is a little better," said Dr. Grant gravely.

In spite of that apparently encouraging verdict, the great medical light, who had been summoned from Edinburgh again and again, as late summer waned to autumn, made another visit. He had been gone an hour ago, and Forbes was lying exhausted on his pillows, while the shortening

October day darkened and the firelight filled the big, bare room with ruddy light. At last he made a slight movement, and Marget came quietly forward.

"Are you wantin' anythin'?" she asked gently.

"Ay, Marget, I'm wanting a great deal—what I dinna deserve, but that doesna keep me from wanting. I want *you*," putting out a wasted hand. "Wait," as the woman started. "I've behaved like a blackguard to you, and they've just told me that though I'll live, I'll be a poor, helpless cripple. I'm a braw wooer for any woman, am I no?" with a pitiful effort at a smile; "but all I'm asking is if you'll take pity on a poor creature, whose life you thought worth saving, and who's maybe learned at last to unnerstaun' what you are."

"Eh, Duncan, just say, 'Do you lo'e me, Marget?'" There's nae mair needed atween you and me," cried the woman, bursting into her rare tears.

Something like a flush rose in the man's wan face.

"I think I've aye lo'ed you, Marget, though whiles I didna ken and whiles I forgot, but for very shame I didna daur to say the word to you. Do you mind, Marget,—you said the old Duncan was dead? But I think you've brought to life again any good that was in him."

In silence Marget clasped the feeble hand between her own strong ones. She had indeed said that her love was dead, but in these long weeks of watching it had broken forth anew, and with it had come in full flood the holier, deeper tide of brooding mother-love for the helpless man so dependent upon her care. Duncan Forbes would ever be her "bairn" as well as her husband.

So Mr. Menzies was summoned to the Harbour House, and there was a very brief and simple ceremony in the big, bare room when Duncan Forbes and Margaret Baird joined hands for life. Then, with infinite precaution, the invalid was removed to his great stately chamber at Redgorton, which, as Marget inwardly confessed with something of a sigh, was "mair like a palace than an everyday hoose to live in." The county was amazed, but not unsympathetic, though everyone asked the other with a smile and a shrug, "What will Mrs. Lindsay say?"

Mrs. Lindsay, like a wise woman, said little to the outside world, and even at home

THE LOVE O' LIFE'S YOUNG DAY

she did not waste her wrath in words. Her anger at this open thwarting of all her plans had no need of these to make itself felt. Like iron in frost, it burned while it froze. It was well for Sheina that that memorable August night, when she had awakened to the meaning of life, had changed her from a dreaming girl to a woman strong to endure and brave to wait, for in those dark winter days she had much to bear. It seemed only too likely, also, that she would have long to wait before she could escape from the chill blight which had devastated her home life, for though Will's passionate love had taken a deeper note, and his irresponsible days were over and done with, a home and a career cannot be made at once. It was a winnowing time for both, and Sheina's delicate face showed traces of it in the strengthening of all the soft lines and the steady, if somewhat sorrowful, shining of the grey eyes.

Then, when the spring twilights began to lengthen out, a wonderful thing happened; a gift from Heaven, apparently, tumbled straight into Will Abercrombie's hands. An enviable post in South Africa was offered to him, with excellent prospects for the present and the promise of a widening future. It seemed one of those pieces of sheer, wonderful luck which occasionally do happen to a few favoured mortals, but to Sheina Lindsay it was in no way astonishing that Will's merits and abilities were recognised at last.

No one thought, however, of tracing the good luck to its real source—the quiet urgency of the new mistress of Redgorton. From her big pew in the “loft” of the old kirk, from which she had a full view of the Lindsaylands one, she was struck with what she called “the dwining look of the lassie,” and pressed her husband to use his influence and “get some of his grand friends to do something” for Will. Out of the fullness of her own content she would fain spread happiness if she could. And once the idea was suggested to him, Duncan Forbes was not unwilling; the bestowal of favours, the sense of patronage, was always pleasant to him. But there was a better feeling behind, which found vent in his words to his wife: “I’ve aye wanted to do something for her, but I didn’t know how. If it hadn’t been for her pluck that day, God knows what a life might have lain before us. Though it angered me sore at the time, I owe her more than I can pay.”

So Lindsaylands awoke from “the winter of its discontent,” and before the lilacs bloomed there was a wedding there.

“Dear children, it is delightful to see their happiness,” said Mrs. Lindsay to her friends. “Fortunately, Sheina found out her mistake just in time, and had the courage to break off her engagement with Mr. Forbes—such a trying thing for a young girl to do. It was the very day, too, he went out for that last sail. I’ve sometimes wondered if there could be any connection; so one is all the more pleased that he has had the good sense to console himself. Poor man, I’ve no doubt he is perfectly happy in his own way. But in *this* marriage we can heartily rejoice.”

And so could all, for pure, joyful happiness is contagious. No one who saw Sheina’s face that day ever forgot it, as she set out on the first stage of the long journey, which, even with Will at her side, the timid, home-loving girl would once have regarded with dread. It was hard to leave the old home and the dear faces, but life and love were calling; and now, in perfect trust and glad confidence, she set forth to be her husband’s helpmeet in whatever joy or sorrow might lie before them.

At Redgorton Jessie had assumed her new position with great pride and elation, and the joy of her life was to receive her old friends and exhibit to them all the glories of her new surroundings. But there was one crumpled roseleaf. If she had confessed the bottom truth, she would probably have admitted that the view from her room down the long avenue of wind-clipped firs was “a wee bit dull after the Square at Fordyce, where there was aye somethin’ goin’ on.”

And Marget? It was round her that gossip and speculation had centred.

“Poor thing, let us hope she will survive ‘the burden of an honour unto which she was not born,’” was laughingly said; but those who smiled or sneered did not know Marget. Very soon she ruled her big house with a firm, kind hand. She made no attempt to enter county society, or to rank herself with it, and people finding that they were not sought, began to seek her, at first from curiosity, but soon from a sincere respect. The long mirrors, which were to have reflected a slim, girlish form, now gave back the presentment of a grave but very dignified figure. In her dark, sober array Marget looked “quite the lady,” as

THE QUIVER

the Fordyce folk wonderingly said; and they were right, since she made absolutely no pretence, but was simply the Marget Baird of old, only softer and sweeter for the happiness and prosperity which might have turned many a less well-balanced head.

On the summer afternoons, when the sun shone on the long red front of the house, and it was warm and windless on the flagged, balustraded terrace, with its row of quaint urns and mouldering statues, two figures would daily be seen pacing along.

"We've got a little further the day," Marget would exclaim triumphantly, when at last they would pause, having reached the

goal to which she had coaxed the man leaning heavily on her arm—the next urn, the next statue, as it might be.

Then Duncan Forbes would straighten his big figure and draw a long breath.

"Eh, Marget, I couldn't have done it without you"; and then, with a glance round the wide domain which she helped him to order so well, "I couldn't do anything without you."

They had found, as the younger pair starting their life journey in a far land would learn in time—and well for those who do:

"It channels deeper as it runs,
The love o' life's young day."



"Lo! Winter comes, and all his heralds blow
Their gusty trumpets."—T. BUCHANAN READ.

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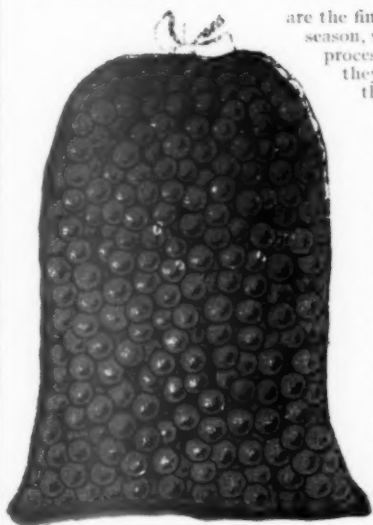
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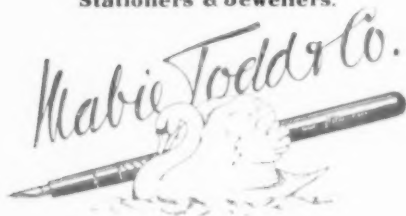
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OUR NEW COMPETITION

Valuable Prizes for Artistic Work

By THE EDITOR

LAST year some thousands of readers entered for the Quotations Competition, and now it is the turn of the artistic. It will be remembered that some months ago I asked for suggestions as to what form our next competition should take. Numerous readers responded, but the best suggestion was that of Miss E. Hope Lucas, of Cambridge, a suggestion which I have adopted. Says Miss Lucas:

"I want to ask if you will consider the idea of a Text Competition; I mean large wall texts suitable for hospitals or institutions. I think it would be an attractive competition to many—anyway, to those of your readers who are of an artistic turn of mind; and the literary ones have had their turn. If you adopt my suggestion, I would like to add I hope you will offer another First Prize of £10 worth of goods . . ."

I have sent Miss Lucas a copy of "Mind and its Culture" by way of acknowledgment of her excellent idea.

And now my readers and I will do our best to carry it out.



The Central Idea

As in all our QUIVER competitions, the central idea will be that of helpfulness. This world is a very dreary place for many people. Whilst we, the healthy and the strong, are free to go about and work in God's great earth, there are thousands of people, young and old, whose world is confined to four narrow walls; many of these are in our hospitals, soon, in the mercy of God, to be recovered of their sickness and return to their ordinary labour. Many others—and I often hear from such—have no hope of speedy release; they have been stricken by some lingering malady for twenty or more years. Do you know what it is day after day to count the sprays (green roses and the like) on the wall-paper? Now, as you gaze round the walls, what message of hope and cheer would you like to be there to greet you?

But there are, too, the well and the

strong, who yet are almost overcome by the depressing influences around or the thousand and one anxieties and duties that throng them. If you are one such, what message of comfort and inspiration would you like to greet you when you open your eyes in the morning, or when, tired out, you enter your chamber at night? I want some thousands of beautiful texts or mottoes to be sent in for this competition; there will be an attractive prize list; but, even though you do not gain a prize, it will be a happy thought that no competitor's work will be wasted—I shall have the texts suitably distributed, principally to hospitals and similar institutions, but certainly to places where they will be a source of continual help and inspiration. So the more the better.



What we Want

Our competition is for illuminated texts or mottoes—not necessarily from the Bible—of a helpful and inspiring character. Of course, beauty of design and execution will be the main factor in deciding the competition, but the Adjudicators will also bear in mind the suitability and inspiring character of the motto selected. A hackneyed quotation whose point has been rubbed blunt by constant usage during the last ten centuries, however excellently executed, will not have the same chance as a really choice, inspiring message such as will be a source of fresh inspiration to the beholder day by day.

I shall have much more to say about this next month, as also the conditions which competitors must faithfully observe. But I have said enough to set my readers on the task of selecting their text.



The First Prize

Now for the Prize List.

I have much pleasure in announcing

THE QUIVER

that the FIRST PRIZE will be an order for Twenty Pounds on Messrs. Boots, Cash Chemists.

All my readers know that Messrs. Boots have one or more branches in practically every town, large or small, in these islands; they also know that almost everything in the way of fancy goods, etc., can be purchased through them. I thought it would be a great convenience for the fortunate winner to be able to go to whichever of Messrs. Boots' establishments is nearest, and personally select goods to the value of £20.



The Second Prize

For the SECOND PRIZE I shall have much pleasure in awarding a similar order on Messrs. Boots for Ten Pounds' worth of goods.



Twelve Tea-Makers

For each of the next twelve in order of merit I am giving a "Teaetta" Tea-Maker—a similar device to the "Caffeta"

Coffee-Makers which were so much appreciated in our last competition. The "Teaetta" is the simplest and most perfect tea-maker known, and avoids the evils of tannin-poisoning.



Book Prizes

As Consolation Prizes I am offering twelve handsome volumes.

Thus in all there will be twenty-six prizes.



The Date

As before, I am giving plenty of time for competitors to execute their work. The last date for receiving entries will be April 30th, 1913.

Each entry must conform to the rules, to be given in my next number, and must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be inserted in the February number of THE QUIVER.

The Quotations Competition set a record that will be very hard to beat. But if we work with a will I am sure that we shall have a really wonderful collection of inspiring mottoes.

A CHRISTMAS MOTTO



The more we know, the better we forgive ;
Whoe'er feels deeply, feels for all who live.

The **COMPANIONSHIP PAGES**
Conducted by ALISON
Motto *By Love Serve One Another*

*How, When and
 Where Corner,
 Christmas, 1912*

A VERY happy and really merry Christmas, Violet and David, and Lena, and every one of you! To me it seems a short time only since I was wishing some of you a similar wish for the Christmas of 1911. How rapidly these monthly meetings of ours come and go!

In our December QUIVER we always have a number of stories; still, I thought we might have one all to ourselves this Christmas time, in our Corner cosily. The very little ones among you will, perhaps, like a Christmas message best this way. For the elder ones, perhaps I shall add a "dry" paragraph afterwards. We will see. Here is the story first:

A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR TWO

LAUREL PENHURST lifted her head as high as she could, though it wasn't very high, as she heard Nurse Mary's quick step down the ward. When she reached the bedside Laurel whispered a question to her. Laurel's head, with its mass of golden ("red" the boys would call it, doubtless) curls, was so close to Nurse's shoulder, and she spoke so softly that no one else could hear. I should not know what the question was if Nurse had not told me.

"Nursie, dear, could I have the great big screen round the bed for a little bit?"

"Yes, darling, but why do you want that?" Nurse answered.

During those long, dark days when Laurel had been so ill, her bed at the top of the ward had been carefully screened, but she had been glad when the thing was moved away, and Nurse was surprised at her question.

"'Cos I'm going to be *ever* so busy for a bit, and I do want to be all by myself," Laurel explained, and

she beamed lovingly at Nurse as her wish was carried out.

When the high surgical bed had been folded away behind the big screen, Nurse lingered quietly, doing something with the flowers on the table near by. She felt just a slight anxiety, for Laurel had been very, very ill, and she feared lest something she did not know of should be troubling her. Nurse Mary Gilchrist was Laurel's favourite of all the delightful nurses in the ward where she had lain ill for many weeks. Everyone loved the brave girlie who had been so patient and sweet through all the dreadful pain that had come to her; but Nurse Mary loved her specially.

It was Christmas Eve, and Nurse's mind was busy with the many pieces of work she had to do before they could be ready for all the jolly doings of the morrow. Still she listened carefully for any sounds that might

come from behind the big screen; and presently she heard this little prayer, spoken very softly — she had to listen hard to hear. Of course she wouldn't have listened at all if she had not been so fond of her small patient, and so afraid for her. So it was all right — the listening, I mean.

"Dear God, I want to be a Christmas present for Jesus, and till He wants me in Heaven couldn't He lend me to someone else to love, now Mrs. Bell can't do with me any more?"

That seemed to be the end of the prayer, and after a good long wait Nurse Mary peeped within the screen, and saw that the child's brown eyes were closed and she was sleeping quietly.

There were tears in Nurse's own eyes as she gently drew the blanket over Laurel's shoulders and turned away to her work. She was such a Nurse to love! She had masses of wavy, dark hair; her eyes grown-up people said were "so sad," but for little children they twinkled in the jolliest fashion, and boys and girls nearly always fell in love with her at once. Laurel had done so, and Nurse with her. And that is how there comes to be my story.

Laurel had a dreadful disease of the spine, and only a few weeks before, after doing all they knew how to cure it, the doctors had said they did not

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THE QUIVER

think anyone could do any more for her, and that she would never be able to walk again. And on the next visiting day, Mrs. Bell, who had brought her to the hospital, had come to see her. She was very upset, for she had heard this bad news about the "no cure" before she went into the ward, though they had told her Laurel must not be allowed to know anything about it. And really it was only by chance that she heard Mrs. Bell say as she went out at the door:

"Well, if it is so, I'm afraid I can't keep her any longer; I've got seven of my own to feed and clothe, and it's as much as I can manage, without having an invalid child to care for."

Nurse Mary, to whom she spoke, hurried Mrs. Bell away just as quickly as she could, lest Laurel should hear. Until she had overheard the little prayer on Christmas Eve, she did not know that the child had caught any part of the sad words then uttered. For it would seem sad to Laurel that good, kind Mrs. Bell could not do with her any more. "What shall I do?" she might well have asked.

Nurse Mary took Mrs. Bell down to the private room where business was done with the patients' visitors, and there she heard the story more fully than she had known it before.

Good Mrs. Bell kept a cat's-meat shop in a London slum street.

"Oh, what a dreadful place to live in," says someone.

Yes; but if you have eyes to see, when you are working in such sad parts of London and our big cities everywhere, you will find very beautiful deeds of sacrifice and love that gleam like wonderful pearls in the dark.

Mr. Bell went round with a barrow selling the meat for the cats of his district, and the seven little Bells all went to school, except Tim, the new baby. Laurel's mother had had so sad a life since her little daughter had been born. I can't tell you all the story, but when Laurel was six—and that was a year and a half before our story's beginning—she could only afford one room to live in. It was over Mrs. Bell's shop, and cheap, as rooms go in that part. And Laurel had got more and more delicate as the months went on, and so had her mother. The small girl's great joy, when she was not busy helping mother with the stitching she did to get their food, was to play with Baby Tim. And it was, I think, partly because she could manage him so splendidly, when no one else could, or had not time, that Mrs. Bell took care of Laurel and let her stay on after that awful day on which she had had to say good-bye to her dear mother when she went on that long, long journey.

Laurel hadn't been to school for a year because her back was so bad. There weren't then all the busy doctors and nurses looking after the school-boys and girls as there are to-day. By and by the back became so much worse that Mrs. Bell could do nothing but take her to the children's hospital, where I introduced her to you.

"I'm afraid there won't be nothing for her but the workhouse," Mrs. Bell said, with a deep sigh, to Nurse Mary.

"We will see," the latter replied; "I hope something else will be possible." And I think it

was then and there that she began to prepare that lovely secret that was one of the things she was thinking about when she stood by the flower table hearing Laurel's prayer on Christmas Eve.

You must hear something more about Nurse Mary. Laurel knew that she wore a narrow gold ring—which none of her other nurses did—like mother's, and that she was the most mother-like of them all. And when you hear what I have to tell you, you will understand why Nurse Mary had eyes that were "so sad" to grown-up people, but quite glad for little children.

Just five years before Laurel's Christmas in St. Mary's Hospital, Mary Gilchrist had been gloriously happy in her own beautiful home a few miles from London. She had one small son, David. There was only one cloud over them that Christmas Eve, and that was because David and his father, Dr. Gilchrist, had to go to London to do their shopping without mother. She had a sprained ankle, and had to stay at home on her sofa. I must only tell you further that a terrible accident happened to the train the two dear ones were coming home in, and Mary never saw her husband and boy alive again. And after those first days of anguish were over she had left her old friend, David's nurse, and her nurse, Martha, to take care of her home, while she tried to forget herself in service for other little children. That, you see, is how she came to be Laurel's Nurse Mary.

And when she heard Mrs. Bell's story she began to think that perhaps other women, differently placed from herself, might do the general work in the hospital that she was then doing, while perhaps there was no one else just then who could specially care for Laurel. So she had made very careful inquiries to see if it were all true as Mrs. Bell said; and they could find no one at all belonging to the child.

It was ever so early on Christmas morning that Nurse Mary went to her ward, before she had to begin work for the day. When she had quietly put the screen round the end bed she began to prepare for the morning wash, which she had got permission to do for Laurel instead of the Night Nurse doing it. And she made other preparations also, and there were surprises for the waking child. But the best surprise of all, she thought, was to find her dear Nurse kneeling beside her, waiting for her eyes to open for the first time.

"Oh, Nurse Mary, are you going to wash me to-day?" was her question as soon as the sleepiness had gone.

"Yes, darling; but aren't you going to wish me a Happy Christmas?"

"Yes, yes, I do want you to have a Happy Christmas—I forgot just a minute that it was Christmas. I wonder—"

And then there came such a sad look into her eyes, for she was remembering those words of Mrs. Bell which had quite faded from her mind during the happy hours in Dreamland, that Nurse Mary could keep her secret no longer.

"Laurel, darling, should you be quite, quite happy if Jesus, to Whom you asked God to



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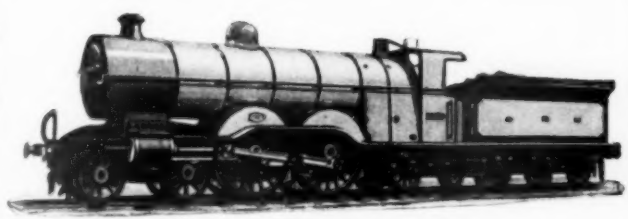
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When Your Boy

was quite a little "dot," most as soon as he could toddle, he loved to play at trains. And how he used to "chuff-chuff" as he pulled his wooden engine round the playroom or the garden!

But now of course he's grown—much too big for an engine that would only go when it was pulled—grown possibly to appreciate the wonder of our railways, and to wish that he could have a real model railway of his own.

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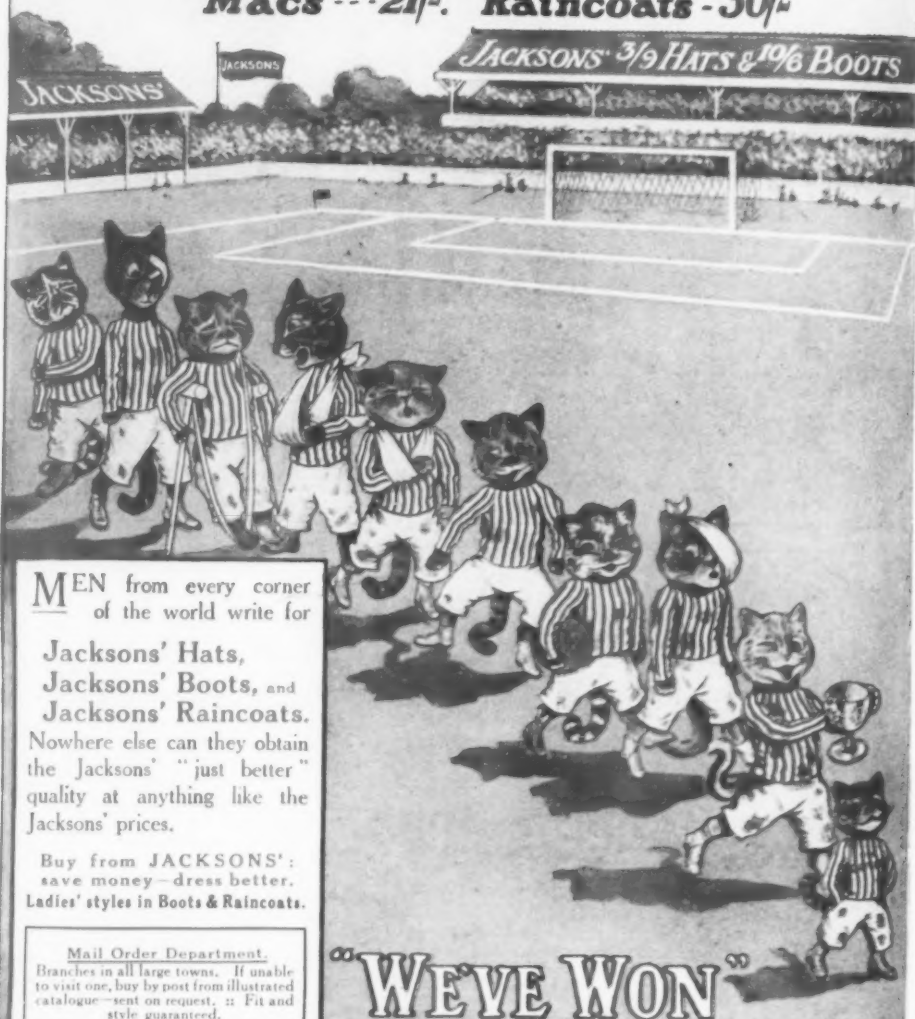
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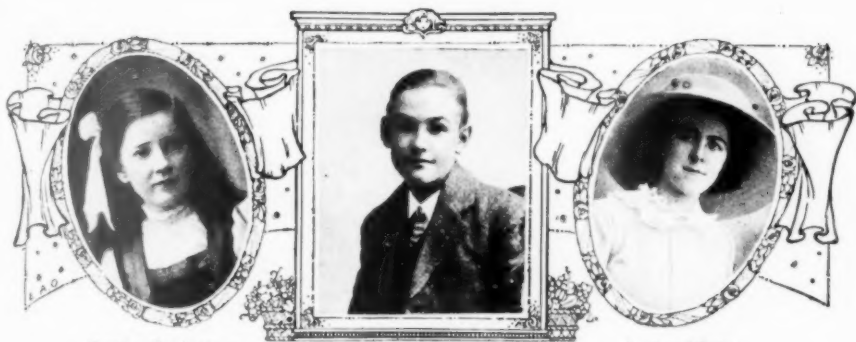
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BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE TOWNS

COMPANIONSHIP PAGES



Annie Anderson.

William A. Laidlaw.

Isabel Hale.

give you as a Christmas present, were to lend you to me for a while, to come to my home, and be my little daughter?"

I wish you could have seen Laurel's face. I couldn't describe how she looked; you must just try to picture it for yourself. Her big, brown eyes widened, and she clutched Nurse Mary's hand nervously.

"Do you mean He's lending me to you to take away from here, to be always with you instead of with Mrs. Bell?" she asked in amazement.

"Yes, Sweetheart, I haven't got any Baby Tim, but I think we shall be so happy together, and you shall have all the things my boy David left."

And then Nurse Mary gathered the tiny form closer even than she had ever held it before, and she softly told the little girl of the Christmas Day five years before, and then she added:

"You see, dear, God has heard your prayer, and Jesus is lending you to me to help keep me sweet and good till I go to my David and his father; aren't you glad?"

"Oh, I can't tell how glad I am, Nursie; but I'm not going to call you Nursie any more; you'll just be my Christmas Mother, won't you?" And she drew Nurse Mary's face right down close until it was hidden, and her tears, too, in her own golden curls.

I am sure you will all see the Christmas thought I want to give you: that we should give ourselves to God and be "lent" by Him as He wishes. Next year we shall all be paying our tribute of honour to the memory of that marvellously brave man, David Livingstone. You see, when he was a boy up in Blantyre he "gave" himself to God, and God "lent" him to Africa, to do that tremendous work of opening up the heart of that continent. And I doubt not that every one of you girls and boys, if you do the "giving," will be "lent" by Him for some special service for Himself. Maybe it will be for something great and

thrilling, as pioneer missionary adventure; or it may be for some gentle, private service, such as helping mother or father through lonely days of pain and sadness, or of filling a gap in somebody's life, as did little Laurel in the story. The details do not matter. It is the "giving" first of all that matters, and then the way and the spirit in which the "lent" time is filled up. One of the ancient martyrs who died for Christ's sake, when asked by his judge:

"What is your condition?"

replied:

"I am a freeman, but *Christ's slave*."

I hope you all will begin to be "slaves," in the spirit of that fine man, this very Christmas time, and that's the end of my Christmas message for you all.

Just Two Letters

I am afraid most of our correspondence must wait until next month; then we will have a whole lot of letters printed. But I must tell you that our Letter Prize is won by *Doris Parker* (age 17; Hampstead):

"DEAR ALISON,—I am writing to you again after three months. I really feel quite ashamed for not having written to you before. How often do you like the Companions to write to you, Alison? I expect you will say 'Whenever they can.' So I will write to you whenever I can. I am sending a postal order for half-a-crown with this letter for a badge—a pendant. I do so want to get it and see what it is like, and now I am going to tell you about my holiday at Shanklin in the Isle of Wight. It is a lovely little place with great rugged cliffs and hilly tan-coloured roads which we all admired very much. Behind the little town of Shanklin rises Shanklin Down, from seven hundred and fifty to eight hundred feet. Practically the whole island can be seen from the top of this down. Shanklin and Sandown, you know, are in a little bay together. The north point of the bay is Culver Cliff, on the side of which a great cow can be traced out, drinking the sea. The south point is Dunnose. When we were on Shanklin Down, we

THE QUIVER

looked right over Culver Cliff to Ryde. Then came a narrow band of sea, and then the mainland stretching out for miles. Far away in the distance we could see the south-west point of the island where the Needles are, and looking over Dunnose the great St. Boniface Down could be seen just behind Ventnor.

"The island looks like a piece of patchwork, for it is all divided into little fields, some for crops and some for pasture-land. It has a little railway like a toy one. There is a single line, and the engines give a tiny whistle like the 'peep' of a wee chicken, before they start on their journey, which is very bumpy and uncomfortable. There are no third-class carriages, and the second are very often worse than our third. I loved going in these trains because they are so different from ours.

"One morning we went into Shanklin Chine. It is a great gap in the cliff, rather narrow, and winding back for some distance. The sides of the cliff are covered with lovely ferns and curious little clinging plants. There are great trails of ivy covering the cliff. There are lots of trees growing right from the bottom of the chine where a tiny stream runs. These trees are very tall and thin, because they are all growing, up and up, to reach the light and sun at the top of the chine. It is a wonderful place, so quiet, so cool, and so gloomy, for not much light comes through the trees. The paths wind round and round, and we went over a sweet little moss-grown bridge. At the top we had a mug of chalybeate water, water that has trickled through the cliff, and so been purified. It was beautifully cold and tasted faintly of iron; I thought it was lovely.

"One lovely, sunny morning we decided to go for a brake-ride to Blackgang Chine, which is beyond Ventnor. The road which we took leads over the undercliff, and the scenery is perfect. A great landslide occurred here a long while ago, and a second and much lower cliff was formed. On our right rose the great white cliff, sometimes jagged and bare, sometimes overgrown with grass and ferns, ivy and trees. We passed great rocks which have fallen from time to time. One was enormous, called Chad's Rock, and it stands at Windy Corner just before Blackgang Chine. To our left stretched the gleaming blue sea, separated from us by downs. Before we could go into Blackgang Chine, we had to buy something in the bazaar. Then we went into the chine. It is quite different from the chine at Shanklin, and much larger. It is fearfully steep, and we got dreadfully tired. It is very black and bare and well deserves the name of Blackgang. Here and there are lovely patches of heather. At the top there is a little elevated building where people can go and look about. We could see the Needles from there. We had our photos taken in the chine, and I am sending you one of my brother and myself. The rock that we are sitting on looks solid enough, but it was so soft that I could pick pieces off it. It is only made of coarse sand which has been pressed into a rock. You can see all the initials carved on it.

"I cannot tell you nearly all we did, because I should have to write pages and pages. I kept a diary during my stay there, so I know what we did each day. I must tell you that my brother and I

found two small caves high up on the face of Dunnose cliff. With much love to you and to Violet, Lena and David, from DORIS PARKER."

Then there is one other letter you all will be delighted to see. It is from Violet Little, and came just as we were going to press with these pages. I hope soon to have others from David and Lena:

"DEAR ALISON,—I received your letter to-day, and was very glad to get it. I hope you are all well as we are. Our dresses we wore to the woods were awfully dirty, but washed clean, and so did the stockings. I think Helen Strong must be a very nice little girl, and also Winnie Toplis. (Both these Companions sent letters to Violet with mine.—ALISON.) Our school starts on Tuesday. We play lots of nice games. Our final exams were very hard, especially geography and arithmetic. Helen passed with Honours; but if I had stood one more I would have stood with Honours. Please send THE QUIVER, as I have not got very many. I was away for a week and a half and came home to go up the river. Helen was away for seven weeks—out to Brunswick, Bethany, Onemee, and Mount Horeb. Helen came home also to go up the river. On the way up we got stuck on the old pier on the middle of Rice Lake, which is about 100 feet deep. We were on the pier for about two hours and a half. We thought the boat was sinking, and so did the captain; but, anyway, two men went for the *Genoa*, and it pulled us off. We went to Jubilee Point and had some sports. I ran a race and got a nice workbox, which I think a lot of. You told me to write you a long letter, so I hope this is long enough. I guess this is all. Bye-bye. From your friend, VIOLET LITTLE."

"P.S.—Give my love to all the girls.—VIOLET."

A Competition for All

This is our next competition: Find from the Bible as many instances as you can of God using little things and unimportant people to do big things for Him. This is for Seniors and Juniors alike. All papers must reach me by January 1st, 1913, and I hope every one of you will enter. Companions abroad have the usual extension of one month.

With many good wishes,

Your Companion friend,

Alison

RULES

"ALISON" is glad to welcome as members of the Corner all readers young enough to enjoy the chats. The coupon is in the advertisement section.

The Competition Rules are three only, but they must be observed:—

(a) One side only of the paper is to be written on.

(b) The full name and address must be given on the final page.

(c) Age last birthday is to be stated also.

Foreign and Colonial Companions are allowed an extra month.

A prize is given to every Companion who gets twelve others to join.

The Absurdity of Remaining Fat

THERE is now no sense or reason in being tormented and humiliated by over stoutness and risking all the evil consequences of the disease of chronic obesity. So easy is it to get rid of all superabundant fatty deposits (strengthening the muscular system at the same time), and so simple and pleasant is the standard treatment—the famous Antipon treatment, of course—that it is positively absurd, nay, even culpable, to remain fat, a misery to one self and an unattractive object to others. The Antipon treatment is as harmless and reliable as it is delightfully agreeable, and there is no excuse for any over stout man or woman who neglects it, the one permanent cure for obesity in all its stages.

What most particularly differentiates Antipon from other treatments is that its tonic qualities are on a par with its amazing fat-reducing properties. This is of vital importance, because a person suffering from obesity is already weakened in muscular power and lowered in vitality. The system, therefore, needs more sustaining nourishment while undergoing the reducing process than at any other time. Vigour must be restored by wholesome food while pounds and pounds of tissue are being eliminated. How condemnatory this is of the mischievous treatments and remedies (*sic*) which drain the already enfeebled system by semi-starvation and drugging—the latter also a means of starving the body. Unfortunately these

pernicious processes impoverish and poison the blood and demolish muscular strength. Much good in reducing weight at such a cost!

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tract is braced up and re-strengthened, a healthy appetite and sound digestive and assimilative powers are the result, with, as a corollary, perfected nutrition. The limbs and other fleshy parts, freed from excess of adipose, become firm and strong, the waist slender, the hips normal, the proportions entirely correct and symmetrical. Is it not, then, absurd to remain stout when such an admirable remedy can be had at so small a cost?

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Antipon can be had from stock or on order from all Druggists and Stores in the Colonies and India, and is stocked by wholesale houses throughout the world. United States Agents: Messrs. E. Fougere & Co., 90 Beekman Street, New York City.



*Hostess: "Come, my dear, you were always famous at these active evening games and charades."
Stout Friend: "Yes, but I'm too stout for that now."
Hostess: "Let me whisper a secret. I was fatter than you, but I took Antipon, and just I don't know how many pounds. You ought to try it, my dear."*

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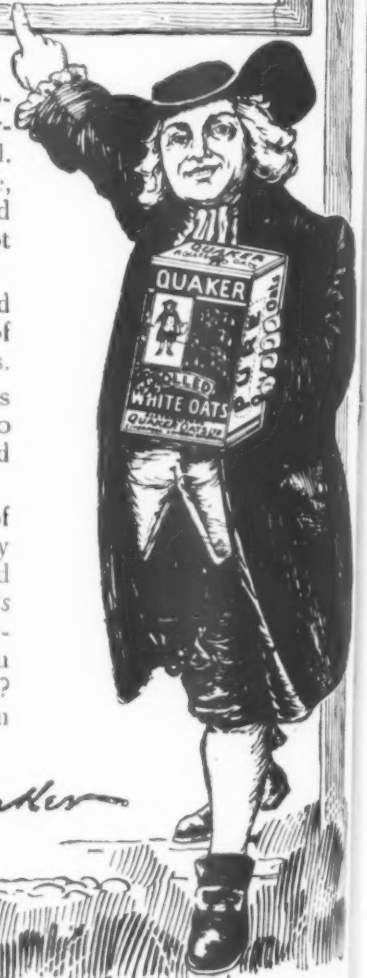
Quaker Oats is most easily digested—you therefore get full advantage of its wonderful nourishing properties. There is no waste in Quaker Oats—therefore most economical—40 meals for sixpence—and the sealed packet ensures purity.

Millions of families in all parts of the world have proved that my statements about the value and superiority of Quaker Oats are *facts*—now I ask the privilege of proving these to *you*. Won't you accept my Money-Back Offer? Buy a packet of Quaker Oats from your dealer to-day.

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THE CRUTCH AND KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

Going Back—and Forward

TWICE a year, at all events, most of us undergo remarkable changes. There is the holiday season, for example, when we rush, crush, and do all we can to give our remote ancestors an opportunity of peering out from us. We dare not exactly make woad or ochre be a substitute for clothing, like as they did, but we can adapt the clothing to primitive simplicity. And we do. Starched collars and cuffs are taboo along with the tall hat, the dignified tweeds, and immaculate boots; there is no holiday for us till we are leagues and leagues away from the conventional and brow-beating city, listening in loose flannels, slouching caps, and easy brown boots, to what the wild waves are saying (but have never learnt to say distinctly), hitting a ball as our forbears hit an enemy, or climbing the rugged heights as they climbed the gnarled trees.

Reversion to Type

And this back-water fashion sets in as strong with the gentle as with the ungentle sex. Your girls, bless 'em! also go on the loose. Five days of the week their lovely hair goes streaming down their back, just as Eve's did, or Boadicea's (according to all photographs of the period); they bathe boldly and blithely; bound to the flying hockey or tennis ball like kittens—kittens which are never so kitten-like as when they aim at a thing and suddenly jump aside when half-way toward it. On the remaining two days of the almanack week they re-don their city fur and feathers, fix up their hair in the latest *mode*, and become constrainedly demure and proper. This, in the one case, is for the visit to the squire or the local church bazaar (for the benefit of the organ fund); in the other case it is for the go-to-meeting and the parade which follows. All of which, it will be noted, is what scientists call a reversion to type—strident efforts to give our far-off ancestors a chance to peep out from us and see how the world is wagging.

When Christmas Comes

It is at Christmas time the other great change takes place. There is something in the air about that season that makes us feel good. Partly, perhaps, because of old and sweet traditions—traditions which soaked

deep into us when the skin was young and tender, and which we have never outgrown, and never wanted to. There is a corner in our heart that has not yet been trampled hard, and in that corner we cherish a secret belief in Father Christmas, with his beaming face and unkempt locks and dainty freight for stuffing stockings. No matter what experience may aver to the contrary, we still keep in this soft corner of the heart a dutiful respect for the pictures which always fix a snowfall for December 25th, the sudden upspringing of waits, with cheery log-fires in the background, and monstrous puddings, gay with holly, enough to keep doctors busy for a month!

It is a good time, a time when we are very near to our best, when we are unconsciously stretching out to what we fain would be always, rather than reverting to a type which is a little too crude and elementary to have the swing of the year all to itself. How at this time of the year we soften towards all that is poor and suffering! We may be High Church or Low Church or No Church, but we can't get away from the great Event of Christmas, or the better hopes and dreams that cluster round it. No politics for us then, no church or chapel feuds, no white skin or black skin, neither man nor beast; whoever or whatever would be the better for a bit of kindness or a good square meal, to that one our hearts and hands instinctively go out.

The Children's Hour

But the children! Ah, how they lead us back to our Edens, vivid to us still, though remote in the years; and we understand the little ones by an inner kinship that can never become decrepit, however it may fare with the outward form. Christmas is essentially the Day of the Child, and we are never so wise, never so much at home with our better selves than when it is a little child that is leading us. But when that child is a sufferer, and can only look with dim wonder on all the bright bustling of the strong, as on a world in which he can have no part, and from which he has no expectations! There are only two ways of dealing with this—either by refusing to see and consider it, so hardening the heart against ourselves, or looking on it pitifully, lovingly, and doing

THE QUIVER

what we can to cheer and comfort the little one, so as to make the season be, not a pitiful mockery, but a good time, a glad time, a time for the wee ailing one to remember to the end of his brief days.

A Chance for the Cripples

The poor London cripples are in this rank, and there are twelve thousand of them under the merciful oversight of the Ragged School Union and its voluntary visitors. The Crutch-and-Kindness League exists to brighten the lot of these wee suffering mites in their own homes, by each member of the League corresponding once a month at least with the cripple put into his or her care for the purpose. This is a time for writing, but still more a time for feeding and clothing. I would earnestly beg every reader, member or not, to send something that would be like an angel's song to these puir, lonely bairns, for Christmas. The chimes never sound so sweet as when they float through the atmosphere of a good deed done just for His sake, Who came among us as at this time—the little Child Who was yet to be the greatest Sufferer, that through suffering He might bring us all home at last.

Any donations, however small, will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Sir John Kirk, Director and Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, W.C., from whom also, for a stamp, may be received all particulars of the Crutch-and-Kindness League.

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH

Miss Doreen Ager, Southend-on-Sea, Essex; Miss Kathleen Allen, Ryde, Isle of Wight; Miss Akers, Loughton, Essex; Miss Clarice Annibal, Arnold, Notts.

Miss Bellingham, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex; Miss E. Bishop, Hanwell, Middlesex; Mrs. Black, Peterhead, N.B.; Miss E. Brown, Liscard, Cheshire.

Miss Grace Clemance, Pipiriki, New Zealand; Miss E. L. Claw, Hillhead, Glasgow.

Miss Winifred Day, Bath, Somerset; Miss Madeline Deekes, C.M.S. School, Limpfield, Surrey; Miss Duthie, Woking, Surrey.

Miss D. Eaton, Wigan, Lancashire; Mrs. J. H. Evans, Wonthaggi, Victoria, Australia.

Mrs. Foster, Kroonstadt, Orange Free State, South Africa; Miss May Fuller, Kiripaka, New Zealand.

Miss Hadley, Tunbridge Wells, Kent; Mrs. Francis J. Hart, Reading, Berkshire; Mrs. Haworth, Birkenhead, Cheshire; Miss Doris Hubble, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex; Miss H. M. Huxley, Oxford.

Miss Marjorie James, Ryde, Isle of Wight. Mrs. Kerracher, Catrine, N.B.; Miss Audrey King, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

Miss A. Lawrence, Ealing, London, W. Miss Daisy Mackie, Dunedin, New Zealand; Miss Mannors, Harrow, Middlesex; Miss E. Mosely, Toronto, Canada.

Misses Daisy and Margaret Pearce, Dunedin, New Zealand. Miss Reynolds, Rushall, Tunbridge Wells; Miss Etta Russell, Wanganui, New Zealand.

Miss Sylvia Slaughter, Reading, Berkshire; Mrs. R. A. Scott, Vepery, Madras; Miss E. Selby, Tooting, London, S.W. Mrs. Taylor, Bridlington, Yorkshire; Miss Hetty Tee, Kiripaka, New Zealand.


Miss Edna Wagon, Southend-on-Sea, Essex; Miss Maggie Waugh, Beattock, N.B.; Miss Welford, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Miss Wheeler, Thornton Heath, Surrey; Mrs. E. White, Ramsgate, Kent; Miss E. C. Wood, Hornsey Lane, London, N.; Miss K. Woodhouse, Croydon, Adelaide, New Zealand; Miss Woods, Toronto, Canada.



For the Young Folks

RECOGNISING the difficulty of choosing suitable gift-books for young folks of various ages, Messrs. Cassell and Company, Limited, have produced a "Young Folks' Catalogue." This describes the different books most acceptable to boys and girls of seven to seventeen and beyond, and a feature of the Catalogue is the beautiful illustrations in three-colour process, calculated to give a very good idea of what the volume is actually like. There are enough books in this Catalogue to make a thousand children happy, and mothers and fathers, uncles, aunts and all interested should send a post card to Messrs. Cassell and Company, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.—mentioning "The Quiver"—for a copy of the "Young Folks' Catalogue."

THE QUIVER




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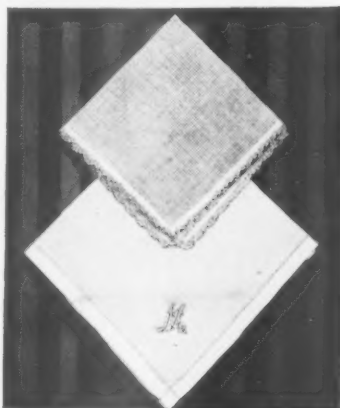
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THE NORTH SEA BY W. G. WYLLIE, R.N.A.

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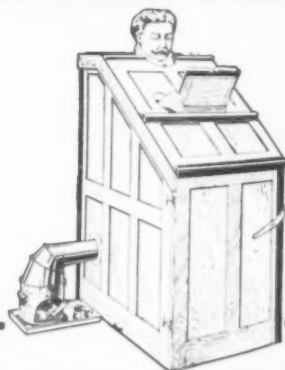
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THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT PROBLEM

A Practical Suggestion

By THE EDITOR

AS the Christmas Festival draws near we are faced with a problem which, in spite of its annual recurrence, never seems to become easier with repetition.

What shall I give for a Christmas present?

Time after time we have perhaps exhausted the resources of both our imagination and the general stores' catalogue in search of a gift that shall be appropriate, useful, tasteful—in a word, "just the thing"—to find, by scarcely veiled hints, or the forced geniality of polite breeding, that almost anything else would have served better.

Now, I don't mean to launch out into a dissertation upon the general subject of present-giving, but simply to lay before my readers a practical suggestion that may solve the problem at least in some cases.

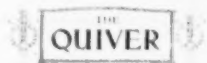
In certain circles in America it is the custom, instead of presenting some costly, but useless article of, say, silverware, to make a friend a present of a year's subscription to a popular magazine. In this way the friend receives not merely a passing thrill of delight, but is reminded month after month of the good feeling and affection of the donor.

There is a mild and pleasurable excitement in looking forward to the day of the month when our favourite magazine arrives. When it comes, how eagerly we glance over its contents, sum up the

stories by a look at the illustrations, judge the articles as "novel" or "dry," and then put the number down for the leisurely perusal of the quiet hour. But how immeasurably greater would be the feeling of delight each time the magazine came in, if we knew its advent was due to the kind thought of a friend—a monthly expression of good feeling and affection.



"The Quiver" Christmas Present Card
(Very greatly reduced.)



14, Bells, Salisbury,
London, E.C.

We have pleasure in informing you that at the request of

we have made arrangements with

Newsagent

to supply you with a year's copies of "THE QUIVER" free of charge. The delivery will commence with November (First Part of New Volume).

CANELL & Co., Ltd.

By the terms of any arrangement no money shall be paid for the above address and (1914).

In this country, owing to the different methods of distribution, this scheme has not been adopted; but I have been able to make arrangements whereby my readers shall be able to try it.

I suggest, therefore, that you make your friend a Christmas present of THE QUIVER for next year. I feel sure that many who have loved and valued this magazine for many years will be glad of this opportunity of passing on its message to a friend in this way.

Let me explain just how it is done. Your part is simply to fill in the form given on page 264, and send, with a

THE QUIVER

postal order for 6s. 6d., to Messrs. Cassell and Co. Immediately on receipt of this, our publishers will make arrangements with a local newsagent or bookseller to deliver to your friend, immediately it is published each month, a copy of *THE QUIVER*.

In addition, they will send to your friend a large handsome Christmas card, setting forth that you have made arrangements for them to be supplied with a copy of *THE QUIVER* each month. On this card is a beautiful reproduction, by the three-colour process, of a charming picture, by Mr. E. W. Haslehurst, of the Grand Canal and St. Mark's, Venice.

The small reproduction on page 263 can, of course, only give a faint idea of this exquisite Christmas souvenir.

At the same time as dispatching this to your friend, our publishers will send you a replica of the card, confirming the arrangements that have been made in accordance with your desire.

A Message of Cheer

The idea is capable of wide extension. I know that there are many Christian workers in all parts of the country who would deeply appreciate such a magazine as *THE QUIVER*, but whose means will not allow of even such a small subscription as that entailed by belonging to the circle of *QUIVER* readers. I think just now of one of the most estimable men I have had the honour of knowing—a missionary

of the London City Mission, one who is in every way a king of men, but who, because of the life work he has chosen, simply cannot afford the inspiration and comfort of a sixpenny monthly magazine. What a joy for him to receive the beautiful Christmas card informing him that for the next twelve months he may look forward to receiving a copy of *THE QUIVER*!

Then the missionaries in far-off lands. We all know with what keen delight they welcome any fresh evidence of the remembrance of their friends in the homelands. I may mention that, in the case of the colonies and abroad, where there is no local newsagent to fall back upon, we send the copies direct from this office by post; only in this case the subscription is nine shillings. There are thousands of missionaries who would highly value such a magazine as *THE QUIVER*. Probably you know one such, and would like to do this act of kindness—if you do not I could certainly supply the names of scores.

When to Send

Send your subscription in as soon as possible, as there is a strong probability of the Christmas Number running out of print. The Christmas card will be sent immediately—or withheld till nearer Christmas if the donor wishes it.

The subscription starts from the November number—the first of the new volume.

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for which I enclose Postal Order for 6s. 6d. (or 4 Foreign or Colonial). It is understood that the Special Christmas Card shall be sent to both my friend and myself.

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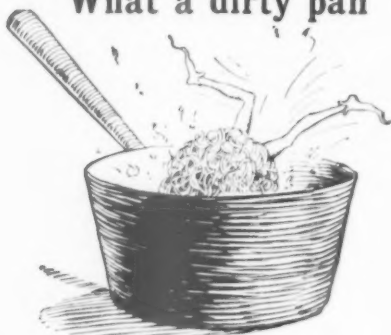
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I'll do it.

THE
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PAN SCRUBBER.
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SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGES

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

DECEMBER 1st. THE LUNATIC BOY

Mark ix. 11-26

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) Where faith failed. (2) Faith responsive. (3) Christ's victory.

WHEN faith fails the devil triumphs. There can be no great achievement unless it is born in strong, undying faith. The disciples of Christ momentarily lost confidence in the power of their Master working through them, and when they were put to the test they ignominiously failed.

Lincoln's Faith in God

What a writer has described as one of the most touching incidents in the life of Abraham Lincoln of which we have any knowledge, occurred in Washington near the close of his first administration. Some forty or fifty women, members of the Sanitary Commission, had met in Washington for a conference, and a large number of them decided at the conclusion of their conference to call upon the President. It was a trying ordeal for Lincoln to stand and shake hands with the members of the large deputation, and to listen to the empty phrases which they dropped into his ears as they shook him by the hand in their turn. But just as the moments were getting fearfully long, and the situation was becoming rather a strain, a little Quaker woman took the long-suffering President's hand, and as she spoke the gaunt form straightened, and the mouth became beautiful in its sweetness. "Yes, friend Abraham," said the little woman, "thou need not think thee stands alone. We are all praying for thee. The hearts of all the people are behind thee, and thee cannot fail. The Lord has appointed thee; the Lord will sustain thee, and the people love thee. We are only a few weak women, but we represent many. Take comfort, friend Abraham; God is with thee, and the people are behind thee."

"I know it," answered the President. "If I did not have the knowledge that God is sustaining me, and will sustain me until my appointed work is accomplished, I could not live. If I did not believe the hearts of all the loyal people are with me, I could not endure it. My heart would have broken long ago. You have given a cup of cold water to a thirsty and grateful man. I knew before that good men and women were praying for me, but I was so tired and hedged about with care that I had forgotten."

Faith's Answer to "Impossibilities"

The eye of faith sees the triumph before it is accomplished. Faith laughs at "impossibilities." The father of the afflicted boy believed that Christ could heal his son, even before the Divine hand was outstretched to help and deliver.

More than a hundred years ago, Robert Morrison set out for China as a missionary. Just as he was established in Canton, a Chinese law was passed making it illegal to print Christian books or preach the Gospel. A man of less resolute purpose would have deemed the situation impossible and returned home. But that was not the stuff of which Morrison was made. The word "impossible" had no place in his vocabulary. He compiled a dictionary and translated the Gospels, praying and waiting for the time when the door should be opened. And though he waited long and laboured hard he had faith enough to believe that a better day would dawn. How his faith and patience were rewarded the history of missions in China tells.

DECEMBER 8th. THE CHILD IN THE MIDST

Matthew xviii. 1-14

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) The question of the disciples. (2) How to enter the kingdom of heaven. (3) The Father's unquenchable love for His own.

ASKED to give a definition of a Christian, a little lad wrote: "A true Christian is one who loves Jesus Christ, and does his best to serve Him." Then he added: "I can trust Jesus always and everywhere." That was the spirit which our Lord wished to see in His disciples—the spirit which He expects to find in His followers still.

Sheltered in the Fold

A Scottish elder was much concerned because his pastor persistently refused to allow children to be admitted to church fellowship. Inviting the minister to his house, he took him to see his large flock of sheep put into the fold. Taking his stand at the entrance to the sheepfold, the elder allowed the sheep to enter; but as the little lambs came up he roughly pushed them back with a heavy stick. The pastor became very indignant and exclaimed: "What are you doing to the lambs? They need the shelter far more than the sheep." "Just what you are

THE QUIVER

doing to the children of the church," was the prompt reply. The object-lesson did its work, for never again did the pastor attempt to shut out from the fold of the church one of Christ's little ones.

Seeking and Finding

Losing one of his sheep at a time when the snow covered deeply all the land, a Highland shepherd went forth to search for it, but in vain. At last he saw the traces of life under the snow, and found a neighbour's sheep alive, though in distress. As he turned homewards, carrying the neighbour's sheep in his arms, he was surprised to see another sheep in the same place whence he had taken one already. It also was alive, and when he took it up, it proved to be his own lost one; it had been kept alive by the other's warmth. And so, a commentator adds, "while a man or woman is tending and helping the Christian life of some young man or woman, he may rightly trust God that his own children will not be forgotten by the loving Master."

DECEMBER 15th. FORGIVENESS

Matthew xviii. 15-35

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) The forgiveness that never tires. (2) The king and his servants. (3) Seeking forgiveness for self and refusing it to another.

"If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Those are Christ's own words, and they ought to be remembered when we feel disposed to deal harshly with others.

When Wesley was going out to America with General Ogilvie, he one day heard a great storming and raging going on in the cabin. It was the General scolding his servant. He said, "I had so many bottles of Cypress wine put on board for me—the only wine I am allowed to drink—and that villain has drunk it all himself. I have put him in irons, and I am going to send him on board a man-of-war to be flogged, for I never forgive." "Well," said Wesley, "I hope you never sin." The rebuke was so irresistible that the General at once forgave the offender and released him from his irons.

The Forgiving Archbishop

On one occasion, when a plot was formed to take Archbishop Cranmer's life, the papers which would have completed the plan were intercepted and came into the Archbishop's hands. One of the conspirators lived in Cranmer's family, and he had done great service for the other. The Archbishop took these men into his palace, told them their secrets had been disclosed, and that they would be accused of

the plot. When they denied the charge he lifted his voice to Heaven, thanking God for his preservation, and drew their letters from his pocket. Instantly they fell on their knees, confessed their fault, and asked forgiveness. Cranmer immediately answered their petition; he freely forgave them and never again alluded to their treachery.

DECEMBER 22nd. CHRISTMAS LESSON

Isaiah ix. 1-7

POINTS TO EMPHASISE: (1) The predicted Coming One. (2) His name and office.

Christ, the Great Magnet

IN "The Glorious Company of the Apostles," the author tells of an old white-haired man who was standing fascinated in a picture-gallery before a picture of Christ. After gazing at it for a few moments he murmured, as to himself, with face all aglow, "Bless Him, I love Him!" A stranger standing near overheard him, and said, "Brother, I love Him too," and clasped his hand. A third caught the sentence, and said, "I love Him too," and soon there was in front of that picture a little company of people with hand clasped to hand, utter strangers to one another, but made one by their common love to Jesus Christ.

Christ is the great love magnet of this world, and in again celebrating His birth, let us remember how much we owe Him, and seek to serve Him better and love Him more.

DECEMBER 29th. REVIEW

"THE great lesson for us," writes Dr. Campbell Morgan, "of all the studies of the year in the life and ministry of Jesus, is that, if we will put Him and His teaching to the test of obedience, we shall come to absolute conviction of its Divine authority, and into the experience of its power."

The Power of Love

Dr. Stalker says that when he was first settled in a church he discovered a thing of which nobody had told him, and which he had not anticipated, but which proved a tremendous aid in doing the work of the ministry. He fell in love with his congregation. "I do not know how otherwise to express it," he says. "It was as genuine a blossom of the heart as any which I have ever experienced. It made it easy to do anything for my people; it made it a perfect joy to look them in the face on Sunday morning."

When the love of Christ fills the heart it is easy to serve Him. The lessons of the year ought to deepen that love and turn service for Him into a "glad, sweet song."

Points for Parents

THE FAMILY INCOME MADE SECURE

THE earnest wish of every Husband and Father is to leave at his death a provision that shall relieve his family from all monetary anxiety. Heedlessness of this subject is rare nowadays; the keen struggle for existence "rubs it in" to a man's mind. Yet many put off action and put it off again till it is too late.

How best to do this is a conundrum that has puzzled many a clever man. The subject may often have been in his mind and been as often dismissed, simply because he could not decide upon a really satisfactory method of making such a provision. The friend who could show him a sound and safe way of securing to his widow and his children a definite annual income would be a friend indeed.

Such a friend—to the man himself—to his wife—to his children, the writer claims to be. It cannot be too widely known that a secure and definite annual income for a widow and her children is provided by either of two policies issued by the "North British and Mercantile." These are the Twentieth Century Option Policy, and the Five Per Cent. Investment Policy, and their cost is so reasonable that many a reader could afford one which would give his relatives at his decease a certain income of £50 or £100 per annum. The policies admit of the income being commuted, in whole or in part, for a cash payment on a liberal scale, if circumstances make this useful to the survivors.

Space does not admit of entering into details, but we are sure that many will be wise enough to write for Booklets which clearly describe the merits and working of these remarkable policies. They can be obtained upon application—a post card will do—for Booklet No. 20 to the Life Manager, North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, 61 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

"THE assurance of life is one of the most Christian things that I know; for what is it? It is taking the load that would crush one family and spreading it over twenty thousand families, so that a mere drop lights upon each instead of overwhelming torrent falling upon one. It seems to me a beautiful illustration of bearing one another's burdens. And therefore, let every young man entering upon life, every head of a family, whether high or low, set his house in order and assure his life."—REV. DR. CUMMING.

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Soapmakers to H.M. King George V.

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CONVERSATION CORNER

CONDUCTED BY
THE EDITOR

The Home Festival

ONCE again the thoughts of all of us are directed to the Festival of the Home, and it is a great pleasure to wish all my readers a most happy Christmastide. The many kind letters I have received during the past months make me feel that this can be no mere formal wish; you have written to me out of your hearts—kindly, helpful messages which I treasure, and in return I wish that I could address not only my correspondents, but every reader direct and say in the most hearty manner possible: "May you have a really happy Christmas, and end the year at peace with yourselves, with your fellows, and in communion with the great Giver of Peace." So let us forget clouds and troubles, wars and politics, and gather round the hearth with our nearest and dearest to celebrate the coming of the Christ Child.



Those Outside

AND yet we cannot quite forget those outside. As Mr. Begbie reminds us in his article on another page, the misery of the world will not allow of us shutting ourselves up with our joy. QUIVER readers are, surely, the least likely to do this. With gratitude I record that the past year has been an even more generous one than usual. Readers have sent me nearly £300 for Mrs. Mackirdy's Shelter Fund, some fifty or sixty pounds for the League of Loving Hearts, a generous start for the Labrador Nurse's Fund (as we go to press so early I cannot yet give figures for this), as well as donations to the various other charities which make their appeal through THE QUIVER. But still more remains to be done, and Christmas-

tide is the season above all others when, in the midst of our own joy, we would like to remember to help "those outside." So I am going to mention one or two causes which particularly need our aid at the present time. For these—and the other charities mentioned elsewhere—I shall be delighted to receive your generous Christmas offerings.



Another Women's Shelter

A FEW months ago, H.R.H. Princess Alexander of Teck formally opened a new home at New Southgate in connection with the London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution. For some time past this society has been quietly but very efficiently doing just the kind of preventive work for which Mrs. Mackirdy has been so eloquently pleading. "The Hermitage," as the new home is called, is designed for various classes of unfallen girls rescued from moral peril. The society has an open-all-night refuge near the Euston Road, and "The Hermitage" is to be used in connection with this. The home is arranged to receive thirty-two inmates, and everything that the forty-four years' experience of the secretary of the institution could suggest has been embodied in the working out of the details of the Home, in order that it may be as efficient as possible, both for the training of the untrained, and for the saving of the unfallen. The Committee very urgently need a little over £1,000 in order to discharge the liabilities which have been incurred in adapting the Home, erecting a new workroom, laundry, etc. I am hoping that QUIVER readers will be able to have a not inconsiderable hand in this most necessary undertaking.

THE QUIVER

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THE QUIVER

The Salvation Army

THERE is much need among the poor this winter, and to cope with this the Salvation Army has an organisation which has given abundant and practical proof of its efficiency. The work of the Salvation Army led King George on the death of its founder to say that "the poor had lost in him a whole-hearted and sincere friend, who devoted his life to helping them in a practical way," while Princess Louise, writing to Mrs. Bramwell Booth, said: "I know that his great work is in safe keeping with his son and yourself, who are so entirely imbued with his spirit, and energy, and love." I hope that the appeal for funds which General and Mrs. Bramwell Booth are making will be responded to readily, and with the largeness of heart which the circumstances so fully warrant.



Christmas Presents

MISS AGNES WESTON, well known to all our readers, is again appealing for Christmas presents for sailors, their wives and children. Such useful and fancy articles as writing cases, shawls, frocks, socks, toys, children's jerseys, aprons, dresses, etc., are greatly in request. Articles should be sent to the Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth, or Devonport.



The Invalid and the Incurable

THERE are other great causes which are pleading for our help. I call your attention to the circular inserted in this issue with an appeal for the British Homes for Incurables. I have in previous issues told of the splendid work of this Society, and I hope that the appeal will be largely responded to. Then, again, there is the Children's Invalid Aid Association. What a lot it means in a poor home if the child who has had a serious illness can be assisted over the time of convalescence! I know that the work that this Association is doing will commend itself to the notice of readers. The Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund is doing a much-needed work by raising funds for the maintenance of those ladies who were left provided for by charges on Irish landed property, who are incapacitated by age or infirmity from earning a living, and who, owing to the non-receipt of their incomes, are in absolute poverty. Relief is given independently of politics or religion, and the committee are specially appealing for gifts of clothing, boots and blankets.

The Balkan War

ONLY one more appeal, and then I must pass on to other matters. I feel that numbers of my readers would like to do something for the tens of thousands of victims of the war in the Balkans. From the start there has been a terrible shortage of medical aid for the wounded, and the British Red Cross Society is doing its best to supply the deficiency. The need is immediate and urgent. I shall be pleased at once to forward any sums sent me for Red Cross work.

Have I made too many demands on your charity? Well, we will leave Christmas, and proceed to some New Year items!



The Invisible World

THE majority of my readers, I expect, are following with great interest Mr. Harold Begbie's series on "Religion and the Crisis." In the next article, in the January number, Mr. Begbie carries his arguments a step further, and deals with "The Invisible World." When the series is finished, I shall be very pleased to know what readers think of Mr. Begbie's conclusions. There is matter for some very earnest thinking in these articles.



A Cruise on the Sea of Galilee

IF one could have the choice of a holiday, absolutely unhampered by such considerations as expense, climate, season, wear-and-tear, how many of us would not at once decide for the Holy Land? Yet, alas, all these considerations which I have mentioned are the ones which would immediately come to the front if we allowed ourselves to dream of a trip through the scenes which our Saviour's life made for ever sacred. Knowing how impossible it will always be for the great majority of my readers even to contemplate such an excursion, I am giving from time to time as realistic a glimpse of life in the Holy Land as it is possible to gain through the medium of printer's ink. The coloured supplement in this issue will be treasured by thousands, but I am alluding now more particularly to what the camera can do to bring the actual scenes of our Lord's ministry nearer. Accordingly, I have again availed myself of the excellent work of the American Colony at Jerusalem to present with my January number "A Cruise on the Sea of Galilee." The text has been written by Mr. H. J. Shepstone, and I suppose there is no British journalist better conversant with the present conditions in the Holy Land than he. The illustrations will speak for themselves.

THE QUIVER

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HAVE you counted the cost of a dainty little frock, blouse, nightgown, or sleeping suit cut from a length of real Scotch Wincey, and compared it with that of the same garment cut from flannelette, calico, or any other cotton fabric?



**The cosiest of
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The extra cost is not more than a few pence on each little garment, but the additional warm h., comfort, and protection afforded by this hard-wearing, soft-draping, and always cosy fabric cannot be reckoned in pence or shillings.

When you buy Messrs. Lawrie & Smith's Scotch Wincey you know that it ensures the three most important features required—comfort, good appearance, and immense wearing properties. Take, for instance, the children's garments: they must be warm, smooth and comfortable, or the youngsters will lose hours of healthful sleep through excessive heat, or cold, or irritation. The wool used in Scotch Wincey is of the highest quality and treated in such a way in manufacture that the body is kept at an even temperature and free from irritation to the most sensitive skin.

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Write today to Messrs. Lawrie & Smith, Scotch Wincey House, Avy, Scotland, for Patterns of their delightful Fabrics, newly produced for Autumn and Winter Wear.

HAVE PITY!

On your tired, aching feet, and help them to bear the long hours of standing or walking.
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will give immediate and permanent relief from pain. They prevent strain on the ligaments which support the arch of the foot. They are quite invisible in use, and may be used in the very smartest boot. They are anatomically correct, give a delightful springiness to the tread, will last for years. They are very light, and springs are non-rusting. Used and recommended by medical profession. They cure flat foot. Are invaluable for heavy people. State size of foot when ordering. **5s. 3d.** per pair, post free, from

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Your skin trouble can be cured, whatever it is or however long you have had it. As water puts out fire, so Antexema conquers skin illness. The only reason people suffer from skin complaints is because they have not used Antexema, for it succeeds when doctors, hospitals, and every other treatment has failed. You haven't to wait weeks or months before you gain any benefit from Antexema. The first application stops all irritation and arrests the further progress of your skin complaint. Persevere with its use, and you will be thoroughly cured. It recommends itself so strongly and convincingly that you should get Antexema to-day.

Antexema cures every known skin illness, from the rashes, chafing and tenderness of young children to the worst case of

obstinate eczema. Antexema may be depended on to effect a thorough cure. Scalp troubles, barber's rash, bad legs, rough hands, face spots, blackheads, and every other sore, irritated, pimply, blotchy condition of the skin quickly yields to Antexema. Skin sufferers! The sooner you use Antexema, the sooner will you be released from your misery.

Antexema is not a quack nostrum, but a physician's remedy of acknowledged therapeutic value, and is made up under thorough supervision in our own laboratory from his prescription.

Do Your Duty to Your Skin.

Go to any chemist or stores to-day and get a bottle of Antexema. Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parkes', Taylors' Drug Stores, and Lewis and Burrows supply it at 1/6 and 2/6, or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, 1/3 and 2/6, from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, South Africa, and Europe.



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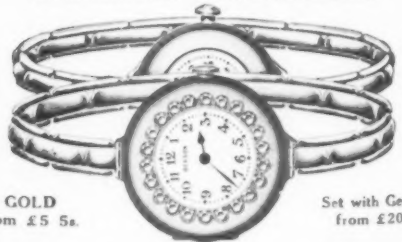
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1

The Editor

THE WORRY MICROBE

By MONA MAXWELL

ALTHOUGH many modern scientists are absorbed in tracking down disease germs, and discovering effective antidotes for routing them from our hearth and homes, the worry microbe—that most insidious and fatal of all bacilli—still baffles them!

What a philanthropist he would be who could invent some drug which would drive it out of the human system once and for ever! Not that we are in need of any advice on the subject, for we have it by the ton almost. It is hardly possible to pick up a paper without seeing some reference to it. The utter uselessness of harbouring this deadly foe is dwelt on at length, then various moral remedies are suggested, as "Look on the bright side," "Keep smiling," "Forget your troubles," &c. It all sounds very convincing, and we try to follow out the wholesome prescriptions, but not for long. Soon the worry microbe gets the mastery again, and continues its miserable ravages, until at length it makes complete havoc of our lives. The health is undermined, the mental ability is weakened, and the capacity for happiness is altogether lost.

For this worry microbe acts like a deadly poison, and gradually but surely makes its way through the whole system, until at length it kills the individual who harbours it, but by such slow degrees that death is put down to some other cause. The pity is that it does not prove fatal at once, for then folk would take alarm and never rest till it was finally exterminated.

Our Sufferings are Self-inflicted

When we consider all the unnecessary suffering which worry causes we will probably feel very sorry for ourselves, and assume a martyr-like resignation. No doubt many of us do this more or less unconsciously, otherwise this worry disease would not have spread in such wholesale fashion. Of course, we have far more troubles and adversities than our neighbours, and so we have just cause for worrying. It may seem so, but, as a matter of fact, we have about as much

worry as we make for ourselves—no more, no less. The big things of life, the real sorrows and anxieties, we face heroically—yes, most of us have pluck enough for that—but the irritating pin-pricks, the merest trifles of everyday life, we allow to ruin our nerves and temper.

Now, if we will look at the matter in a practical way, we will see that we ourselves are entirely to blame. Take to-day, for instance. How many fears, regrets and misgivings have you allowed to depress you, and, incidentally, those around you, for it is very infectious, this worry microbe.

We deliberately turn away from all the real joys of this glad earth and make our life's journey through a hopeless, dreary desert. We know that it is possible to be serene and untroubled, no matter how uncongenial our circumstances and environment may be; but we allow ourselves to drift into the meshes of worry, and, once entangled, we make little effort to free ourselves. The thing is to find an effectual mode of banishing this despoiler of our peace of mind, and, seeing that no scientist has yet made any discovery that will help us, we must just experiment and see if we cannot, by the exercise of common sense and patience, eradicate it completely from our lives.

Selfishness at the Root

To discover the true cause of the worry habit will be one step towards getting rid of it. Some kinds of worry are a species of cowardliness, for they are a succession of craven fears, all centring round self.

The brave meet all dangers fearlessly, indifferent to the consequences, whilst cowards tremble and long to flee, and save their bodies from hurt. Now, to face life calmly, without fear, repining, or misgivings, takes the highest form of courage, namely, moral courage. So when we grumble and worry we must recognise ourselves as cowards, and selfish cowards at that. Think of it! Isn't it our own desires, needs, and disappointments which so fret us? We grow restive under life's necessary discipline, and

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The name 'Wood-Milne' stamped on the rubber heels or tips you buy is a guarantee of genuine value and absolute reliability.

THE QUIVER

stretch out eager hands to grasp all that seems beyond our reach—money, ease, luxury and power. We sigh for love and happiness, whilst it is all around us, and we carelessly throw aside the real joys that are close at hand, and wilfully miss the gladness of a peaceful, contented mind.

Is it the sufferings and miseries of the wretched and outcast which rob us of our night's rest? No, it is ignoble anxiety for ourselves, or those related to us. No wonder we grow narrow and selfish!

Indolence Leads to Worry

How interesting it would be to discover in how far laziness is responsible for worry. The little neglected duties, the unanswered letters; the unfinished work—don't they cause an uneasiness in the subconscious mind, which develops into worry, as the "left-undones" accumulate, and our negligence bears its inevitable result.

Indolence may seem to be but a trifling affair, merely the staying in bed a little later than one ought in the mornings; the lazing before the fire when work awaits us; the frittering away of the mind on incessant novel reading, when the intellect might be cultivated by well-directed study. We encourage these little self-indulgences, and dissatisfaction and worry follow.

Concentration will Banish Worry

It would seem that to take up any occupation whole-heartedly is the most effectual way of banishing this ghost of worry, which haunts our waking and our sleeping hours. Once we learn to concentrate all our thoughts on whatever we happen to be doing worry will vanish. It is this habit of slackness, this half-doing, which leaves part of the mind free to wander round and round some sad memory or harassing fear. Then, too, when we do a thing thoroughly well, we are bound to feel an inward glow of pride and pleasure, which soon sends worry to the right-about.

It is a noticeable fact that the really capable individual seldom worries. If she did, her power and skill would quickly deteriorate. The habitual worrier becomes a useless struggler in life's glorious march.

A "Don't Worry Club"

Some enterprising woman might start a "Don't Worry Club," and draw up four rules which the members must faithfully

keep. Each member should be put on her honour to drop a penny into a charity box every time she broke a single rule. Once a week the members might meet in each other's houses alternately for discussion, and bring these boxes with them. Before they parted the president might open each box and count the number of fines therein, making a note of them in the Black Book, opposite the delinquent's name, and comparing them with the number paid in the preceding week. In this way everyone would see exactly what progress she was making towards mind control and happiness. The collected money might be sent anonymously to some poor gentlewoman who is suffering the sad reverses of fortune in patient silence.

The four rules of the "Don't Worry Club" might be drawn up as follows:—

1. Never speak about worrying matters.
2. Do not encourage harassing thoughts.
3. Cease to regret the past.
4. Banish fear, and face the future hopefully.

Switching Off One's Thoughts

The members of this "Don't Worry Club" must strive their utmost to cultivate the habit of concentration. By this means they will gain complete control of their thoughts, one of the most difficult things in life. Then when worries come into the mind they can be switched off, without a moment's parley. It is not a bit of use trying to banish an uneasy thought, as that simply impresses it more on the mind. The thing is to turn one's whole attention to something else. This power can be acquired with patience and perseverance, and the result will be wonderful and far-reaching. We shall become strong, highhearted, and efficient all round. That there are real troubles and worries in everyone's life there is no denying, but, strange to say, they are not so persistently wearing and annoying as the trifling, often imaginary ones.

It wouldn't be a bad idea to postpone all worries till some distant to-morrow, just as we put off the doing of disagreeable things.

And when we feel very low down and miserable we might try the effect of humming to ourselves that old song of our nursery days:

"Cheer up, honey,
Don't you fret;
The way is long,
But you'll get there yet."

ST. BARNABAS VICARAGE,
558 CALEDONIAN ROAD,
LONDON, N.

GRIM AND SILENT STRUGGLES.

DEAR FRIEND,

There is a family near by in dire distress and threatened with immediate ejection into the streets, unless arrears of rent are paid. The husband has been laid aside for some months and thus unable to earn anything for the support of his wife and family. He is now convalescent and able once more to take up work. This I have found for him. But there are these terrible arrears of rent, as well as numerous pledges to redeem, if the family is to be saved from the streets or workhouse. The total indebtedness is £35, and for this amount I appeal.

The struggle of the wife, with her five young children, during the months of her husband's illness has been truly heroic. She kept her poverty (as all the better class do) absolutely to herself, until literal starvation compelled her to make their destitution known. Although the house was denuded of every piece of furniture (having been "put away" to find money to supply necessities), the place was as clean as a new pin, the white curtains at the windows hiding from the passers-by the true condition of affairs within.

It is said that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and certainly few people know the grim and silent struggles of those who have seen better days. The "always poor" are seldom shy about making their poverty known. Those who have come down through misfortune try to hide it from others. It is so with this family for whom I now plead. £35 is required. We wish people a Merry Christmas. It is in your power to brighten Christmas for this family.

Gifts may be sent either to the Editor of THE QUIVER, or direct to me at above address.

Yours in His Happy Service,

FRANK SWAINSON.

Pears' Annual

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A CONFIDENTIAL TALK SHOWING HOW IT IS POSSIBLE, IN THE
PRIVACY OF ONE'S OWN ROOM, QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY
TO DESTROY ALL TRACES OF SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

YES," said the little Frenchwoman feelingly, "it is quite, quite true, but the thanks and the appreciation do not always fall where they are deserved.

"One does not talk too much about these things—even when the trouble has been banished quite away—and you English—well! you are more secretive even than we of the gay country. But you see now my face—every hair that you would call "superfluous" quite gone for ever, and my skin so smooth that never would you think the hairs had been there—thick almost as a moustache; much more thick and hideous than *your* so little growth.

"Ah! my friend, if you would but just try Madame Tensfeldt, and hire from her one of the so wonderful electrical apparatus, you would take away every hair from your face as I did from mine, and would be—so beautiful—is it not true?"

The Englishwoman flushed painfully. To her, by some strange process of reasoning, the superfluous hair which so sadly disfigured her upper lip was something terrible—almost disgraceful. She would have given worlds to possess the gay assurance of the little Frenchwoman.

"Do you think," she asked eagerly, "that I really *could* make my face quite clear, without anybody knowing? Could I really be *sure* not to injure my skin, and sure, too, that the hairs would never grow again? Oh! I would *love* to try."

"Why, my dear," said the Frenchwoman, "it is so plain, so easy; you couldn't—how could you?—be disappointed. Nobody is who has done as I have. There is always the guarantee that the apparatus cannot fail, and it is not I alone who have tried it, but so many hundreds of others in every part of the world; some buying the apparatus outright, at a quite easy cost, and others *hiring* it only, and returning it when it is no longer required.

"Suppose you decide to *hire*. You get the apparatus direct from Madame Tensfeldt, and it is, surely, the most wonderful invention that ever could be. It is no marvel, indeed, that Madame Tensfeldt sends them all over the world—they work such miracles on the face. The apparatus comes to you packed up quite plain in a box—it looks exactly like a new jewel-case, or dressing-case. There is no outward sign that it is an appliance for destroying

by electricity the roots of the superfluous hair. The manipulation of the apparatus is perfectly simple; you start right at once, and in your own bedroom each day you destroy so many hairs—say twenty—say thirty—according as you desire.

"The feeling is of one small prick—not painful. I myself would destroy forty hairs and not mind in the very least. And the roots in each case are quite killed—so that the hair never *can* grow again."

"Not painful?" interposed the shy Englishwoman. "You can guarantee that? And you don't feel after the first trial that you will never venture again to use the apparatus?"

"Why," said the Frenchwoman, "have I not told you *myself*? And do you not see my face? *Pain* would show even afterwards, because it would leave burn-marks or scars. For just a quarter of an hour, or so, the skin will be a tiny bit red, then there is no sign—*none*, that you have been destroying the hairs, and in quite a little while your face is so beautiful. Surely, you will not continue to suffer, and to be so painfully *secret* over it. A letter to Madame Tensfeldt, 122 H Princes Street, Edinburgh, will bring you all the help you want, and will tell you just the sum you pay for the hire or purchase, and when your face is quite cleared of the so ugly hair, you can send back the machine, as I did, and forget all the past trouble till you see someone else still suffering, and wish so much to help her get rid of this vexation."



"Every superfluous hair quite gone, and my skin so smooth that never would you think the hairs had been there."

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dawning
of a
brighter
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To Alison, "The Quiver,"
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I should like to be entered as a Companion of the "HOW, WHEN,
AND WHERE" CORNER, and will try to help in any way I can. I enclose
a penny stamp for a Certificate of Membership.

Name

Address

Age Date of Birthday

THE EARLY SHOPPER

Hints and Suggestions to guide her in her choice of Christmas Gifts

By MARY ODELL

It becomes more clearly evident with each passing year that if Christmas shopping is to be got over comfortably and satisfactorily it must be done early. The would-be buyer, who has a moderate amount of money to spend and who knows that, some time before Christmas, she really will buy presents, cannot gain anything by deferring the actual process of shopping, and will, indeed, lose a very great deal if she waits until within a few days of Christmas, when everybody is too busy to give reasonable attention to her orders.

The happiest giver is she who sets forth quite early in December, and settles once for all upon each gift, closing her list by the ninth of the month, and thus leaving a clear fortnight in which to dispatch her presents.

The Choicest of New Jewellery

One cannot but suppose, judging from actual experience, that nearly a half of the Christmas presents that are bought consist of personal trinkets, such as brooches, bangles, necklets, scarf-pins, or rings. Messrs. J. W. Benson, of 62 and 64 Ludgate Hill, E.C., are showing a dazzling variety of most beautiful gems, both at the above-named establishment and at 28 Royal Exchange, E.C., and 25 Old Bond Street, London, W. One needs only to compare a piece of jewellery, not necessarily costly, but of really first-rate workmanship, with one of inferior make, though maybe of equal price, to realise the truth of what any honest jeweller will tell you—it is the delicate workmanship that determines the beauty and worth of the article. Messrs. Benson's prices are the lowest possible consistent with recognised first-rate quality. Rings and pendants set with finest double-cut diamonds, combined with sapphires, emeralds, opals, pearls, peridots, or any other fashionable stones, cost anything from £2 2s.; while dainty trinkets fitted with less costly combinations, such as amethyst and pearl, or pearl and peridot, set in fine gold and most beautifully finished, cost one guinea or even less. Country customers are invited to apply to Messrs. Benson, at their Ludgate Hill address, for copies of their delightfully illustrated catalogue, which will be sent post free. It should be especially noted that Messrs. Benson have adopted *The Times* system of monthly payments, so that customers purchasing more costly goods, either in the way of jewellery, plate, cutlery, clocks, or watches, can obtain the very great advantages resulting from this perfected system of deferred payments.

The Charm of the English Violet

From jewellery to perfumes is not a far cry, and one is inclined to surmise that if jewellery holds first place in our affections, delicate perfumes, especially if they have a touch of "home interest" about them, come easily second. The Misses A. and D. Allen-Brown are dispatching from their Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex, a delicious range of their own fragrant specialties. The most novel of all is the Guinea Violet Hamper, containing a whole compendium of delights, ranging from perfume and bath salts to toilet powder and purse sachets. The old Sussex Pot Pourri Bowls (2s.) are quaint and artistic, so are the hanging sachets

(from 2s. 6d. to 5s. 3d.) and the perfumed crescent-shaped pillowettes in mauve, rose, or green silk (7s. 6d.). All prices quoted are for "post free" parcels. The Misses Allen-Brown will gladly send their dainty little catalogue, post free, to any reader who writes a request for it, mentioning this magazine.

The Inroad of the Car

The motor-car, which a comparatively few years ago was debarred to all save the very rich, is fast getting to be recognised as a necessary convenience to many business men, to whom time is money and quick travelling an essential. Talbot cars are among the most comfortable and luxurious of modern automobiles, and are absolutely perfect in construction and finish. According to the testimony of customers, a twelve-horse power Talbot motor, after running 120,000 miles, is capable of developing as much power as when new. Photographs and fullest description, with prices, may be had from Clement Talbot, Limited, Barlby Road, Ladbroke Grove, London, W.

The Easy Fire

The "Hue" Grate, which has now become thoroughly established in many thousands of homes, deserves to be very cordially recommended to our readers. The "Hue" fire (price from 15s.) is adaptable to any existing fireplace, and can easily be fitted in half an hour or so without mess or worry to the householder. The proprietors of the "Hue" fire (Messrs. Young and Marten, Ltd., Stratford, London, E.) have just issued a delightful booklet, which they will gladly send post free to any inquirer who mentions this magazine. A careful perusal of this little book will convince any reader who is dissatisfied with existing grates and mantelpieces, that economy, beauty, and usefulness go hand in hand with the productions of this enterprising firm.

New Sealing Sets

I have been much interested of late to note the growing popularity of the Georgian Sealing Set, which has recently been produced by Third Hand Patents, Ltd., 361 City Road, London, E.C. This dainty little set is packed in a box, neat, handsome, or luxurious, according to the price that one pays for it. For 2s. one can purchase set No. 1, with candle, seal (any single initial), metal crucible, and best-quality wax in any colour. The prices mount upwards, to 5s., 7s. 6d., and finally to 21s., the last-named figure representing the price of a double set in Japanese antimony box, with two crucibles, two seals, wax in two colours, and a spirit lamp.

Chocolate for Health and Sustenance

Never was there a time when cocoa and chocolate were so much talked about as now. This, probably, arises from the fact that scientists generally are recognising the high dietetic value of the cocoa bean. When one combines this food with full-cream Swiss milk there is, of course, a greatly added virtue in the resultant sweetmeat. Peter's Swiss Milk Chocolate is made from the finest cocoa beans, from which none of the butter has been

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extracted, and to this is added Swiss milk from cows fed on the Alpine pastures. Burgess swam the Channel on Swiss Milk Chocolate, and Amundsen took with him a large consignment on his successful expedition to the South Pole. Food experts in all ranks of life—doctors, nurses, explorers, athletes, and mountaineers—have tried this special chocolate, and found it to be the best possible food under the severest physical strain. And all these facts are well worth remembering when one is preparing to fill the Christmas stockings with the children's favourite confections.

The Question of Food Purity

While dealing with pure foods mention may perhaps be allowed of the Bermaline bread, about which one hears so much. Endless care is taken in the selection of all the ingredients which go to the making of this bread, and its special flavour and nutritive value are largely attributable to the introduction into the bread (during the process of baking) of a certain proportion of Bermaline Malt Extract, which acts on the insoluble portion of the flour, and, by converting it into sugar, brings about a change almost identical with that which results from the natural processes of digestion. In this way the bread is most particularly suitable for invalids and those whose digestive functions are in any way weak or impaired.

Then there's the Shortbread

One is sometimes tempted to wonder whether each year is seeing English folk becoming more Scottish, or Scottish folk growing more English. Shortbread—which used to be associated so very closely with the Scottish New Year Day—is now becoming more and more of a necessity to our English Christmas table. Messrs. Crawford, who have been baking first-class shortbread for close upon a century, increase their Christmas sales enormously from year to year, sending thousands of drums of their excellent assorted shortbread to all parts of the world in time for "the English Christmas." Messrs. Crawford have a very special system of packing and mailing their delicious confectionery direct from their works, and these arrangements are fully detailed in our advertisement pages.

Amusement for the Quiet Hour

Have you, or have you not, succumbed to the fascinations of Poker Patience? If you have, remember what hours of amusement it has brought to yourself, and go out of your way—only to the nearest stationer's—and purchase a few sets for the loneliest and most "unamused" of your friends. These are quite inexpensive little gifts (from 2s. 6d. to 30s. per set), but they will keep you in happy remembrance until Christmas comes round again next year.

Your Onoto

If you happen to possess an Onoto pen you will most certainly be in sympathy with all your friends who have either lost their Onotos or have never yet become acquainted with this personal treasure. I can imagine no more welcome gift for either man or woman than this clean, self-filling, steady-going, and altogether trustworthy pen, which, the longer one uses it, becomes more and more indispensable to one's comfort and self-respect. Having once become fully acquainted with the Onoto, life is not very well worth living without it. The price is 10s. 6d. from all stationers.

Newest Fashions in Stockings

The Jason Hosiery Company, Leicester, have made delightful advances in the production of silk and silk-and-wool stockings for evening wear. Nothing could be more dainty than Jason transparent silk stockings, strengthened at heel and toe, and fitted above the calf with finest merino tops. As for everyday stockings, Jason's are undoubtedly the smartest, most shapely, and most serviceable of any that are to be purchased. All the newest makes of Jason stockings may be had fitted with suspender attachments, which add greatly to the comfort of the wearer, and prevent the stocking from being torn by the clip of the suspender. Special gift-boxes of this smart hosiery can be purchased direct from Leicester, and these form most acceptable and useful presents for the season.

Cloth that Pays for Making

To the old-fashioned folk who cling to the custom of giving some dainty garment made by their own hands, I have a special word to say. Much of the calico, longcloth, and muslin now upon the market is poor stuff, weighted with "dressing," and extremely difficult to sew by hand. It is quite different with Horrockses, Crewdson and Co.'s cotton fabrics. These are absolutely perfect both as regards quality of fibre and excellence of weaving, points which, as every expert needle-woman will readily admit, add immensely to the appearance of any garment. Horrockses' fabrics are to be had of every good draper.

Savon Aux Fleurs for the Toilet

Messrs. John Knight, Limited, of Primrose fame, have just introduced a specially attractive toilet soap in twelve selected varieties, and have named this delicate production as above. Savon Aux Fleurs is sold in boxes of one dozen tablets at 2s. per box. Such a price for so delightful a soap is well worth noting. There is no doubt whatever that all who desire a really pure and delicately perfumed complexion soap will find complete satisfaction in this purchase. Savon Aux Fleurs is so daintily and tastefully packed that it forms a most suitable and seasonable gift.

The Bournville Delights

No talk about Christmas gifts would be quite complete without mention of the thousand and one good things that come at this season of the year from Bournville—"The Factory in a Garden," and the paradise of chocolate workers. One has only to see the name Cadbury on box or working model or comic toy in order to realise that tucked somewhere within the recesses of the article there is to be found a store—large or small, according to the space at command—of the purest and most delicious chocolates in the world.

Untouched by Hand

The public becomes more and more curious as to the way in which its foods, sweetmeats, or condiments are prepared for the table, and it is pleasant to know that all really high-class caterers for the table are to a large extent taking their customers into their confidence, and explaining the processes of manufacture. The widely popular "H.P." Sauce supplies a case in point. This sauce contains nothing but the very choicest Oriental fruits and aromatic spices, blended with pure malt

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vinegar. The process of blending and producing the well-known, distinctive "H.P." flavour is, of course, a secret, but it is important to know that from beginning to end no hand comes in contact either with the ingredients, or with the sauce itself during the process of bottling.

Messrs. J. S. Fry & Sons' Novelties

Chief among the tempting gifts of the season are the delightful productions of Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, whose Christmas novelties seem each year to become more and more attractive. If one has not to consider too closely the outlay of pounds, shillings, and pence, one could not purchase a more charming gift than the Tête-à-tête tea set of finest china, handsomely decorated in pale blue and gold, and inset with delicious little pink roses. This quaint and beautiful gift costs 35s. Similar sets, in less expensive ware, are priced 15s., 10s. 6d., 5s., and 3s. 6d. The children are catered for most thoroughly. There is the Christmas stocking (1s.), most scrumptiously filled with picture boxes and toy novelties; the horse and wagon clockwork toy at the same price; and one can purchase a whole range of delightful working models, from Humpty Dumpty to a Punch and Judy show, for 6d. each.

Baby's Bonnie Frock

Wine-a-deen, the famous wincey material produced by Messrs. Patrick Thomson, Limited, Edinburgh, seems, by its very name, to suggest bonnie and cosy frocks or nighties for babies, or pyjamas, sleeping-suits, and blouses for children of a larger growth. Wine-a-deen fabrics for the present season are delightful in design and colouring. There is a most attractive range at 1s. 4½d. per yard (31 inches wide), in a large variety of dainty stripes as well as in plain cream; there is also an exceptionally fine soft make at 1s. 11½d. per yard (40 inches wide) that would make up most charmingly into little frocks and walking costumes for babies and tiny tots. Patterns will gladly be sent on application to Messrs. Patrick Thomson, Limited, Edinburgh.

A Portable Piano that Requires no Tuning

A delightful gift for musical folk who take especial pride in getting up garden entertainments is known as the Dulcitone. This novel little instrument, which weighs only 30 lbs., has a compass of 3½, 4, or 5 octaves, and its keys and touch are exactly like those of a good piano. The tone, though not loud, has exceptional sweetness and great carrying power. The price is from £12 net.

A Little Comfort

And now for a word or two of special application to the woman who goes out shopping in all winds and weathers and experiences the usual difficulty with the fixing of her hat, and keeping it in poise. The man or woman who first invented the Fitzall Bandeau, and put it upon the market in a very unobtrusive way, had the good sense to know that nothing in the world could prevent this wonderful little arrangement from becoming absolutely famous, because the germ of popularity was firmly implanted in the bandeau itself. It is the very thing women everywhere were wanting. Therefore, when a woman here and a woman there had happened to buy a Fitzall Bandeau, and discovered how light and comfortable and easily fitted it was, how adaptable to every size of head and every shape of hat, she at once began to call

her friends' attention to the "find" she had made. In a remarkably short time Fitzall Bandeaux were being sold in dozens, in hundreds, in thousands, in—well, it really is getting into millions, or will be in the course of a couple of months. You see how it is! The word has gone round that the Fitzall Bandeau keeps the hat absolutely firm and secure in exactly the right position, and enables a woman to forget (if she wishes to) that she is wearing a hat at all.

Never Out of Joint with the Times

Whatever may be the case with other less well-established makes of fountain pens, it may be taken as an assured fact that any writing appliance bearing the Swan stamp is absolutely abreast with the times. One day it is the new Swan Safety which claims the attention—a capital invention which can be carried flat in a lady's handbag, or in a man's waistcoat pocket. This pen will not under any circumstances leak, or behave itself in any unseemly fashion, "safety" being ensured by the patent screw-on cap, which provides a perfectly air-tight compartment for the nib of the pen. Another day one is carried away with the fascination of the Swan Stylos—economical articles—costing but 2s. for the "Gnat" and 3s. 6d. for the "Longshot," either of which models represents the very identical "little present" which is so easily bought, so gladly given, and so sincerely appreciated by the recipient. Of course, if one is looking for more costly pens, one has only to glance over the new Swan list (promptly available if one sends a post card to Messrs. Mabie, Todd and Co., 79 and 80 High Holborn, London), and one quickly learns what luxurious pens are to be had by those who desire to present a very special friend with a really handsome and useful gift.

The Plasmon Metal Casket

For the price of 1s. one can procure a most attractive Art Metal Casket, closely filled with miniature packets of Plasmon dainties—a veritable compendium of delights on a small scale. Little packages of Plasmon tea, Plasmon cocoa, and delicious milk chocolate are here in friendly conjunction with Plasmon custard powder, Plasmon biscuits, Plasmon Oats, and a generous packet of the pure Plasmon itself—truly a wonderful shillingsworth. The "Plasmon Cookery Book," which fits into the lid of the casket, gives much useful advice on cooking and carving, and contains 100 modern recipes. The casket is obtainable from the International Plasmon Company, 66A Farringdon Street, for stamps or postal order to the value of 1s.

A Good Idea for Making Home Homely

It becomes more and more of a certainty with each passing year, that if our sons and daughters—yes, and husbands, too—are to grow up in the good old-fashioned British idea that one's own home is the happiest of all places in which to spend one's leisure time, then home must be made attractive; and homely amusements must be carefully planned and arranged for. Messrs. E. J. Riley, Limited, Accrington, have for years past aided in a most remarkable way in the carrying out of this good idea. Their miniature billiard-tables, designed expressly for medium-sized houses not furnished with a billiard-room, have brought untold pleasure into thousands of homes. It is Messrs. Riley's boast that whatever size a room may be—however large or however small—there

is a Riley billiard-table to fit it; and the firm have for some years past adopted a most satisfactory system of easy payments, so that the cost of a billiard-table may be met without strain or inconvenience. In addition to the miniature table, Messrs. Riley have an extremely popular combined billiard and dining table, easily convertible from one to the other. A post card (mentioning this magazine) addressed to E. J. Riley, Limited, Albany Mills, Accrington, will bring full particulars of tables and sundries.

Our Yuletide Greetings

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, whose Christmas cards, calendars, and booklets are outstanding features of every Yule festival, are as much to the fore this year as ever before. Their exquisite gift books and Zag-Zaw picture puzzles, as well as their comical working models, show all manner of fun and fancy, and bring delight to many thousands of little folk at home and abroad. Messrs. Tuck offer their list of 75,000 post cards, with full particulars of Tuck's post-card exchange

with all the world, post free on application, and the present season affords a capital opportunity for sending for that list, and requesting also to be supplied with the specially designed Christmas Card Catalogue for 1912. The address of the firm is Raphael Tuck and Sons, Limited, Raphael House, City, London.

An Ideal Gift for the Invalid

The Adapta Table here shown forms a most acceptable gift for an invalid or elderly person. It is made to extend over bed, couch, or chair, and it can instantly be lowered, raised, reversed, or in-



clined. In this way it forms a combination of reading stand, writing table, bed rest, or sewing table. Its price is from £1 7s. 6d. to £3 3s., according to the quality and variety of the metal and wood of which it is composed.

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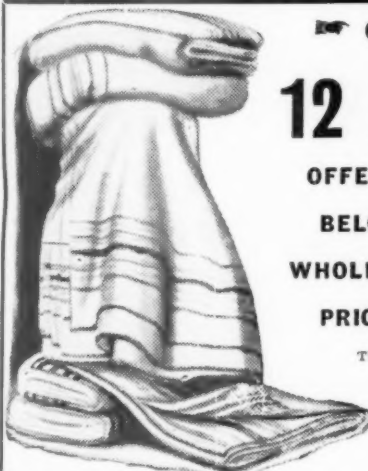
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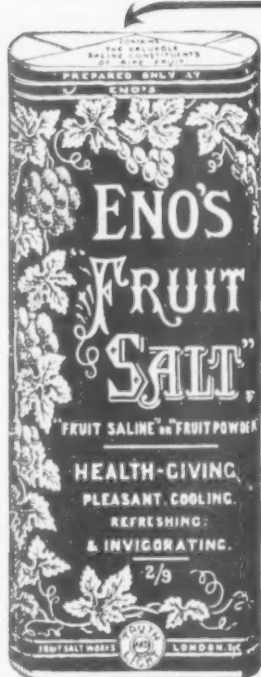
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